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REAL WEST

NOV. '73 CDC 00174

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

DEADLIER than the MALE

Travels of ALBERT RICHARDSON

The Ballad of SAM BASS

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others...feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE *INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!*

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

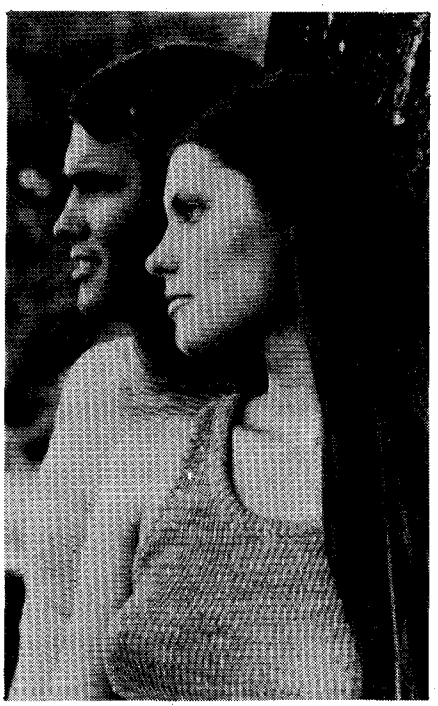
The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!



WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves" – indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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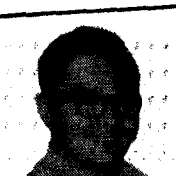

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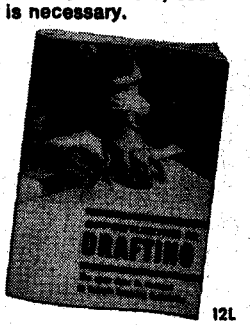

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF/Salvatore Gentile
MANAGING EDITOR/John Cofrancesco
EDITORIAL MANAGING EDITOR/Edward T. LeBlanc
ASSOCIATE EDITOR/Ed Doherty
ART DIRECTOR/Madelyn Fisher
GUN EDITOR/Major R. O. Ackerman
ART STAFF/Bernice Granatie • Marie DeTullio
Shirley Tyler • Oho Young • Chuck Ciancola
VISUAL GRAPHICS/Ernie Pisacane
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The Brand of Quality

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Number 121
Nov. 1973

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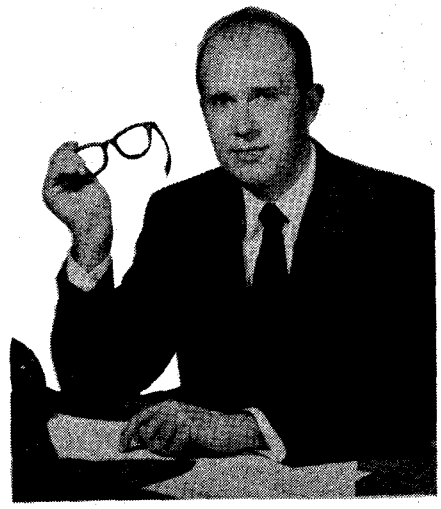
How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept.* 840-07 , *555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 840-07 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

JUST DISCOVERED REAL WEST

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is really great. I just noticed it on a newsstand. I like the Western stories about the old West. I would like some information on Tom Mix and Billy the Kid. Enclosed is a poem I hope you will like. I was born in Tombstone, Arizona, coming to Pennsylvania when I was 5 years old. So you see why I love all that good reading in REAL WEST and I can't wait for the next issue to come out. Do any of your readers want to write me from Coffeyville, Kansas, Arizona, New Mexico or any Western state?

Gratefully

Patrician Thompson,
41 W. Gay St.
West Chester, Pa. 19380

PASSES HER COPY OF REAL WEST ON TO REST HOMES

Dear Sir:

First let me say congratulations for a marvelous magazine.

The articles are very informative and a wonderful source of educational enjoyment. I especially enjoy the regular articles by Nono Minor on the American Indian.

I pass the magazines on to the rest homes here, to the old timers who were there and have no way to purchase the magazine. They are alone and with modest incomes.

Again I say Thank You for a wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work so I can keep passing it on to others.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Jan Smith
1825 Alice St.
Santa Cruz, Ca. 95060

HAS PHOTO OF CRAZY HORSE

Dear Sir:

Many years ago the famous Indian warrior, Crazy Horse, was heard to say the white man would never get my shadow in his magic box.

I have done quite a lot of research on this subject and have just received a letter from the State Historical Society of Bismark North Dakota who informs me they have no photo of Crazy Horse.

They've also checked the Denver Public Library "Barry Collection" and cannot find him listed. Also a letter from the museum in Tucson with the same results.

Recently, the publisher of *The West Magazine,* Mr. Stanley Weston tells me to the best of his knowledge no picture of 'Crazy Horse' was ever taken.

I am a great admirer of your magazine "**Real West**" and would you please kindly let your readers know that I have a true photo of Crazy Horse taken when he was brought into Camp Robinson.

Very truly yours,
Frank Hyers
1305 Jefferson
Phoenix, Arizona.

There are no known photos of Crazy Horse. If you can prove that your photo is of Crazy Horse, I'm sure some historical society would gladly buy it from you.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp is a little stronger
Out where the smile dwells a little longer.
That's where the West begins.

Out where the sun is brighter.
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter.
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter.
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are bluer.
Out where friendships a little truer.
That's where the West begins.

Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing.
Where there's more singing and less sowing.
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making
Where fewer hearts are aching
That's where the West begins.

Where there's more of giving and less of taking.
And a man makes friends without half trying.
That's where the West begins.

BRACKETTVILLE NOT A GHOST TOWN

Dear Sirs:

With reference to a letter in your June '73 issue from Mr. John S. Cradosh, of San Francisco, Ca., wanting an article on the "Ghost Town", of Brackettville (no "s"), Texas.

I would also like to see a good story on the town's history, but as one of the 1,850 residents, I must take issue with the term "Ghost-Town".

We have a very active Chamber of Commerce, many, and varied local industries, as well as tourist attractions. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a couple of brochures, and others are available having to do with the current program on old Fort Clark, and etc.

I am a director of the Brackettville Chamber of Commerce, and on behalf of that organization, let me extend an invitation to Mr. Cradosh, and all your readers to visit Brackettville, Texas. I believe you will all agree that it is far from a ghost town.

R.G. "Nickey" Monigold
P.O. Box 127
Brackettville, Texas 78832

We are happy to correct Mr. Cradosh's error in calling Brackettville a ghost town. The brochures sent along with Mr. Monigold's letter advertise Alamo Village and the great recreation area that is Brackettville. It is located on Route 90 about 150 miles west of San Antonio.

WANTS TO THANK DONERS OF REAL WEST

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for publishing my letter in your top rate magazine, **Real West.** I received a parcel of 3 magazines which came from Canada, but the sender did not identify himself. I would like to thank that person very much. Would the sender please write to me so that I can properly thank him.

Yours sincerely,

D. Saunders
39 Belle Vue Road,
Ipswich, Suffolk, England

CAN'T FIND REAL WEST ON NEWSSTANDS

Dear Sir:

I have always been interested in the "Olden Days" and events that happened in shaping our country. The west and its adventures are as exciting to read about today as when they happened. I came across your address in our local paper. It said you carried

(continued on page 80)

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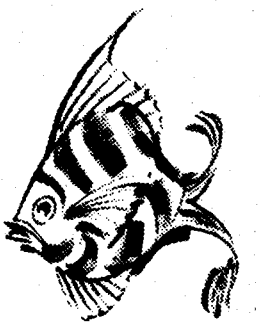
Picture 1

Picture 2



Picture 3

Picture 4

RULES & DIRECTIONS

Look at the 4 pictures above. Which one do you think DOES NOT belong with the others? CROSS OUT the picture number that is DIFFERENT in the puzzle answer column below.

PUZZLE ANSWER 1 2 3 4 (cross out one number only)

GENTLEMEN: My answer is above. Please RUSH full contest details. Enclosed is 25 cents for postage and handling.

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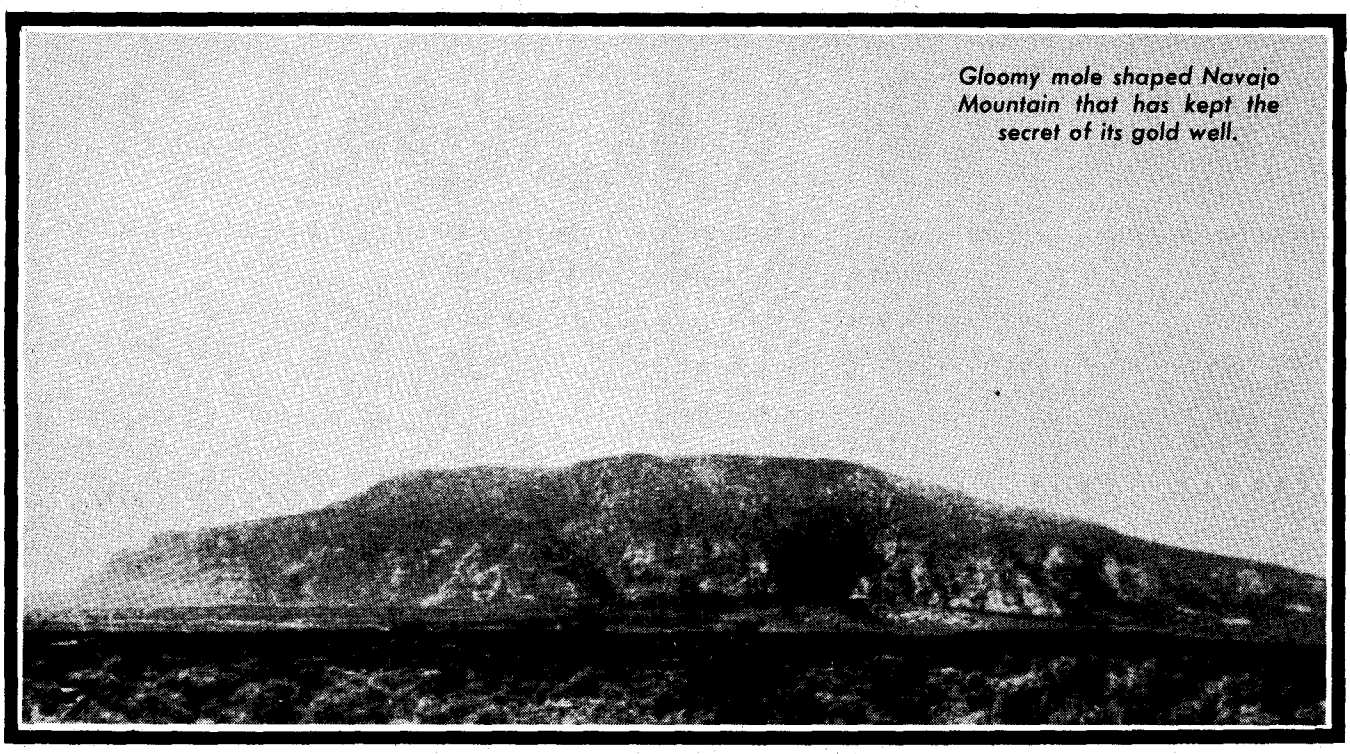
TALL WAR GOD'S GOLD

By Maurice Kildare

Another authoritative tale of prospecting in Utah and California. This is an authentic account of how the Navajos often lied about the location of rich deposits of gold because they knew if a rich strike was made their country would be overrun by a horde of gold - seekers.



Gloomy mole shaped Navajo Mountain that has kept the secret of its gold well.

Photo furnished by the author

Jonathan P. Williams and District Chief Hoskinni reached camp near sundown after prospecting all day around Navajo Mountain.

Williams' first act was to empty a seamless Bemis bag in which rock specimens had been collected during his absence.

Fingering through the many pieces, he extracted two of purple quartz half as large as his fist and weighing between four and five pounds. An experienced California Mother Lode miner, he knew before testing them that the small chunks were at least half gold.

After doing so, he turned to his two sons who had kept camp that day, William F. (Billy) 14, and Benjamin (Ben) 15, asking, "What Indian brought these two rocks in?"

Billy said, "I think it must have been that old squaw and her middle-aged son."

"No," objected Ben, "It was those two men riding a black and a white horse."

The small argument soon ended. It quickly developed that the two boys could not remember who brought the rock containing almost solid gold to them.

"It is nothing to worry about," Hoskinni declared confidently. "Tomorrow we will go to the hogans and soon find out who brought in this olla (gold), and where they got it."

At long last Williams believed that he might be close to the gold somewhere around Navajo Mountain so long hunted by many prospectors.

He brought his family from California and in 1882 homesteaded under the congressional act of 1869 at Blue Canyon. He then established a trading post to barter-deal with the Indians of several tribes. Two years later the

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Courtesy Billie Williams-Yost

Part of the Williams family at Blue Canyon. Standing are W. F. (Billy) and Mary. Seated are Jonathan Paul and son John to his right and daughter Lillian on his left.

Navajo Reservation was extended west around him, but his rights held.

Williams, a gaunt, bearded man, had come to Arizona Territory solely to hunt for the fabulous Merrick-Mitchell gold and silver mine. The two youths worked the prospects in 1881 which had been discovered by Spaniards in 1582. Enroute home to Mitchell's father's trading post on the San Juan River in Utah, they were killed by renegade Navajos and Piutes in Monument Valley, who wanted only their big Missouri mules.

While he prospected the wilderness country, Williams' family ran the trading post. Sometimes he took Billy or Ben with him on these long jaunts. But in 1884 both begged so hard to go that he took them along. This left a younger third son and brother, John P. Williams, at the post with his mother and two sisters.

The Williams' party's first prospecting was done in Monument Valley. While they were there Hoskinni came into camp. Williams had known him since 1881 when the middle-aged district chief had been arrested and accused of murdering Merrick and Mitchell. He was soon released of this charge.

The Williams' had brought along a tent. In it, when set up, their trade goods were piled, brought in packs on a string of mules. Bartering wasn't so good in the sandy valley of the natural monuments. Prospecting was even less profitable. They moved south to Sierra Capitan, now El Capitan, and established another camp.

After staying with them several days and nights, Hoskinni said that he would take them to where Merrick and Mitchell got their gold and silver ore. That found with their bodies had been assayed and was unbelievably rich in values.

On Hoskinni's promise of showing them the Merrick-Mitchell prospect the Williams' packed up. They went over Hoskinni Mesa where the chief lived and on to Navajo Mountain astride the Arizona-Utah border. They were shortly to discover that Hoskinni didn't have the faintest idea where the lost Merrick-Mitchell mine was. But his claim got him employed as a guide.

The Williams' party went up a trail on Navajo Mountain that had long been used by Indians and soldiers of the U.S. army in 1864. Halfway up this ancient trail they halted at a spring and set up the tent.

In 1909 the spring was named "War God" for Denehnezghani, the tall war *yei* of the Navajo. Few Navajo Indians could be induced to go all the way into the dish-shaped top of the mountain because they said it was forbidden for them to do so.

With barter trade goods in the tent, Navajos were asked to bring in any "pretty rocks" they thought might contain gold or silver. For several specimens they were given a quarter, and for a large lot, a package of coffee or a sack of hard candy.

Both boys were usually left in camp to watch the goods, dealing for whatever an Indian brought in to trade and take the pretty rocks.

That November was the tail end of a very dry year. From the beginning, the chances were that the party could remain for some time on the western sacred mountain of the Navajos.

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Then came the day when the two chunks of gold-bearing quartz showed up. The following morning Williams and Hoskinni set off early, riding from one hogan to another trying to find out who brought them to the camp.

They spent ten days trying to run down the source and contacted not a single Navajo who knew anything. At least they denied all knowledge of the gold ore. Moreover, all who were shown the two specimens had no idea where they could possibly have come from.

Unable to find any clue to the gold, the party went into and explored all the canyons leading off Navajo Mountain into the Colorado River. One of them was later named Bridge Canyon where the famous natural arch of red sandstone, Rainbow Bridge, became a national monument. They saw it, carved their initials on the base (later destroyed by the official discoverers of 1909) and went into other canyons seeking gold. In all of them their initials were carved, that I have seen, as JPW, WFW, BW and finally in lesser canyons only Bill and Ben with the date, 1884.

The Williams' also went onto Cummings Mesa, then known as *Nocki Cummenthi* (a contraction of Navajo words meaning where the Mexicans were chased up into the rocks, the Espejo party of 1582). There was no gold found there or in any of the canyons so they went down into Navajo, prospecting its entire 77 mile length. They searched Neetsin Canyon, a side canyon, which contained Inscription House cliff ruin where only Billy and Ben carved their names with the date, 1884, which along with other inscriptions, many before them, have been removed by custodians of the Navajo National Monument.

The Williams' then went back to Sierra Capitan. Hoskinni left them while they prospected Monument Valley. On the trip to Navajo Mountain he had been unable to get a single Navajo to tell him where the Merrick-Mitchell lost mine was or where the chunks of gold came from.

Belatedly the Williams' learned that Hoskinni was considered a renegade by his own people. None of his tribesmen were about to reveal anything to him lest they became involved in one of his many escapades with the white man's law.

Williams' next idea was to prospect on the San Juan River. Taking Buckskin Billy (B.A.) Ross with him he went north to prospect. He did find flour gold in the San Juan River and eventually formed a mining company with stock issued from Winslow by a firm headed by merchant Charles Cahn. This project, followed by several others, ended in 1896 when the whole San Juan River gold flurry blew up.

Meanwhile, Billy and Ben, after arguing with their mother and father all during the winter of 1884-1885, obtained permission to return through the untracked western Navajo country to Navajo Mountain.

Cahn furnished the two youths with $12,000 worth of trade goods. They hauled it in Navajo wagons to Blue Canyon and then packed it on twenty big mules.

They went to Cow Springs Canyon first, not knowing that they could get up through Red Valley next to White Horse Mesa and over to Red Mesa into the vast canyon country.

The two youths made a stand there, again trading out of a tent. Obtaining so many hand woven blankets, sheep and cattle, they were forced to hold up. Billy kept the tent camp while Ben packed the

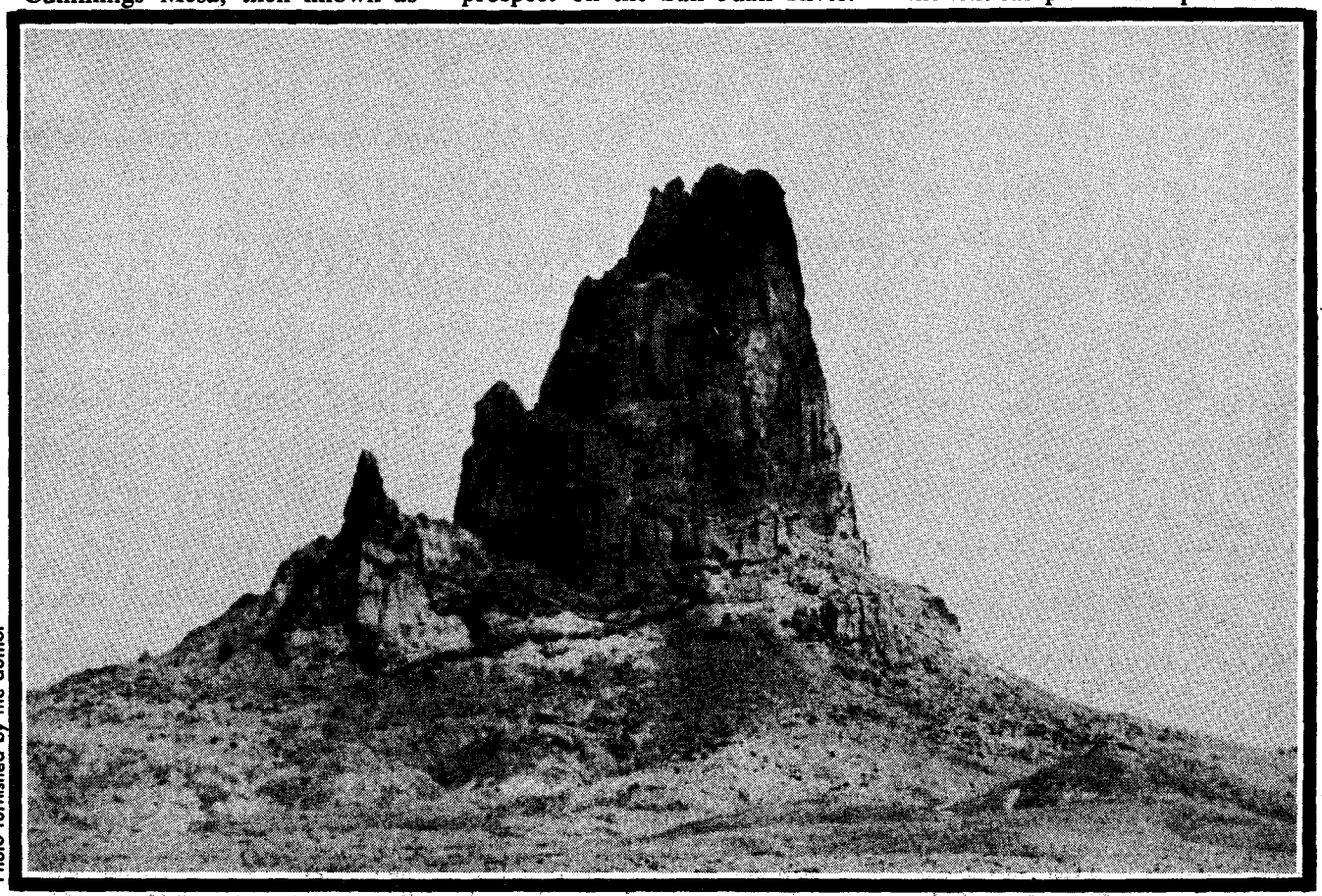

Photo furnished by the author

Sierra Capitan, now called El Capitan where Williams also prospected and from where they crossed the vast canyon country to Navajo Mountain.

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blankets and drove the livestock to Blue canyon which was only about thirty miles away.

From there Ben took the blankets and livestock on to Winslow through the Denebetoh Valley via Venton Mesa. He sold the blankets and paid off Cahn. The merchant was very unhappy. He tried to get Ben to take out more trade goods, which was declined because the Williams brothers wanted to pack light through the dangerous canyon country to Navajo Mountain.

When Ben rejoined his brother in Cow Springs Canyon, he found him with more blankets and livestock. All of this was sent by a Navajo to Blue Canyon. The youths packed up and set out for the molehill-shaped mountain they could see on the northern skyline.

With them was a Navajo boy of about their own age, a friend they had encountered in the region before. The three expected no trouble whatever on the trip late in the spring of 1885.

Therefore, they were astonished when, on emerging from Piute Canyon onto Rainbow Plateau, they were confronted by an array of twenty or so Piute Indians in battle dress.

They were stopped, and an Indian advanced under a white shirt fastened to a stick. He came up close, halted and addressed the Williams boys.

"You cannot go through here unless you give us half of everything in your packs and half of the mules you have, including their pack saddles and equipment."

The Williams boys were astounded because they were in Navajo country. Their friend began talking to the Piutes, informing them that they had no business being there let alone making demands.

"My friends have the chief's permission to come through here," he informed the Piutes. "This is not your country but mine. Therefore, you will withdraw."

The Piute who understood Navajo started translating to his comrades. But he did not progress far before they came up with variously assorted firearms, intending to enforce their demands.

Billy, who figured that the ornery Piutes would never let them get out of there alive after robbing them anyway, was quick on the draw. He came up with a .44-40 pistol and shot the arguing Piute through the chest.

Surprisingly, as their leader fell dead from his saddle, the Piutes began swerving away. But they also opened fire with rifles and sixguns rapidly and excitedly, hitting no one in their confusion. Apparently, they had expected no opposition but abject compliance with their demands.

The Piutes made a very hasty retreat and quit shooting. The Navajos laughed grimly and motioned for the Williams boys to pick up the strayed packed mules and get on their way. Within half a mile they met Navajos coming out to investigate the reason for echoing gun crashes.

This parley of explanation necessitated a full hour's delay. It ended when the Williams boys were invited to spend the night at the community hogans of Hosteen Sacadi, the district chief.

They were held up the next morning while scouts were dispatched to find out where the Piute invaders from north of the San Juan had gone. Nothing of their presence was discovered. A dozen Navajos under Sacadi accompanied the Williams boys on the last few miles to Navajo Mountain.

Instead of camping at War God Spring where they intended, Sacadi persuaded them into going around the projecting southwest point to Willow Springs. He led them there to an area believed unknown to white men at that time.

Camp was established on a shallow running brook fed by several bench springs. After Bill and Ben were there a few days, they ascended the slope to the first cliff of whitish sand stone and found inscribed on it the name of George E. Emmerson and the date, April 1, 1882.

Their Navajo friend went off visiting several families, and they were left alone. Since they still had some trade goods, one always remained in camp to barter for blankets. No livestock was taken in trade for they could not be driven the long way home. They also paid for more pretty rocks brought in.

Billy and Ben took turns in the myriad of canyons breaking off Navajo Mountain. Specimens were brought back and tested for valuable minerals.

After four weeks Billy asked a question that had been bothering him, "Why haven't we prospected the top of Navajo Mountain?"

There seemed to be no excuse for even their father not having done so before. Ben agreed that it should be given a try, and Billy was selected to be the one. Packing sufficient grub to last two weeks, he went around to the trail and up onto the heights by War God Spring. He found a lot of quartz and likely heavy rock but none of the collected specimens when tested showed any value.

Sacadi joined the Williams boys, but mostly he just hung around camp. When one of his three wives came in with fresh mutton, they had a feast. The next day he rode out prospecting with Billy in West Canyon.

All the canyons in the area were then known by their Navajo names. It remained for white men, after 1900, to give them names for themselves or special friends. One of the original ones was known as Broken Leg Canyon that pitched on around present Cummings Mesa

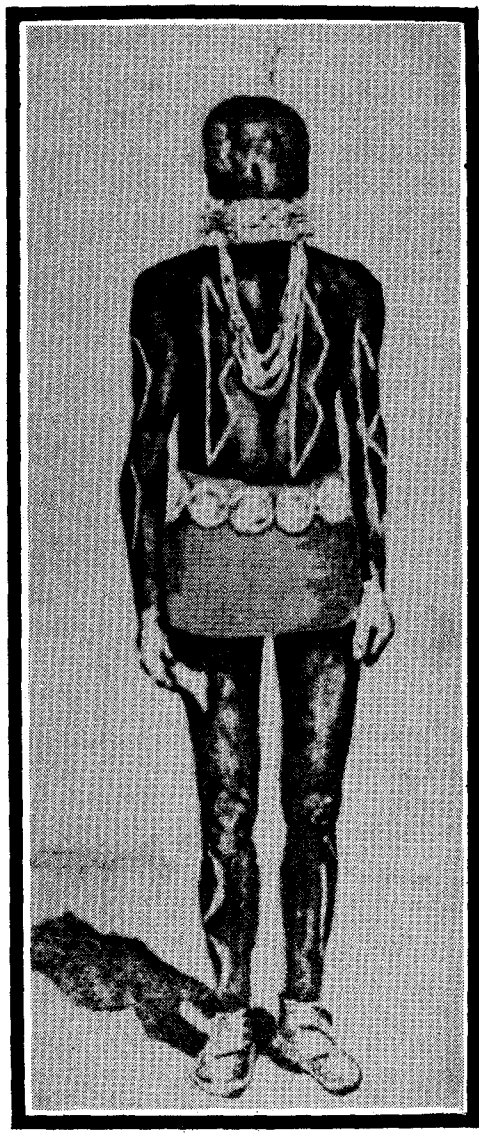

Photo furnished by the author

Denehnezghani, the tall war yei (God), for whom War God Spring on Navajo Mountain was named. After an original by Dr. Washington Matthews, 1896.

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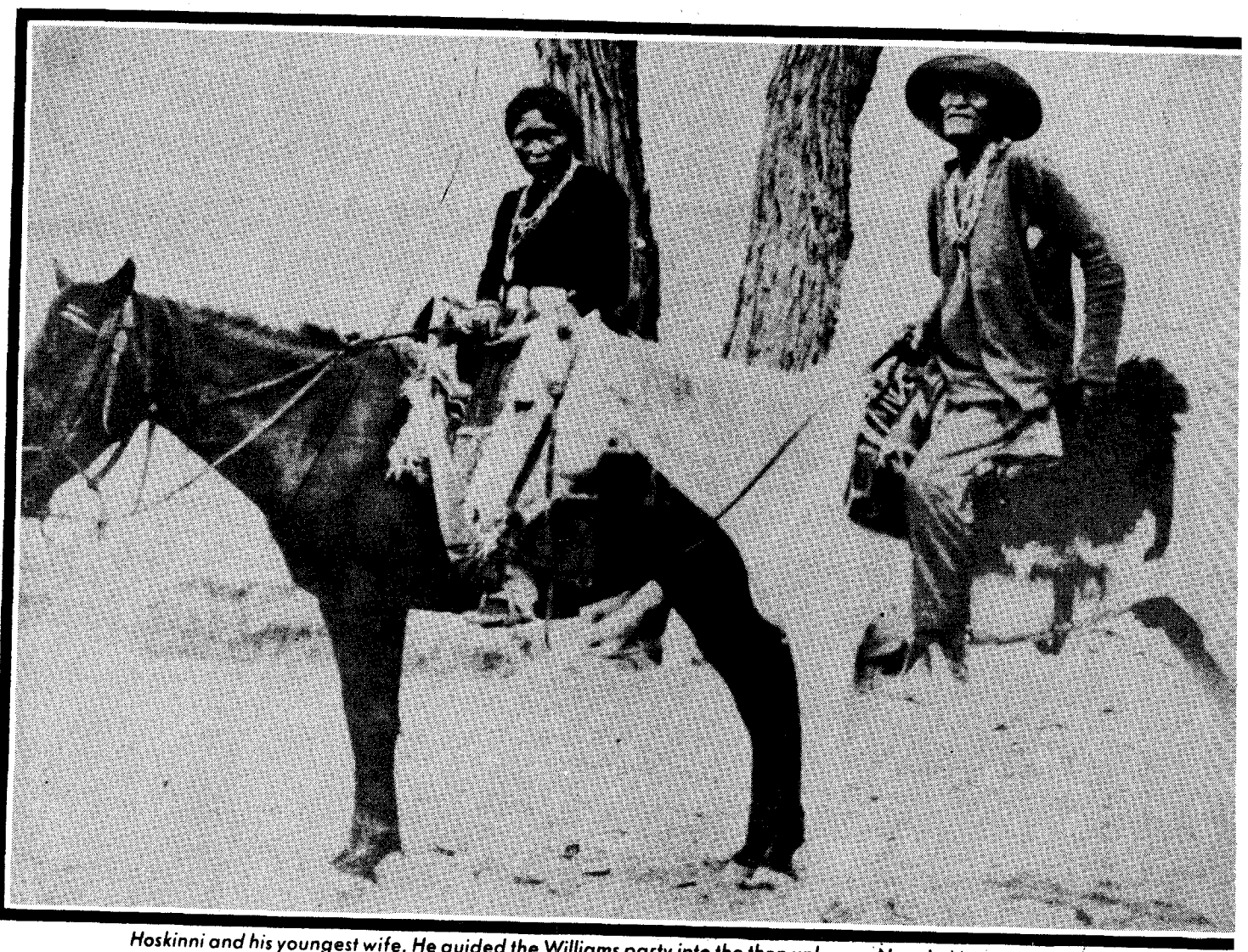

Photo furnished by the author

Hoskinni and his youngest wife. He guided the Williams party into the then unknown Navajo Mountain country.

into the Colorado River. It was so called because a white prospector had broken his leg in there about 1879, having come off the river.

In Broken Leg Canyon Sacadi took Billy to several quartz outcroppings. Each time Sacadi declared, "Here much olla!", but the specimens when tested proved to be 2,000 pounds of pure dumpite to the ton.

Towards the last, Billy became disgusted and grew lax in an agreement he and Ben had made because of their earlier failure to find the source of the rich gold specimens of 1884. They had decided to number each specimen of rock and record the place or the Indian's name from whom it came.

Disappointed over repeated failures, Billy began throwing specimens into a sack the last few days before coming out of Broken Leg Canyon with Sacadi.

On arrival back in camp he found Ben feeling poorly. They had left about enough flour, coffee and salt to see them back to Blue Canyon by buying mutton from Navajos.

The two packed up the large number of blankets the trade goods swapped for and set forth for Blue Canyon. Only a few miles were made each day due to Ben's condition.

He was worse when they rode in at the trading post. Mrs. Williams began doctoring him immediately, and in a week or ten days Ben was well. During that time Billy was busy, taking care of trading matters and sending out their Indian blankets to Winslow.

Finally, he began taking the rock specimens found in Broken Leg Canyon and those Ben had taken in from Navajos. They had also been piled into a sack and not numbered or accounted for.

During spare time he broke them up one at a time and tested. When he found two large quartz chunks, testing with acid was hardly necessary. One side contained a thin slab of gold 20 carats fine.

Billy could not recall having knocked them out of any ledge himself. When Ben examined them he could not remember either. This was not surprising because the unnumbered specimens totalled more than 200.

The two pieces of gold ore were identical with those obtained in 1884. Highly excited, and Ben unable to accompany him, Billy saddled up and, taking a pack mule loaded with grub and bedroll, set out for Navajo Mountain. This time he was determined to locate the source of the very nearly solid gold specimens.

Going directly to Sacadi's hogan, he showed the ore to the aging district chief.

Pointing at the tinges of purple color in the quartz, Sacadi exclaimed, "Come from Broken Leg Canyon. We find it all right."

A week was spent in the canyon, and a lot of purple tinted quartz was broken out and tested. But they didn't "find it all right."

Other friendly Navajos were consulted, but all shook their heads. They knew nothing of any such

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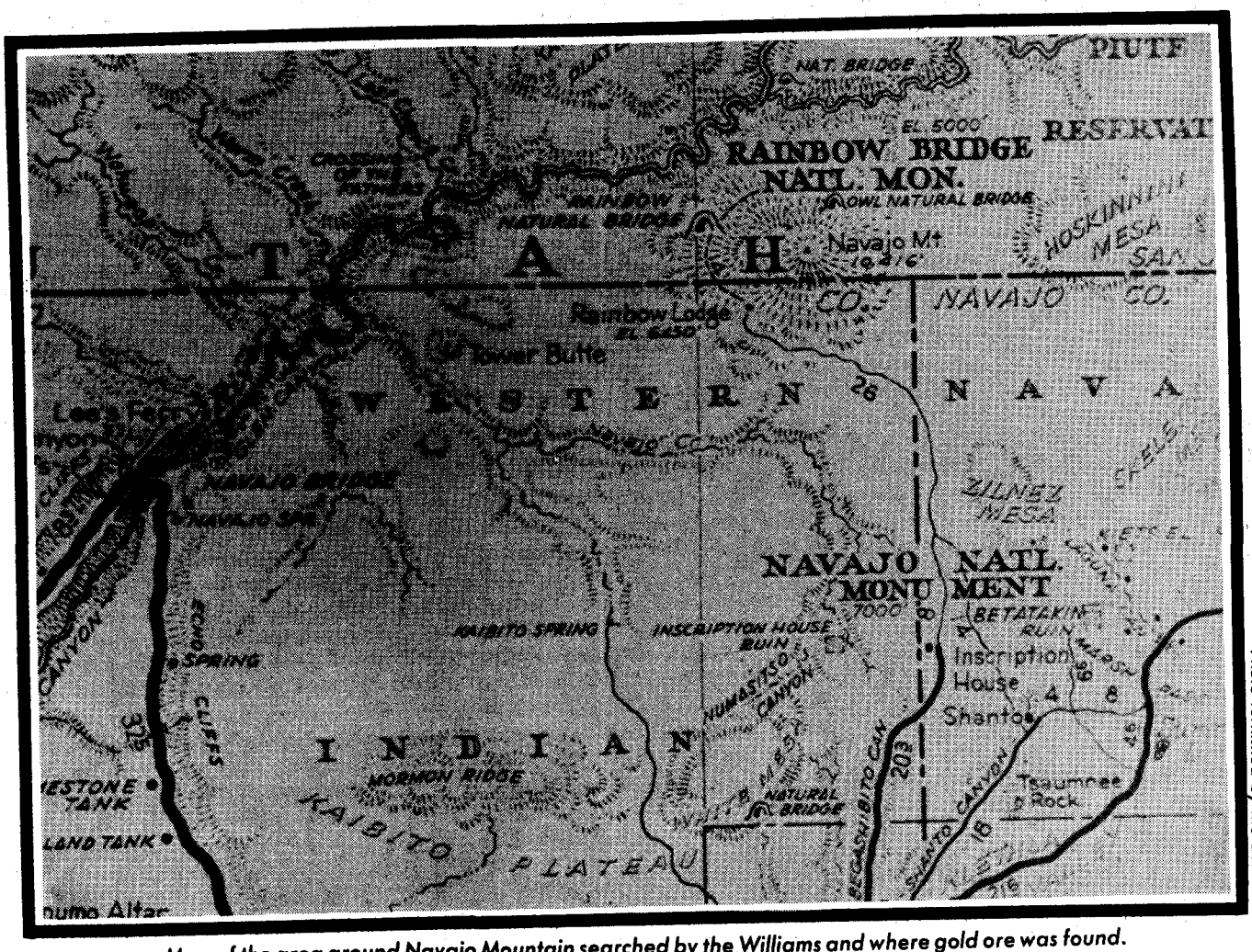

Photo furnished by the author

Map of the area around Navajo Mountain searched by the Williams and where gold ore was found.

The inscription of prospector George E. Emmerson at Willow Springs which the Williams brothers found.

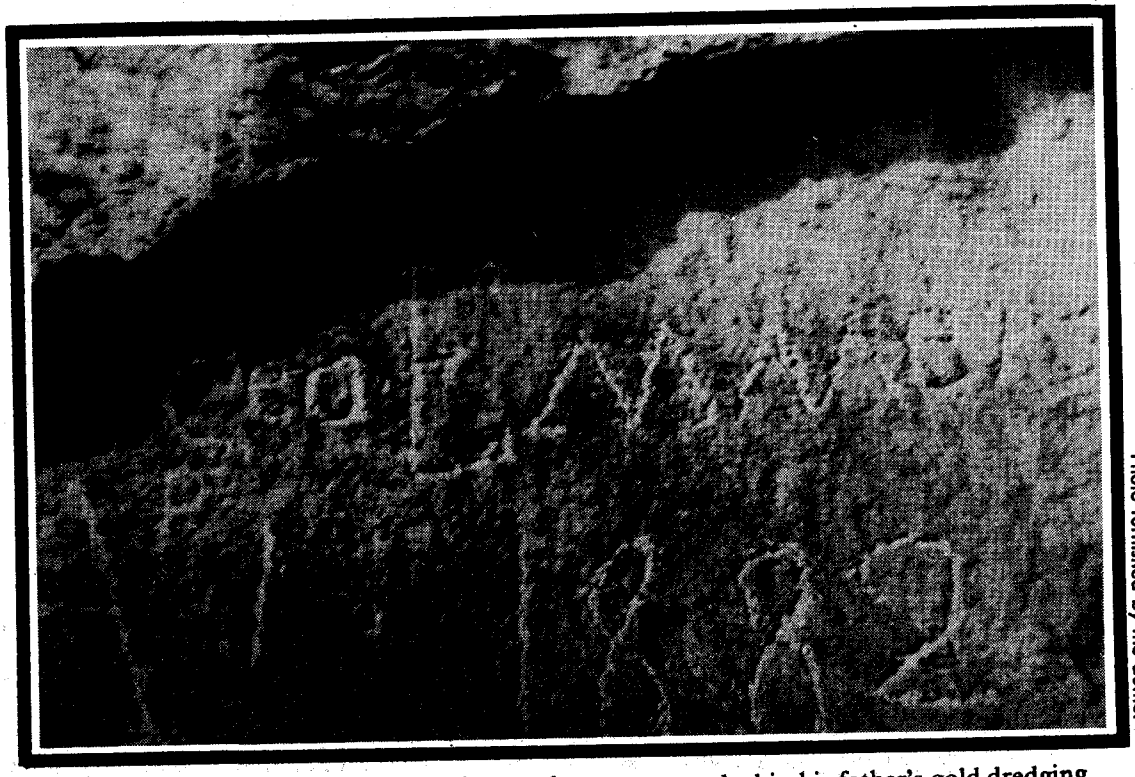

Photo furnished by the author

quartz. Deciding that he might have picked it up on top of Navajo Mountain, Billy went there.

But there was no similar quartz anywhere in the ledges and seams examined.

Withdrawing, Billy returned to Blue Canyon and was soon absorbed in his father's gold dredging project on the San Juan that by 1896 proved to be a colossal failure.

(continued on page 78)

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THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

The Ballad of SAM BASS

By Marion Thede and Harold Preece

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Sam Bass
Words and melody adapted and arranged by John A. and Alan Lomax
Piano arrangement by Charles and Ruth Seeger
Moderately slow
Sam Bass was born in In - di - an - a, it was his na - tive
home, And at the age of sev - en - teen, young Sam be - gan to
roam. Sam first came out to Tex - as a cow - boy for to
be— A kind - er heart - ed fel - low you sel - dom ev - er see.

Courtesy The Macmillan Company

Try this on your piano. Score of a piano arrangement of THE BALLAD OF SAM BASS, a later Lomax version by Charles and Ruth Seeger.

Sam Bass was an Indiana - born farm boy who did fine while he stuck to horse stealing but when he moved into the big leagues and started robbing trains, he ran into trouble. The song was included in Jack Thorp's book of cowboy and Western songs published in Estancia, New Mexico, in 1878.

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Sam Bass was the most over-publicized posse dodger in that whole lurid mythology of Western outlawry, so inept at a dangerous trade that his life wound up quickly, like a short lariat on a yearling. He might have lived longer and fared better had he stuck to his simplistic original craft of bronc snatching, instead of branching out into train robbing. But his dreams exceeded his wits so that he died of lead poisoning from Ranger bullets near seething little Round Rock, Texas, on July 21, 1878.

Romantics of every generation have kept comparing this bumbling Indiana-born tyro to that expert Missouri brigand, Jesse James, dying at St. Joseph, Missouri, a few years after Sam had been planted under Texas dirt. Which is like equating a string-halted pack mule with a thoroughbred pony. Had those two ever met, accomplished Mr. James might not have thought very much of unpromising Mr. Bass.

Yet there are some similarities between the amateur and the professional. Both had been Midwest farm boys by birth, while preferring the dangerous livelihood of the pistol to the safer one of the plow. Both would die from the schemings of traitorous followers — Bob and Charlie Ford in the case of Jesse James, Jim Murphy in the doom that overtook Sam Bass. Naturally, the inevitable Robin Hood legend would be projected upon them as it would upon other alleged benefactors of the poor. And each would be commemorated by a pathetic ballad.

"The Ballad of Jesse James" and "The Ballad of Sam Bass" have the same sort of kinship in mood and theme sprouting from the same historical period. Each glosses over outlawry with cozy sentimentality. Each became popular among people living on marginal fringes of an increasingly complex society, except that the Bass song is far more completely biographical than the one lauding the spectacular Missourian. The composition dedicated to Jesse says nothing about his early youth as a roaming juvenile delinquent or as a Quantrill guerilla, but concentrates on his adult doings. The Bass song is a running narrative of a wandering illiterate youth without the strong home ties enjoyed by those notorious "James boys", Jesse and Frank.

"Same Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home
And at the age of seventeen, young Sam began to roam.
He first went down to Texas, a cowboy bold to be -
A kinder-hearted fellow you'd scarcely ever see."

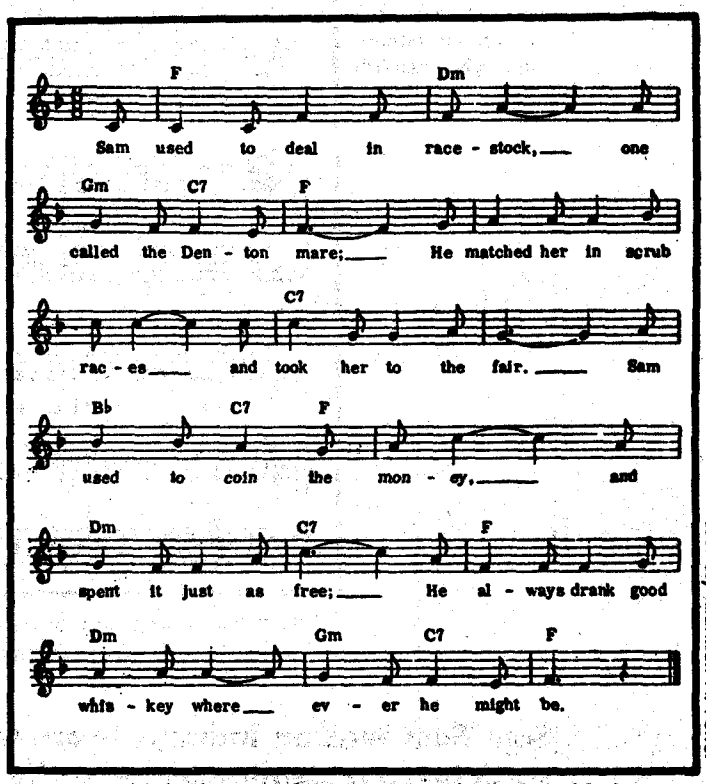
Thus is Sam described by that pioneer of cowboy and Western songs, Jack Thorp, in the first printed "cowboy song book," published at Estancia, New Mexico, during 1908. A variant of this original has Sam setting out toward the Lone Star State "a ranger for to be", which seems highly improbable in view of what the Rangers did to Sam after he had lived in Texas less than eight years. If anything, the lad would always have a marked distaste for any kind of lawman.

There were, of course, many footloose kids wandering America during those decades of change and upheaval following the Civil War. The West got more than its share for being still a thinly populated area imposing fewer restrictions upon young mavericks, but with casual unskilled jobs being available for any seeking honest work.

By best accounts Sam was born on a farm just outside Mitchell, Indiana, on July 21, 1851. After his death, numerous Texans would claim to be his blood kin. Possibly a good many were, though we have no known Bass family tree to go by. But in early-day America, a great many Southern rural families would leave worked-out hill sections with kinship branches migrating in different directions. Some would move to what is now the Midwest - Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Others would turn wagons to the Southwest, to Texas or Missouri (then not counted as Midwest), or in other cases toward Indian Territory where they would become tolerated white squatters. But kinship ties would be preserved through mutual memories or occasional letters sent through the slow mails of that time.

Sam was left an orphan at age thirteen when both of his parents died. A man in Wise County, Texas, would later claim to have been his "father", but the story seems to be just an additional trimming on the Bass legend. By Dr. Walter Prescott Webb's careful investigation, the boy was brought up by an uncle who worked him hard but provided him no schooling.

From the Webb research, Sam was around eighteen when he fled his adoptive home in 1869, boarded a steamboat bound for St. Louis, then later landing in Rosedale, Mississippi, a town full of river gamblers. If the boy never learned his A-B-C's very well, he absorbed quickly the learning spelled out on cards aces, kings, queens, jacks, and those combinations of numerals making up winning hands. He learned also, in that tough setting of the Mississippi River, the use of revolvers while developing the personal charm for which he became more or less celebrated, depending upon your personal opinion of Sam. Somehow in his wanderings he would meet a young Texan named Scott Mays, a not very commendable young man from Dallas. The pair started being buddy-buddy. Mays is said to have influenced his new friend to try his luck in that lusty state south of Red River.


F Dm
Sam used to deal in race - stock, one
Gm C7 F
called the Den - ton mare; He matched her in scrub
C7
rac - es and took her to the fair. Sam
Bb C7 F
used to coin the mon - ey, and
Dm C7 F
spent it just as free; He al - ways drank good
Dm Gm C7 F
whis - key where ev - er he might be.

Courtesy Clarkson N. Potter

First published score of the Sam Bass ballad (1908) from Songs of the Cowboys compiled by N. Howard "Jack" Thorp. The version shown was set to the banjo, a popular instrument in cow camps.

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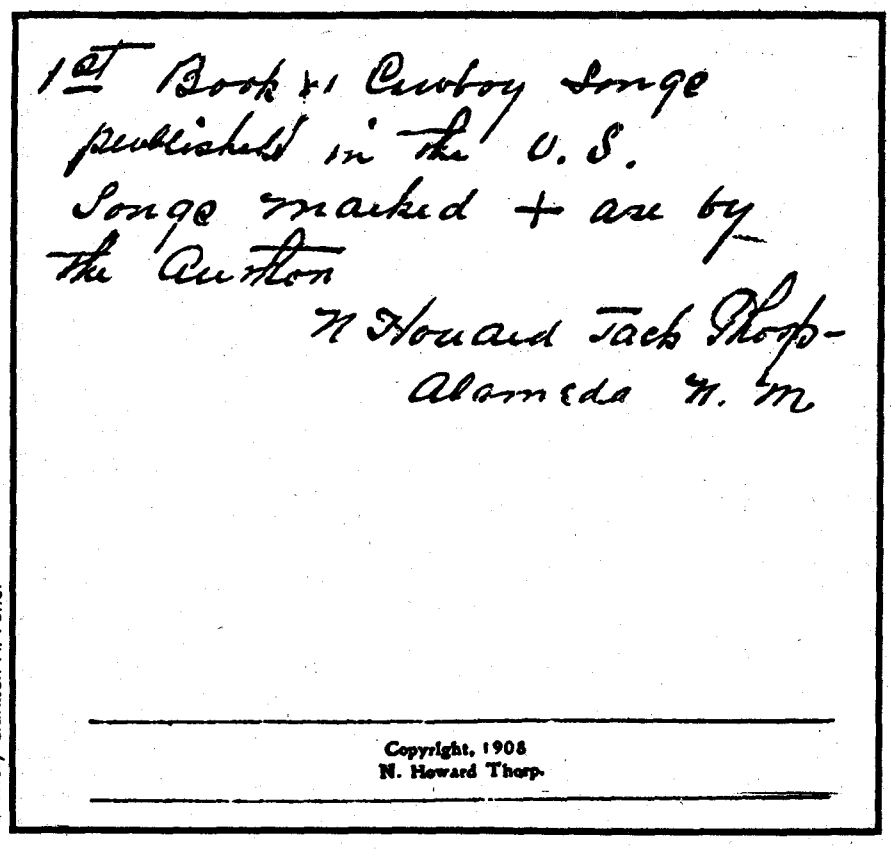

Courtesy Clarkson N. Potter

Autograph of Jack Thorp, the New Mexico cowhand, who put together, from saddleback collecting trips, that pioneer book of Western range airs. Complete inscription reads: "First book of Cowboy songs published in the U.S. Songs marked X are by the author.

Sam showed up in Denton County, Texas, just north of Dallas, about October, 1870. He would have been nineteen years old then, instead of seventeen as the ballad has it. Other such inaccuracies are to be found in several versions of the song.

Sam quickly found a job as a hired hand on the farm of W. F. "Dad" Eagan, an honest old citizen later destined, as Denton County's sheriff, to "run" his ex-employee. But while doing honest labor, the emigre Hoosier boy plowed corn, drove wagons on market trips to Dallas, and learned the rudiments of cowboying. He may have spent some time in exploring the Cross Timbers, a vast wooded section providing refuge for killers, horse thieves, and bootleggers doing business in Indian Territory just across the Red River.

Planting corn or driving buckboards was dull, cheap toil for a boy recalling the hectic big money gambling houses of the Mississippi. From remembering the feel of cards his hands must have chafed with anger as they closed around the hames of plows. He must have felt like any hard-pushed granger whenever he drew his scant pay from Dad Eagan.

But just thirty miles southeast of Denton lay Dallas, the growing center of profitable deviltry that made Rosedale, Mississippi, look like a Sunday School assembly ground. Outside of San Antonio, it contained the gaudiest card-and-crap joints in all the huge state of Texas. Its booze was said to be the finest in the West, and didn't field work make a frustrated farm hand mighty thirsty?

Except that a sport needed a sizable stake to sit in on the big Dallas game. With lariat and branding iron, the sandy-haired boy from Indiana dissolved that problem.

"Sam used to deal in race stock,
one called the Denton mare.
He matched her in scrub races
and took her to the fair.
Sam used to coin the money
and spent it just as free.
He always drank good whiskey
wherever he might be."
(several ballad versions)

Horses, swapped, stolen, or rounded up from the herds of the vast range, were Sam's first negotiable collateral in his comeback as a gambler. Cash from sales and winnings with his famous Denton mare gave him the required money for blackjack and poker matches in Dallas, a country boy's Paris. Win or lose, top grade whiskey kept him inspired and lubricated. But of all the hundreds of horses figuring in the turgid life of Sam Bass, only that little filly from some Denton County range is recalled either by historians or ballad makers.

She is said to have been a small, swift sorrel that Sam Bass alone could ride. That she never lost a race for her owner is probably another exaggeration of the blown-up Bass story. "But," dryly commented that learned historian Walter Prescott Webb, "if the Denton mare was not the speediest thing in Texas where life more often depended on a fast horse than a just cause, she was fleet enough to carry Sam into the sporting world and to win enough money to free her master from honest toil."

In March 1875, Sam Bass, not quite twenty-four years old, furled the plow lines for the last time. He collected his last pay from Dad Eagan and started working toward another goal, that of being a big-time outlaw, what with Texas affording him plenty of examples.

Just three years and four months more would he have to live. Unlike educated desperadoes such as Cole Younger and Wes Hardin, he would leave no personally written records of his exploits. Actually Sam had to depend upon a Denton County friend to write occasional letters he sent to relatives in Indiana.

He seems to have gained his first spurs at long riding in Indian Territory where there was no central government and not much policing. Soon after quitting his job with Dad Eagan, he matched the Denton mare against a remuda of Indian ponies at Fort Sill in Comanche country. Sam won the races and the ponies which were the stakes.

The tribesmen disowned the debt and suggested that the paleface head back toward Red River. Cleverly Sam waited til nighttime then, with possible help from some other white man, drove the horses, "along with some that he had not won" in a long drive to distant San Antonio, Texas.

Sam Bass would first become notorious in the Territory, though not too much has been written about this early phase of his career. But these authors have dug deeply into the splendid manuscript files of the Oklahoma Historical Society to come up with some previously

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obscure accounts.

A pioneer settler, Sam H. Davis, founder of Davis, Oklahoma, said before his death in 1937:

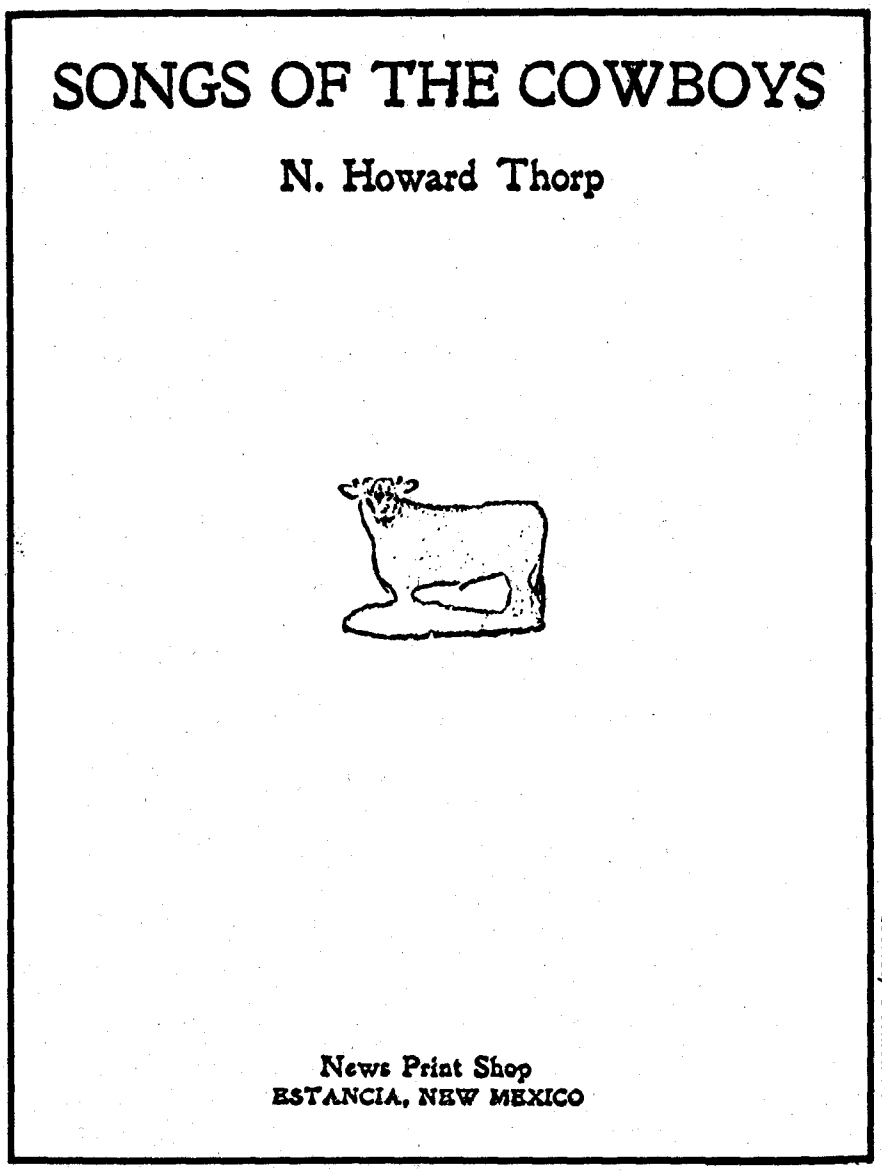
"In 1870 (from collations of material, the date could have been later) an uncle and I came West. So we boarded a steamboat at Memphis, Tennessee and changed to a train at Cairo for Dallas, Texas. As we drove north toward the (Indian) Territory we were in ruts to the axle. We came face to face with Sam Bass. Neither of us knew him then. He was in ruts as deep as we, and neither he nor uncle could get out of them without a lot of hard pulling.

"So they stopped, their teams facing each other, and both sat there for some time. Neither of them spoke. At last Sam crawled out of his wagon and began gathering leaves and sticks. Uncle asked what he was doing. He said, 'I can't get by, so I'll just camp here.' Needless to say, we pulled out of the road and drove around the other team and wagon in a hurry."

That encounter probably took place on some Denton County road leading north toward Indian Territory. There Sam Bass might have already become well known for his horse racing. Perhaps in Dallas those emigre Tennesseeans, the Davises, had been told that Bass was becoming a burgeoning hardcase and recognized as such on both sides of Red River.

Another such episode found in the Oklahoma Historical Society's collection was related by a former Federal marshal named Cummins. By this account, Bass and the notorious Collins brothers drove a cattle herd from Texas to Muskogee, Indian Territory, which had become a railroad point of the Creek Nation. The bunch hung around this frontier town for several months until the cattle were sold and loaded in stock cars. After being paid off, Bass and his friends decided to celebrate with a farewell booze fest. Following the party, a full-blood Cherokee Indian named Turkey Buzzard, who may or may not have been invited to the party, was found shot to death. Suspicion focused on the tough Bass-Collins crowd. These now unwelcome visitors saddle-sprinted back toward Texas in the middle of the night, knowing that they would be investigated.

This is the first time that these two authentic Bass episodes have been published in any magazine. *Real West* is grateful to the Oklahoma Historical Society for its cooperation.



Courtesy Clarkson N. Potter

Title page of Thorp's SONGS OF THE COWBOYS, first collection of range songs ever published. Produced by a local printer in Estancia, New Mexico, it contained many rangeland numbers including the first published version of THE BALLAD OF SAM BASS. Copies today are collectors' items.

Time spun on for Sam Bass who was getting too big for his sheepskin breeches. During the last year of his life, while a long way from Texas, he became a bandit leader, stagecoach stopper, and railroad looter.

"Sam left the Collins ranch in
the merry month of May
With a herd of Texas cattle the
Black Hills for to see.
Sold out in Custer City and
then got on a spree,
A harder set of cowboys you
seldom ever seen."

"On their way back to Texas
they robbed the UP train
And then split up in couples
and started out again.
Joe Collins and his partner
were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned
money they had to meet their
doom."
(From first Lomax, and other,
versions)

September 19, 1877 and Sam's remaining life spans just two months and two days. The time: near ten P.M. The place: a Union Pacific Railway water stop, Big Springs, Nebraska. The six men lurking on horseback within the shadow of the big tank: Joel Collins, one of *those* brothers; Bill Heffridge, who had helped trail cattle from Texas; James Berry, a Missourian; Jack Davis, possibly a fugitive from California's hard brand of justice; one Nixon of uncertain given name, but thought to have been "on the scout" from Canada and its Royal Mounted Police; plus Sam Bass —

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the Mr. Bass from Denton.

The unexpected booty: a big shipment of gold dollars from California, the treasure state, to the money marts of the East. Ten o'clock sharp. The train moves to a slow stop but is swiftly invaded by Sam's pack of freebooters. It was a bumpkin's big night.

For the "take" was three thousand newly minted twenty-dollar gold pieces, adding up to sixty thousand dollars bearing the date of that year, 1877. Seven previous stagecoach robberies had netted that mustang mob but small loot. One of those creaky old prairie hacks had yielded but forty dollars, hardly worth the effort of stopping it. The robbers divided the gold pieces into six equal portions, $10,000 apiece.

Here was Sam's chance to go home rich and strutting. Now wouldn't Denton and Dallas be tipping their collective sombreros to him.

"Sam made it back to Texas, all right side up with care.
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share.
Sam's life was short in Texas, three robberies did he do,
He robbed all the passenger, mail and express cars too."
(Second Lomax version)

Sam was the only one of the bandits to reach Texas where the Rangers, under fearless Major John B. Jones, were applying large antidotes of lead against a statewide infestation of outlawry. Officers in other states had traced Sam's "boys" through those 1877 gold pieces described in circulars sent out by the Union Pacific.

Collins and Heffridge had been killed by a posse of ten Federal troopers and a grim sheriff named Bardsley at a station of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Their pack horse was captured and found to contain more than twenty thousand dollars. Almost three thousand dollars more was recovered from James Berry after he had been wounded and arrested in a gun battle at his home town of Mexico, Missouri. Berry then revealed the names of his partners including Bass, the leader, so that they all now stood identified. Nixon then skipped off to Chicago and perhaps found refuge in that town's sleazy underworld. There is some reason for believing that he returned West, still a hardcase, to be slain by New Mexico's vigilantes around 1884.

Jack Davis supposedly disappeared at the Texas-Indian Territory state line of Red River, a dropout from outlawry. Brazen Sam Bass had no more sense than to start advertising himself. Instead of gradually exchanging his gold pieces for uncompromising silver coinage, he began throwing the gleaming cash around Dallas and Denton. Every coin bore that incriminating 1877 mint date. Every one tossed carelessly to tinhorns or trollops was one more link in a chain that fate and constituted authority were binding around that jovial ignoramus.

When the gold stack started thinning, Sam organized a second gang to rob trains in northern Texas. His new "crew" consisted of seven men beside himself: Frank Jackson, a Dentonite gone bad, and mistakenly called "Joe Jackson" in some versions of the ballad; Arkansas Johnson; Sam Pipes; Seaborn Barnes, mean as a tarantula; Thomas Spotswood; Albert Herndon; and, ingloriously, a man who had once been a respected practicing physician, Henry "Old Dad" Underwood, an educated man now taking orders from an illiterate like Sam Bass.

13. Sam and another companion, called Arkansas for short,
Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Floyd;
14. Oh, Tom is a big six-footer and thinks he's mighty fly,
But I can tell you his racket,—he's a deadbeat on the sly.

15. Jim Murphy was arrested and then released on bail;
He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train for Terrell;
16. But Mayor Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall,
'T was only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

Courtesy Clarkson N. Potter

Part of the original text of the published version of the Sam Bass ballad first heard by Thorp in Nebraska where Bass started robbing trains.

During a period of fifty days, the gang robbed four trains for disappointingly small pickings at Hutchins, Allen Station, Mesquite, and Eagle Ford (a cattle shipping center). All these villages were located within twenty miles of Dallas. In every instance the bandits were seen riding north toward the boundary of Denton County.

There, for awhile, they made their headquarters at the Collins family settlement outside Denton. That refuge was destroyed when Captain June Peak and his Rangers swooped down on the dubious community to bag Pipes and Herndon. Other arrests kept reducing the gang which now shifted its headquarters to Sam's old playground of the Cross Timbers. There they had not long been uncomfortably settled when Sheriff Eagan and a posse of Denton County men routed them out.

Arkansas Johnson was killed in a fight with Peak's Rangers at Salt Creek in Wise County on May 12th. Disgraceful Dr. Underwood escaped to Indian Territory, not to resume the practice of medicine but to pick up on his second career of outlawry. From there he would eventually die on the dread gallows of "Hangin' Judge" Parker at Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

Zigzagging back and forth across northwest Texas, Rangers seldom far behind, the beaten gang was finally reduced to just three functioning members: Seab Barnes; Sam Bass, vowing that he would "die a-fightin' " before surrendering; and Frank Jackson, that brave young fool.

Then the Rangers pulled a trump card: an informer in the bandit ranks, the same trick that Missouri authorities had used, if not very nobly, in trapping Jesse James. That Texas "pigeon" was Jim Murphy who had been jailed with his father, Henderson Murphy, Denton ex-city councilman, on charges of harboring their friend, the erring Mr. Bass.

"He sold out Bass and Barnes
And left their friends to mourn.
Oh what a scorching Jim will get
When Gabriel blows his horn."

(Bollinger County, Missouri, version collected by Vance Randolph)

Another stanza of the same specimen says accusingly that:

"Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's

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good gold
And did not want to pay.
The only way he saw to win
Was to give poor Sam away."

Whether or not Murphy owed Sam unpaid money cannot be proven. He could well have been a deadbeat as well as informer. But by now, the gang was almost "flat broke". For Sam would throw the last of his twenty-dollar gold pieces on the bar at the notorious Ranch Saloon in Waco, order drinks on the house, and boast,

"I will get some more in a few days, so let'er gush."

The Murphys were released from jail on condition that Jim would make contact with the reduced Bass gang, join it, and keep the authorities informed on its plans.

A sorry creature kept a sorry pledge. As the band moved southward, Jim Murphy managed to sneak letters from various post offices to Senior Ranger Commander John Jones, informing him that his partners were planning to rob the bank of a little town called Round Rock on the central Texas prairies.

Once again Sam Bass was showing less than common sense, for Round Rock was situated just eighteen miles north of Austin, the Texas capital and central headquarters of that law force sworn to put him out of business — the Texas Rangers.

June 19, 1878 brought the confrontation. One of the three or four bloodiest gun battles of the Old West was about to be fought. Three men were about to die. A ballad was soon to be born.

The showdown flared in a grocery store after Barnes, Jackson, and Bass had been spotted and trailed inside by Deputy Sheriffs Grimes and Moore. Grimes demanded to know if Barnes was carrying a gun. A fatal bullet was the answer to his question. Morris Moore, a former Texas Ranger, hit in the lungs as all three of the outlaws fired, would be out of commission for months following. Bass at that time was shot in the hand by a bullet evidently fired from Moore's forty-five.

Then the outlaws dashed from the store, swung into the saddle and rode off toward the section called Old Round Rock, hotly pursued by a squadron of waiting Rangers charging from hiding places. There Seab Barnes would drop from his saddle as a bullet tore through his brain. Sam, also mortally wounded, toppled to the ground. Braving the hail of bullets, Jackson dismounted and helped his dying friend to remount. Then in that tornado of gunfire they disappeared from sight.

The chase continued.

Early next morning law men found Bass, weak and dizzy, sitting under a tree, too spent to give battle. Slowly bleeding to death, he was carried to a house in Round Rock where a Dr. Cochran tried to save his misspent life, and a local citizen, Jim Chatman, volunteered to act as nurse, out of "Christian charity" it is said.

Sunday, July 21, 1878: Sam's death date was also his birthday. He was exactly twenty-seven when he passed on after boasting that he "had never stole a horse or robbed a widow woman". The first was untrue because he did make off with a lot of horses. The second was only partially correct. There were bound to have been some widowed women among the robbed passengers of those trains that the Bass Gang stopped. But this bit of folksay shows how a lot of everyday people adored a bandit for feeling that he was hitting at their enemies, the railroad companies.

Frank Jackson had made a clean getaway. He would later, it is said, serve a stretch in the terrible Arizona prison at Yuma before settling down to peaceful living in New Mexico. He was still alive in the late 1920's, a hazy old man, with some Texans yet wanting to extradite and try him as an accomplice in the slaying of Deputy Grimes.

Jim Murphy, who had "ducked" the Round Rock fight? His was a sorry ending. On June 7, 1879, he gulped a poisonous mixture prescribed by a doctor for his sore eyes. He had survived the betrayal of his friend for just eleven months.

In that year, with Sam Bass still grievously mourned, the memorable ballad made its appearance.

Jack Thorp would attribute its authorship to one John Denton of Gainesville, Cooke County (not to be confused with the famous Ranger-preacher Captain John B. Denton, for whom adjoining Denton County is named). The authors have been able to prove that there was a Cooke County Denton christened John, but little else can be learned about him. He is said to have been a passionate hater of lawmen during his youth, as well as a close friend of Bass, his fellow cowpuncher. As age grew upon him, the asserted balladeer is thought to have become very religious.

This Denton may have furnished the first skeletal version of the ballad, while others added their own stanzas as the song kept sweeping the cattle and mining camps of the West. Approximately two thousand different verses have been discovered, including some that are absurd like the one which has Sam and his cronies hanged at Round Rock.

In a work by Austin and Alta Fife, *Songs of the Cowboys*, published in 1966 with Naunie Gardner as music editor, the claim is made that the tune is that of a former song, "Range of the Buffalo," which also had been used for the old railroad song "Way Out In

(continued on page 76)

Courtesy Texas State Parks Board

Legendary Sam Bass hideout in Longhorn Cave, Burnet County, Texas, approximately 30 miles west of Round Rock where Bass went down before the gun fire of Texas Rangers. At McNeil, close by, lies a supposed "treasure cave". Both stories are unproven folklore.

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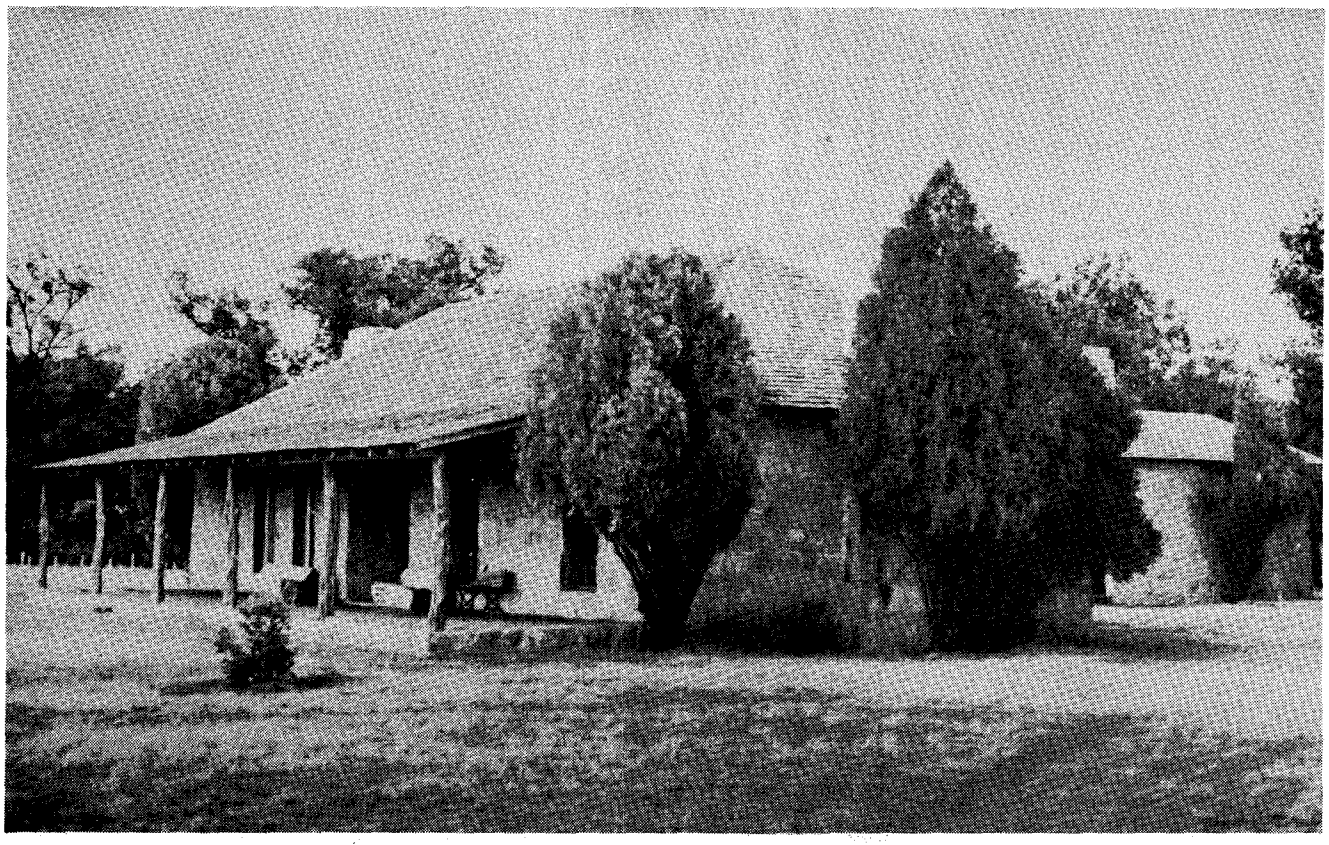
FORTS OF THE WEST



Hugh Capps, Coleman, Texas

Replica of one of the buildings of Camp Colorado which today stands in the City Park at Coleman, Texas. Camp Colorado was a hero maker for many of the men who served there achieved fame in the Civil War.

OLD CAMP COLORADO, Hero Maker

By Louise Cheney

The central building of the city park in Coleman, Texas is a replica of an important and historic frontier fort which was the origin of Coleman county. It was an effective bulwark against the marauding Comanches and a hero maker par excellence. The original post, located six miles east of town on Jim Ned Creek, has yielded to the bludgeons of time and elements for the most part.

Founded in 1856 as a protection against the Indians that roamed, plundered and raided that part of Texas, the post was active until the outbreak of the Civil War. Serving as an auxiliary U. S. Cavalry post, it stood guard over wagon trains and travelers on the road from Fort Mason to Fort Belknap and protected the frontier settlers of the vicinity.

Lee Myers of Carlsbad, New Mexico well known historian and authority on the western frontier forts, visited the site of Old Camp Colorado several years ago and found a part of the stone and adobe corral walls still standing and the old stone guardhouse converted into a residence. He became so intrigued with the historic old post that he checked every available source for information. Below are his notes taken from "Something About Brown, A History of Brown County, Texas", by T. R. Havens of Brownwood, 1958, page 2. Myers found the above mentioned work an excellent source of material on Camp Colorado.

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"General Belknap, responsible for recommending all new frontier military installations in early Texas, in 1851 directed Colonel Randolph B. Marcy to advise a site suitable for a fort at some point between Fort Belknap and Fort Mason. Marcy came from Fort Arbuckle in Oklahoma to Fort Belknap in Young county.

Going southeastward, Marcy journeyed to Brown county from the north. With his wagon train he made camp at the mouth of Turkey Creek. From that point he spent two weeks exploring Pecan Bayou. Returned to Fort Belknap and later recommended that site of his camp on Turkey Creek be used for the new installation. Later the War Department decided that two forts were needed between Forts Mason and Belknap and selected Jim Ned Creek as location of Camp Colorado and advised a site between Mason and Brady as location of Camp San Saba."

Further research of the part of Myers shows that Camp Colorado was first established near the present town of Ebony in Mills county in 1855 or '56, deriving its name from the Colorado River on which it was located. Shortly afterward, it was moved to Mukewater Creek in southeastern Coleman county and in 1857 Jim Ned Creek where it became a vital frontier post. It was abandoned February 26, 1861.

There was ample opportunity to learn military know-how on the rolling green countryside of Coleman county and the crude little fort trained more than one man who was destined to wear the baldric of fame in the forthcoming Civil War. One man at Camp Colorado, Captain Theodore O'Hara, achieved undying renown as the author of the famous poem, "Bivouac of the Dead."

And another soldier who, time after time, proved his mettle against the Comanches eventually came to occupy the Governor's mansion of Texas. Those who rose to glory in the great conflict between the states included Brevet Major Kirby Smith, Brevet Major Earl Van Dorn, Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Robert E. Lee and the great Confederate commander himself, then a lieutenant commander at Fort Cooper, Texas in 1856 and '57.

Established by a contingent of the famed Second Cavalry, old Camp Colorado was commanded by Brevet Major Van Dorn who had recruited Company A of the Second Cavalry in Mobile. Van Dorn, who had been cited for bravery in the Mexican War of 1846-48, was commended more than once for his daring and effective military tactics while serving at Camp Colorado. At one time, in 1856, he was pierced through by an Indian arrow. A surgeon saved his life by cutting off the arrow head and pulling out the shaft. Undaunted by his close brush with eternity, the danger-defying major was back in the thick of the Indian fighting in a few weeks.

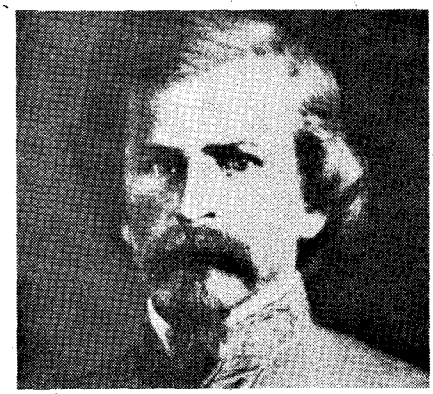
Major Van Dorn left the army January 31, 1861 to become a colonel in the Texas troops. At the beginning of the Civil War, he took prisoner several companies of soldiers in Texas and at the Lone Star state's seaport of Indianola, captured the steamer, Star of the West, with troops aboard. History records that the Star of the West was the ship fired on in Charleston Harbor in January 1861, when it arrived to aid Fort Moultrie.

Van Dorn became a Major General in the Trans-Mississippi Department with the Confederates. Defeated by General U. S. Grant at Corinth, he lost his command. However, it was restored in a short time and the daring southern general took prisoner a number of troops at Holly Springs, Mississippi, and fired a large Union supply depot at that town.

Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee was in the thick of the furious battles with the Comanches while on expeditions from Camp Colorado. In January of 1860, he fought a savage hand-to-hand encounter with an Indian on Pecan Bayou and killed the red man. Later on, with a party of others, he stormed a thicket which concealed a band of Indians. Again he fought hand-to-hand with the red men but was shot through the lung with an arrow and seriously wounded. Almost dead, he was carried 20 miles to a hospital on a mule litter. For a while he was expected to die, but recovered to fight and down more Indians and, during the Civil War, serve with Jeb Stuart as a cavalry commander and a major general.

Major Kirby Smith joined the Confederates at the time of Florida's secession and was made a brigadier general. At the first battle of Bull Run, his command was highly instrumental in hurling Union troops into retreat. He was later commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department and became a lieutenant general. Smith is well remembered as being in command of the very last Confederate troops when Lee laid down his sword.

Captain L. S. (Sul) Ross, a fearless Indian fighter at Camp Colorado, looms large on the pages of Texas history. He became a captain in the famed Texas Rangers, and it was he who recaptured the long lost Cynthia Ann Parker from the Comanches in 1860. In 1886 he was elected to the highest office in the state, for he became governor of Texas.



U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archive

Major Earl Van Dorn served at Camp Colorado. He later became a Confederate hero in the Civil War.

After the soldiers left Camp Colorado at the start of the Civil War, it served as a home base for a frontier regiment of the Confederate Army in command of Colonel J. E. McCord.

It was abandoned for several years by the military but still remained the hub of the vicinity.

A school was organized in 1872 and housed in the old fort. In 1875 a county government was established at the old post. There it remained until 1876 when the town of Coleman came into existence.

In 1879 Camp Colorado once more quivered with life. Henry Sackett, an Englishman who had settled in the community in 1870, erected a large stone house on the site of the old garrison, using the all-stone guardhouse as one of the rooms. It saw service as a post office and community center

Today, Coleman County is a prosperous section of Texas with farm, livestock and oil forming the base of its economy. Reminiscent of its illustrious past are: the twin peaks of the Santa Anna Mountains in the eastern part, the Bead in the west and Robinson Peak in the northwest (landmarks of the flamboyant cortege of history that flowed that way), the drovers, the red men, the intrepid settlers and immigrants changing the wilderness in search of a better life.

In 1936, the Centennial Year of Texas independence, a state, city and federal project erected the replica of the historical Old Camp Colorado in the city park at Coleman. And there it stands, a worthy tribute to the gallant little post and the brave troopers who safeguarded the frontier when that part of Texas wore the sheen of newness. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Something About Brown, A history of Brown County, Texas, by T. R. Havens
Lee Myers, Carlsbad, New Mexico
Extension Loan Library, University of Texas, Austin, Texas

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DEADLIER THAN THE MALE

COVER STORY

By Ernest H. Hart

A well - chronicled account of the most notorious lady gunslingers of the West that they made a lot wilder because they shot first and asked questions later. Calamity Jame, Belle Starr, and Mattie Silks, the Queen of Denver's tenderloin district.

The famous gambler and gun woman, Madam Moustache, defending herself against two desperados who held her up in an attempt to rob her of the "house bank" which she was carrying home. Her defense was so successful that, when the smoke cleared, one bandit lay dead, and the other, wounded, managed to escape. It happened in Bodie, "The Wickedest City in the West".

The scene was typical of the era and the place ... Dodge City, when the stink of steers floated through the main street from the loading pens at the edge of town ... beef driven up from Texas, gold on the hoof. But in the gambling den a thick cloud of tobacco smoke overpowered any other odor except the man-smell of cowboys and miners, cattlemen and gamblers, and hangers-on from all over the West, including a sprinkling of "Dudes" from the East and "Furriners" from the continent.

Voices, hoarse and coarse, blended with the slap of cards on wood and the constant call of "Place your bets", forming a cacophony of sound that merged with the ed-

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dying smoke and shifting movement of the motley crowd. Suddenly a shot rang out, the deep-throated slam of a heavy forty-five Colt echoed through the room, and in that second movement and sound throughout the place quit, and all eyes turned toward the doorway. A woman stood there holding a smoking colt in her hand. A tight smile lifted one corner of her mouth. She had black hair and dark, liquid eyes, but there was a hardness about her, an aura of devil-be-damned toughness. The woman was the notorious Belle Starr.

"My man got took for two thousand at faro here. Whose table?" she said.

For a moment there was silence, broken by the bellow of the forty-five again, the bullet this time just a bit above head level. "Whose table?" she shouted savagely.

A tall, lean dealer stood up. "M ... Mine, Belle. But he weren't cold-decked ...," the man began.

But Belle cut him short. The gun jerked in her hand and the crack of it sounded like thunder in the still room. A big sliver of wood was gouged from the plank table next to the dealer's hand. The lead ricocheted away, luckily hitting no one in the room.

"Drop the money from your cash box on the table, you," Belle snarled and gestured with her gun at the dealers behind the tables on either side. "You, too, and hurry it up. All the cash ... on this table."

As the dealer did as he had been told, he nervously spoke. "Belle, I swear Blue Duck weren't cold-decked. He held nothin' an' I had a pair of sixes..."

Belle grinned and drew another Colt from her belt, waving both of them around. "Shut up an' shovel that money into one of the boxes. How much is it?"

"More than the two thousand he lost ... five thousand more."

Belle moved toward the table. "We'll call that interest, Mister. An' it just goes to prove that a pair of six-shooters c'n beat a pair of sixes."

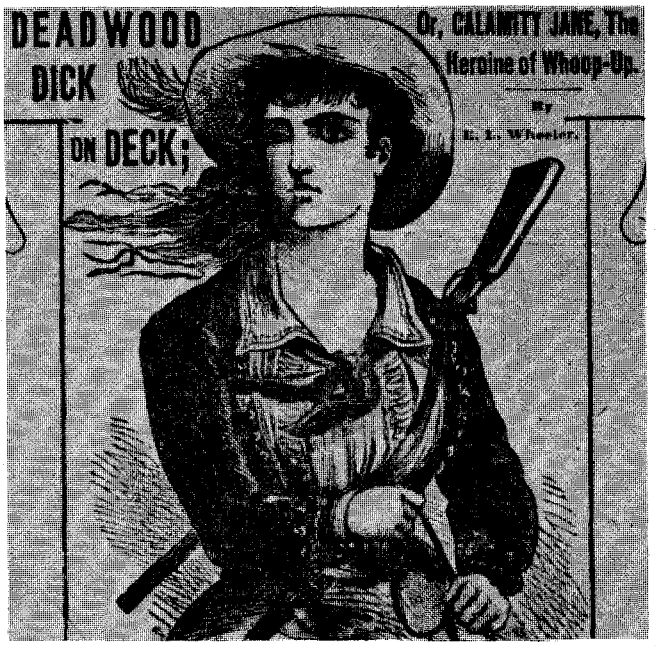
Belle Starr walked out of the gambling establishment with $7,000. When the irate gamblers complained to Marshal Wyatt Earp about the incident, Earp roared with laughter and told them that if they wanted their money back to get it themselves.

Belle Starr was one of the famed and legitimate gun women of the West. She was a female bandit and night rider, and during her career she was arrested for rustling, horse stealing, arson, and bootlegging. Her so-called "husband", a seven-eighths Indian called Blue Duck, was easily led by Belle. As a matter of fact she seemed to have the kind of magnetism that drew outlaws to her, and she led many a night ride into outlawry followed by a band of quick-draw, ferocious criminals that were the dregs of the frontier.

It is said that on one occasion, while leading a bunch of horse thieving desperadoes in Oklahoma Territory, her hat blew off and, when no one attempted to reclaim it for her, she pulled her gun and, calling Blue Duck an "iggerant bastard", made him retrieve the hat, adding with venomous anger, "Ain't none of you got no manners when you're with a lady?"

Belle Starr was finally killed by a blast from a shotgun that caught her in the back and tore the life from her. It has been said, but never proven, that the killing was done by one of the two illegitimate sons she had given birth to during her notorious career.

Jane Canary, called Calamity Jane, was another notorious pistol-packing woman, though it is claimed by most authorities that her ability with a hand gun was, to say the least, very limited even when she was sober, which was not very often. She was a drunken prostitute con-



Cover of one of the Beadle "dime novels", paper books luridly written, the kind that made Calamity Jane a heroine.

sorting with the rough and tough bullwhackers, teamsters, cowboys, soldiers, and hardcases of the frontier West from Colorado to the Rio Grande. She wore men's clothing, and her language was worse than a mule whacker's. At one point in her career, she appeared on the stage as Calamity Jane, the Girl Hawkshaw. Dressed in man's clothing she rode a horse and, with gun in hand, rounded up cattle thieves. Her propensity for the bottle caused her to, upon several occasions, use live ammunition and shoot indiscriminately, becoming a danger to the life and limb of both fellow thespians and the audience. Her days as an actress were therefore few in number.

Calamity was given her short-lived opportunity as an actress through stories about her in the small and lurid paper-backs of Beadle's Pocket Library. One E. L. Wheeler, a self-confessed writer, authored sonorously corny and very imaginative tales about Calamity which depicted her as an avenging angel of the wild and woolly West. Calamity claimed that she had been married to Wild Bill Hickok and was eventually buried near him in Deadwood.

Calamity herself had a very vivid imagination and claimed that she had tended the many wounded of the Seventh Cavalry when they were brought back to Miles City after their defeat by Chief Joseph. She also said that she had been a pony express rider and, in the latter years of her life, claimed to have known intimately most of the men of prominence, good and bad, of her era.

Mattie Silks was perhaps the most enchanting and interesting of the female gun-toters of the frontier. She was the Queen of Denver's tenderloin district and the highest ranking madame of the city. She wore silks, satins and velvets with the air of a Queen, and every dress was a true creation. Each costume also has two large, built-in pockets, one in which she carried gold coins (she never handled paper currency), and the other pocket fashioned to hold the pearl-handled six-shooter which she was never without. Mattie was for many years undisputed Queen of the underworld that lit Denver's nights with the lights of criminality and catered to man's more bestial appetites. She ran one of the largest and fanciest parlor houses of the nineties.

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from sketches made by H. O. Rawson from portraits and authenticated photographs.

Pearl Hart, who plied her trade of stage coach robbery in Arizona.

Mattie Silks' gun duel with Katie Fulton, another Lady of the Evening, is part of the rich history of the West. They fought for the favor of a fancy man named Cort Thompson, a Denver tout. The duel took place at the Olympic Gardens, a resort on the banks of the Platte owned by a Denver brewery company. Everyone from Denver's underworld was present to watch the well-publicized event. The two women antagonists faced each other and, at the agreed upon signal, brought their pistols to bear and began shooting. There aims were so bad that they were perfectly safe, but the rest of the howling mob scattered like quail, but not before one of Mattie Silks' bullets had hit the neck of the fancy man over whom the two contestants were fighting. It was only a flesh wound, and Mattie took him home and nursed him back to health. There is some skepticism, even to this day, that Mattie was really as poor a shot as she pretended, but no one voiced the thought that was in the minds of many: that Mattie's shot had indeed found the target she had aimed for.

A gambling lady with an eye keen for cards and gun was Madame Moustache. She followed the Union Pacific's end-of-tracks towns across the continent and set up her gambling establishment in the middle of the crude and howling towns that mushroomed into sudden growth along the right-of-way, then died as quickly as they had been born.

Madame Moustache had a quick hand with the cards and just as quick (and accurate) a hand with her gun. She finally drifted to the roaring town of Bodie, liked it, and set up her table there. She was destined never to leave Bodie. At the gaming tables Madame often said, "When your luck runs out, there's nothing left to do but play your ace of spades," referring to the ace as the death card. But her luck held for a long time and she did well in Bodie, her skill with the pasteboards unquestioned by her peers.

Her ability with firearms was also very forcibly exhibited in Bodie when, on her way home with the house bank one night in what was called "the wickedest city of them all", she was accosted by two holdup men with pistols drawn who demanded that she hand over the money. Madame Moustache answered their gruff request by whipping out her own gun and, exhibiting both courage and dexterity, shot and killed one of the footpads and wounded the second. The wounded criminal managed to escape into the night and immediately fled from Bodie.

There came a time when Madame Moustache's luck at cards suddenly reversed and, despondent and without hope, she "played her ace of spades" and committed suicide by taking prussic acid. So in 1879 Bodie buried the famous Madame Moustache, and the fabric of her story became a part of the colorful tapestry of the great West.

The saga of Big Nose Kate Fisher is inexorably entwined with that of the infamous Doc Holliday, the consumptive dentist and killer who rode to bloody glory with the Earp brothers. Holliday, engaged in a "friendly" game of poker in Fort Griffin, Texas, took exception to the dealer's handling of the cards and promptly cut the man's throat. A general fight ensued, the law was called and Holliday was disarmed and held prisoner in a room of the hotel where the game had been in progress. Holliday and Big Nose Kate had met the day before and had evidently taken a liking to each other, for when Kate heard of his predicament and saw an ugly, armed and unruly crowd of the murdered man's friends gathering with loud and earnest talk of lynching Holliday, then and there Kate went into action.

She set fire to the livery stable next door to the hotel, and when the mob, diverted from lynching for the moment by the more pressing threat of the fire, formed a bucket brigade, Kate tied two swift and saddled horses to the rear of the hotel. She then boldly entered the hotel and burst into the room where Holliday was being held by the sheriff, waving a brace of Colt's Navy revolvers in the startled officer's face. She freed Holliday, they tied up the Sheriff, mounted the horses and rode swiftly, heading for Dodge City, a hundred miles away, where Holliday and the Earps would become a closely knit group and make history with their shoot-out with the Clanton gang at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone.

Big Nose Kate and her inamorata, Doc Holliday, became a well known and dangerous couple in the bad and booming towns of the raw, wild west.

Another of the true gun women of the West was Rose Dunn, better known as "Rose of the Cimarron". She married one of the last of the horseman outlaws, George Newcomb, who bore the nickname, "Bitter Creek". He was a tall, well-built and rather handsome gunman.

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Rose met Bitter Creek when she rode with Bill Doolin's gang of bushwhackers and bank robbers. Bitter Creek was Doolin's right hand man and, women being scarce in the frontier, particularly when a man was on the run constantly from the law, Bitter Creek immediately began to woo Rose.

It was a clear, warm spring night in 1893 when Bill Doolin led his band of desperadoes into Cimarron, Kansas, smashed into the National Bank and robbed it. They rode away on fast horses and kept going day and night, taking what horseflesh they needed on the way and outrunning all pursuit, to finally reach their destination and go into hiding in a small town near Stillwater, Oklahoma, called Ingalls. There was no law in Ingalls and the inhabitants welcomed the Doolin gang and the gold they would spend there.

They had covered their trail well, but a few months later, word of their hiding place leaked out, and the forces of law and order gathered for a showdown with the notorious gang. Fourteen Federal marshals, under the leadership of Oklahoma Marshal Nix, armed to the teeth, converged on Ingalls. The outlaws had taken up residence at Mrs. Pierce's Inn, and the officers moved in and opened fire. This was the signal for one of the biggest pitched battles between law and order and outlawry that had ever taken place in the old West. In intensity and fierceness it compared favorably to the O. K. Corral fight and the battle of Northfield that signaled the end of the dominance of the James boys and their horde of freebooters.

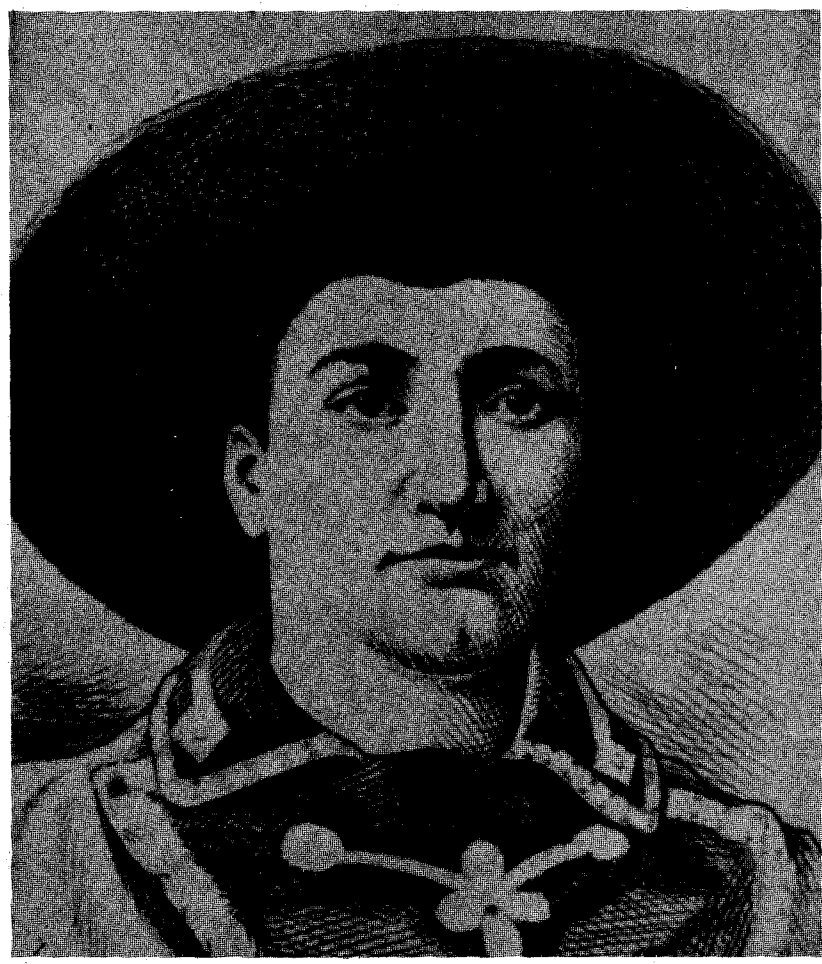
The Doolin gang had been in the Pierce saloon, and the lawmen concentrated their fire there. A storm of lead ripped through the saloon; Doolin and his gang, including Bitter Creek, Bob Dalton, and Rose of the Cimarron, crawled out of there and retreated toward the barn, cursing and firing as they went. Bitter Creek shouted, staggered, and went down with a hunk of lead in his leg, his gun flying from his hand. By this time the rest of the gang had reached the protection of the stable, and Bitter Creek lay in the dirt, unarmed, clutching his leg, a perfect target for lawman's lead.

Then, like a heroine in a movie of the old West, Rose of the Cimarron rushed out into a hail of lead and, as Doolin and his men gave her a covering fire, she pulled Bitter Creek to the comparative safety of the stable. The outlaws held out against the lawmen throughout the daylight hours, and when darkness fell they somehow slipped out the back and through the cordon of lawmen and made good their escape.

Bitter Creek was badly wounded, and when the gang went into hiding in the vast loneliness of the Creek Nation, Rose nursed her lover back to health. For over three years the Doolin Gang found refuge in outlaw towns with the law constantly on their heels. Finally, the law closed in again, and Bitter Creek and Tulsa Jack Blake were killed in a skirmish with the law. With her lover gone, Rose drifted away from the band and later married an ordinary man and, disguised by her new surname, faded into legend.

A very colorful and mysterious gambling woman of the old West was Madame Vestal, also known as the "'Goddess of Chance". She came out of nowhere and in the seventies established herself on Denver's Blake Street in a huge tent. There was no game of chance that a man couldn't indulge in under Madame Vestal's tent. The night life of Denver ceased suddenly when the cry went out that gold had been found in the Black Hills. This was the beginning of the end for the Plains Tribes of Redmen, but of course those who answered the call of the glittering metal cared nothing for the plight of the original Americans, except to want to decimate them as quickly as possible so they would *not* pose a threat to their own activities. Madame Vestal joined the exodus and, with her man Archie McLaughlin, a former outlaw and member of Quantrill's bloody band of renegades, she set up business at Fort Laramie.

But gambling alone didn't appease McLaughlin's appetite for action, and he added a lucrative sideline ... holding up stages. While holding up a stage a few miles out of Fort Laramie, he and another hardcase gunman were surrounded and captured by Vigilantes who quickly lynched them as an example to all other would-be holdup men in the area. Madame Vestal, of whom it was said could shoot the pip from the ace of hearts, raged like a madwoman when the word was



From sketches made by H. O. Rawson from portraits and authenticated photographs.

Calamity Jane (Jane Canary), one of the most notorious of the gun women of the Wild West.

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brought of the death of her lover, and with gun in hand swore revenge against the Vigilantes who had killed her man.

But the mystery woman was finally quieted down and her gun taken from her so she could do no damage. Madame Vestal became terribly despondent and lost all interest in her gaming venture and in life itself. She became a drunken caricature of herself and drifted from town to town, going downhill fast, until she finally died of liquor poisoning on San Francisco's skid row. After her death the mystery of her life, where she had come from, who she really was, came to light. Madame Vestal, "Goddess of Chance", Queen of gamblers, was none other than Belle Siddons, the most famous Civil War spy and the trusted agent of the South's Generals Sterling Price and Nathan Forrest.

Cattle Kate Watson and her lover, Jim Averill, owned adjoining ranches on the Sweetwater River in Wyoming; they were caught in the deadly vengeance exacted of cattle thieves during the Wyoming cattle wars.

Their ranches were small and they could make no money at ranching, so Jim set his girl friend up with some willing girls and spread the word to local cowboys that the girls were waiting and that Cattle Kate would accept cattle in payment for her girls' favors. Kate did a brisk business and soon had a large herd of steers stolen from the bigger ranches from miles around. The whole story soon became known, and a group of armed and angry ranchers paid a visit to Cattle Kate and her man Jim Averill. Kate grabbed her gun to protect the frightened Averill, but she was soon disarmed and the riled-up riders hanged the pair from cottonwoods at the edge of the river. The whole episode led to bad feeling and eventually to the threat of civil war in Johnson County.

There were other women of the old and wild West who carried guns, mostly small derringers that fitted into a lady's pocketbook or dainty pocket. But they were not in the true sense, "gun women". Most of them were gamblers such as Minnie the Gambler, who held forth in Cheyenne, and Poker Alice Ivers, who was born in England, played for the largest stakes and was greatly admired by Jim Masterson and Bill Tilghman.

There was also Jim Earp's teen age mistress who, it was said, the Earp's taught to draw and shoot with a speed and accuracy that matched their own. There was Connie, "the Cowboy Queen" a very colorful floozie who became famous for her dresses on which had been embroidered the brands of every ranch between the Yellowstone and the Platte Rivers. Laura Bullion (Della Rose) was a gun-toting member of the infamous Wild Bunch. She wore her hair short, dressed like a man and was often mistaken for a good looking young boy. Cattle Annie and Little Britches were outlaw girls who carried Winchesters and belted six-guns and, it is reputed, knew how to use them. They rode with Bill Doolin's gang, but not at the same time as Rose Dunn.

From sketches made by H. O. Rawson from portraits and authenticated photographs.

Laura Bullion (Della Rose), a member of the Wild Bunch.

Belle Starr, the Bandit Queen, famous outlaw gun woman

From sketches made by H. O. Rawson from portraits and authenticated photographs.

One of the most prominent of the female stagecoach robbers was a straight shooting young woman whose name was Pearl Hart and who plied her trade in Arizona. Unlike their more effete, gambling "sisters", Laura, the outlaw girls of Bill Doolin's gang, and Pearl Hart, were all true gun women.

Deadlier than the male? No, not quite. In comparison to their male counterparts the gun women of the old West were few in number and pale in comparison, yet they played their part in making the western frontier the brawling, colorful place it was and earned their way into the history of an area and an era that is unique in the history of our globe.

●RW

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What was the name of cowboy movie star William S. Hart's horse? Can you give the names of other horses of cowboy stars? W. Segerson, Santa Fe, N. M.
A. Hart's horse's name was Fritz, and he was a pinto. He is buried on the Hart ranch in Newhall, California with a large stone marker. Tom Mix's first horse was a white steed named Old Blue. When he died, Mix replaced him with a beautiful chestnut stallion, the famous Tony. Tony's stable reportedly cost $50,000. Buck Jones had a white stallion called Silver. He also, a few times, featured another horse named White Eagle.

Jack Hoxie had Scout; Bill Cody had King; Jack Perrin had Starlight; Buster Crabbe had Falcon; Tex Ritter had White Flash, and Hopalong Cassidy (William Boyd) had Topper. Fred Thomson had an Irish Gray Hunter originally dappled gray but as time went on, his spots faded until he was almost completely white; he was named Silver King and was paid a weekly salary of two thousand dollars. Tim McCoy had a black stallion called Midnight. John Wayne called his horse Duke.

Hoot Gibson liked palominos and had one named Goldie. Roy Rogers' palomino, as everyone knows, is called Trigger. He cost Rogers originally $300, and he has since turned down offers of $10,000. Gene Autry had a handsome Tennessee walking horse, named, of course, Champion. There are too many more, and too little space.

Q. Recently we acquired a leather coin pouch, three by five inches and inscribed: "Compliments of State National Bank, Ardmore, Oklahoma." Would appreciate any information concerning this item. Mrs. D. Honeycutt, Clatskanie, Oregon.
A. This is obviously a local item for which our reference library would contain no information. We suggest you write to the bank concerned. In the event the bank is no longer in existence, write to the Historical Society of the town, or, failing that, the State.

Q. There was a member of the James Gang and Quantrill's Raiders named Jim Lilly. I am a "Lilly" and would like to know if we are related. Can your readers supply any family information on him? Please reply to: Mr. & Mrs. Earl K. Pratte, 921 Poplar, Jefferson City, Missouri 65101.
A. The above is self-explanatory. Any readers possessing the desired information will oblige us and the Prattes by answering.

Q. Do you have any information on the creature known as "Bigfoot"? V. Holly, Pueblo, Col.
A. There is a vast amount of alleged "information" on Bigfoot; as a matter of fact, there is a new book out on him called, appropriately enough, **Bigfoot.** This creature (known to the Indians as "Sasquatch") ranges in north California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. People who claimed to have seen him and his relatives say that he is huge, hairy and ugly, walks upright like a man, leaves fourteen-inch footprints, is roughly eight feet tall, three feet broad across the shoulders, has arms three feet long and weighs about eight-hundred pounds.

A Mr. Roger Patterson of Yakima, Washington claims to have shot 29 feet of 16 mm colored film of one of them. If this creature actually exists (and it hasn't been proven), he is not abundant. It is reminiscent of the famous "Abominable Snowman" or "Yeti" of the Himalayas. No one has really proven he exists, either.

Q. What does the name "Apache" mean (to settle an argument.) P. Barker, Hutchinson, Kansas.
A. The name means "enemy" and it is a tribute to the fierceness of this tribe that the name was bestowed by other tribes who suffered under their warlike depredations.

Q. Is the word "haywire" (meaning crazy) a Western term, and how did it originate? C. Byrnes, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.
A. It appears it is a Western word meaning crazy, muddled, twisted up. Hay is baled with wire; when a Westerner removes the wire from the hay, he carefully twists it into crazy shapes before throwing it away, thus ensuring that stock do not become entangled in it. The expression originates from this practice.

Q. Why does a cowboy call his raincoat a "fish"? Q. Wayne, Mankato, Minn.
A. I don't think they do anymore. The old time cowboy carried a yellow oilskin slicker neatly rolled and tied behind the cantle of his saddle. Since the trademark was a fish, he called it so.

Q. It seems to me I read some place of a famous Indian chief named "Corn-" something or other. Can you help? B. Cox, Layayette, La.
A. You must be referring to Chief Cornplant, or Cornplanter, of the Senecas (1740-1836). He was a half-breed, having a white father, Irish at that. During the American Revolution he sided with the British, leading war parties against the patriots, especially against General John Sullivan in New York. He later favored friendship with the whites and signed the Treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784. He was given a grant of land on the Allegheny River where he lived to a ripe old age. His opponent in his friendship with the whites was the famous Chief Red Jacket.

Q. What state are the Yaqui Indians native to? M. Rodreques, Lubbock, Tex.
A. Sonora, Mexico, is their home, along the Yagui River. A lot of them emigrated to Arizona to escape the subjugation of the Mexican Government who were disturbed by their warlike antipathy to whites. Their principal occupations are weaving and agriculture. Many work in the cotton regions of Sonora and Arizona.

Q. I've just read an old (1908) book titled True Tales of the Plains, by Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody). Is this a scarce book, and are the contents factual? L. Reimer, Kearney, Neb.
A. This, no doubt, was published in 1908 by the Empire Book Co. of New York, and it is scarce. As to being factual, most of the books bearing Buffalo Bill's name as author were ghostwritten. This particular book contains many errors, especially regarding Wild Bill Hickok. ● RW

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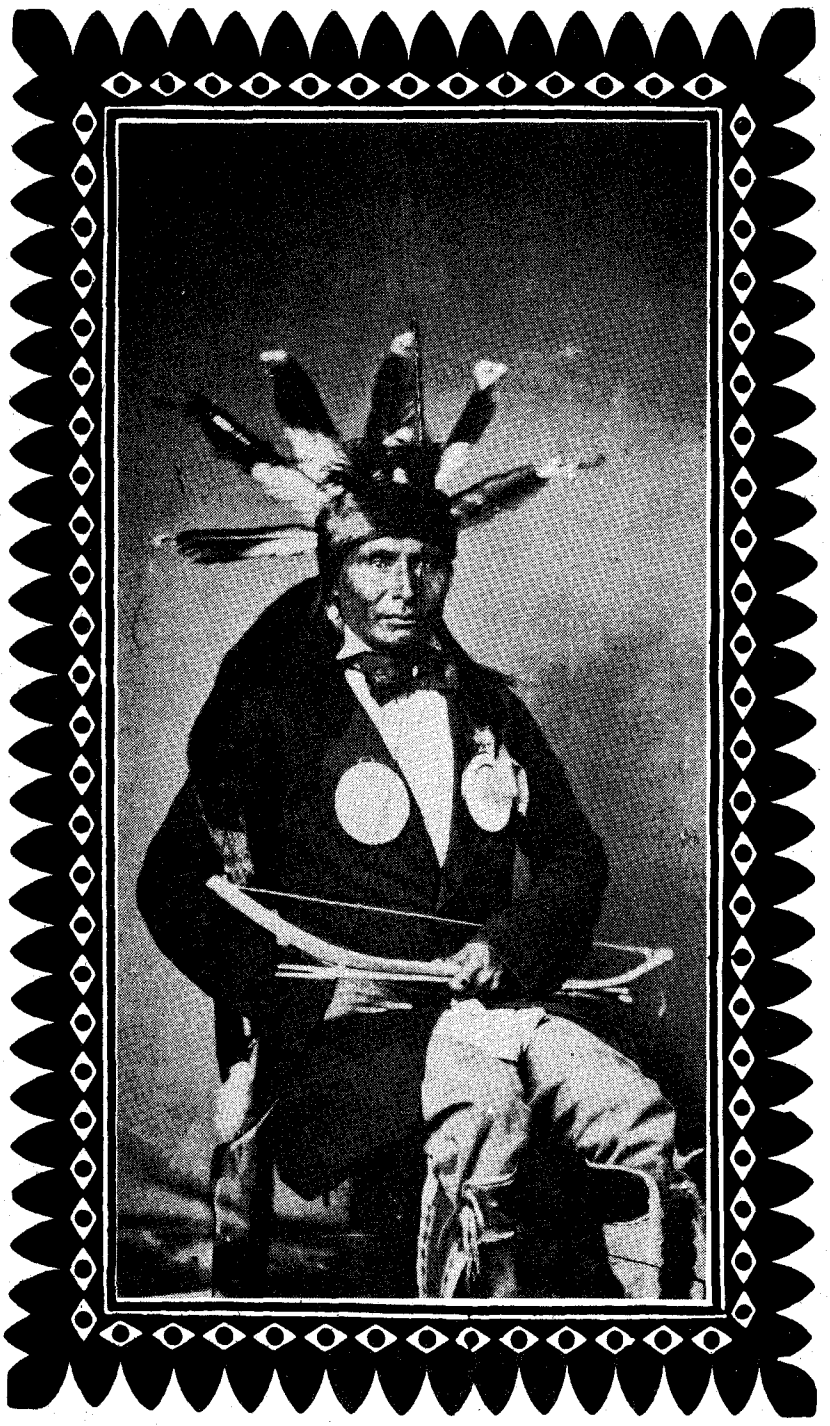
FLIGHT FROM FURY

By Earl V. Chapin



Smithsonian Institution, National Anthropological Archives, American Ethnology Collection.

John Other Day, heroic Wahpekute Sioux who led 62 white refugees to safety following the attack on the Upper Sioux Agency.

John Other Day, a Christian Indian, brought the warning from the Lower Sioux Agency in Southwestern Minnesota to the Upper Agency. The Sioux, under the leadership of Chief Little Crow, rode up and down the land, murdering, scalping, raiding stores and destroying crops.

Maybe the wife of Dr. J. L. Wakefield, physician at the Upper Sioux Agency in southwestern Minnesota, had second sight. She had been pestering her husband for weeks, declaring that the Indians were about to rise and massacre them all. She had become a great bother, and her husband was happy for the opportunity to send her and the two children to St. Paul for an extended visit. George Gleason, the government storekeeper at the

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Lower Reservation, was going to that Agency and he took them along.

Dr. Wakefield waved his wife and children on, watching the spring wagon being swallowed up in the woods. Things were going to be peaceful for a while, he thought.

Dr. Wakefield considered an Indian attack a nutty idea. Granted, the lower Sioux had gathered at their Agency not long before and demanded the allotment long due them, goods and money which had gotten lost in the usual tangle of government red tape and inefficiency. There had been threats, some shoving and pushing, but the Indians had been placated by a small dole of food.

A person had to bear in mind that the Upper Agency was something special. It demonstrated what could be done to Christianize and civilize the savage. Agency converts to Christianity wore white man's clothes and lived in good houses. Altogether, the Indians had planted some 1,300 acres of crop. Fifteen miles above the Agency was an Indian school maintained by the government. Then there was the Yellow Medicine Mission of Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, and three miles farther up the Minnesota River, Hazelwood Mission, in charge of Rev. Stephen R. Riggs and his wife Mary. Together, they had done much to improve the lot of the Indian — at least, that's what the white man thought.

About fifteen minutes after George Gleason had set out for the Lower Agency, the quiet was broken as two men on horseback clattered in. They were John Other Day, a Christian Indian, and Joseph LaFramboise, a French half-breed. Their message was brief and urgent. "Make for the warehouse quick." The warehouse was of brick and could be defended against attack.

Other Day breathlessly told his story. At dawn that day, August 18, 1862, Lower Sioux under Chief Little Crow had gone on the warpath, attacking the agency there, killing men, women and children. Little Crow sent messengers to the Upper Agency, urging the Sioux there to join the uprising. John Other Day had attended the council that followed, arguing the folly of such a course. There had been a difference of opinion, with the elders generally holding back and the young warriors hot for war. The council was inconclusive; but Other Day read the signs aright and lost no time in bearing the warning to his friends at the Upper Agency.

By nightfall, Other Day had been instrumental in herding some 62 whites into the warehouse. Expecting an imminent attack, he stood guard through the long, tense hours of darkness.

The Upper Agency stood on a little plateau overlooking the Yellow Medicine. Besides the warehouse there was the agent's residence, a hospital, school and workshop, hotel, jail, and barn. Trader's stores were in the little valley below. That night the Indians attacked the stores, killing one employee and wounding Stewart Garvie and Peter Patoile. Garvie managed to make his way to the warehouse. What happened to Patoile you wouldn't believe.

The defenders at the warehouse barricaded the building, determined to sell their lives dearly. Most of them gathered on the second floor where bales of blankets had been placed at the windows. Barrels and rocks were placed at the head of the stairs to be hurled down on the invaders, should they breach the building. The women armed themselves with knives and axes; the men spent the night pounding out bullets.

Wrote one of the defenders afterward, "The night was dark and dreary, and those about us wore long faces. Dr. Wakefield was worrying about his wife and children. Mrs. Galbraith was anxious about her absent husband. We were at the windows watching for the Indians to fire on the building. Guns began to fire down at the traders and at the same time a yelling like that of demons reached our ears. We heard a pounding at the door and a familiar voice saying, 'For God's Sake let me in. I am shot!' The wounded Garvie fell fainting on the floor as the door opened.

The long night passed without an attack, and through that night John Other Day, a full - blooded Wahpekute, kept his vigil. He had promised the whites that he would try to lead them to safety in the morning. He was as good as his word. His instructions were brief, "If we are attacked, fight to the last. The Indians will show no mercy."

Sioux Indians at the Yellow Medicine Mission. Picture taken before the uprising. Rev. Williamson is man third from left, wearing hat.

From collections of the author

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From collections of the author

A Sioux village along the Minnesota River, as depicted in Harper's New Monthly Magazine, June 1863.

Horses were hitched to four wagons and one carriage. The wounded Garvie was placed on a bunk in one of the vehicles. A few loaves of bread and some crackers were the total provisions. The party pulled out, most of them on foot, watching the woods carefully. They forded the Minnesota River, turned into the timber and ascending the narrow valley, debouched onto the prairie. They saw only waving grass, but behind them clouds of smoke rose over the agency.

Which way to go in a country crawling with armed Indians? To many, Fort Ridgely seemed the best haven. Other Day believed not and following his advice, the party struck out in a northeasterly direction.

The people at both the Yellow Medicine and Hazelwood Mission refused at first to credit the warnings of friendly Indians. But after midnight on that fateful August 18, the staff of the Hazelwood Mission went to an island in the Minnesota River for greater safety. Before dawn they were joined by people from the Yellow Medicine Mission. There were more than thirty, including a honeymooning couple from New Jersey. They headed for Fort Ridgely.

The Indian who shot Peter Patoile took one look at the body and that satisfied him. The ball had entered his back and emerged through his chest. Lung tissue hung in a flap from the wound and he bled profusely. But Patoile was not dead. Through the afternoon the shock wore off, and he slowly regained consciousness.

With the coming of darkness, young Peter Patoile started to crawl for safety. It was a hegira of horror. He climbed the bluff and dragged himself a mile and a half to the Minnesota River which he waded. He came to a house whose tenants had fled. Patoile lay down on the bed and passed out.

Peter was awakened by being

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From collections of the author

Escapees from the Riggs and Williamson missions rest during their flight from the Upper Agency. Picture taken August 21, 1862 by Adrian Ebell, a member of the group.

roughly shaken. An Indian was bending over him; he was too sick to care. Then he recognized his friend Makacago. With him were the LaFramboise brothers. "Hurry, the Indians are coming," Makacago urged. The three men wrapped a blanket around the wounded man and walked him to a ravine. There they concealed him in the grass.

Patoile's friends returned near nightfall, bringing crackers, tripe and onions. They walked with him to the prairie and, warning him against any attempt to go to Fort Ridgely, set him on his way.

The wounded man's stock of food was soon exhausted. Two raw potatoes and two ears of green corn was all the food he had in the next eight days. On the twelfth day Patoile heard the barking of dogs; some settlers who had fled their homes had returned to feed their cattle. Patoile was forty miles up the Sauk Valley. In the twelve days he had wandered, sometimes in delirium, he had covered no less than two hundred miles!

Patoile was taken in a wagon to St. Cloud where his wound was dressed. He recovered before the uprising was over — in time to join the First Regiment, Mounted Rangers, under Col. Sibley and its counterattack on the Sioux.

Patoile's uncle Francis, the proprietor of the store at which his nephew worked, was less fortunate. When the outbreak occurred, Francis Patoile was on his way to New Ulm for goods. Stopping at the home of Joseph B. Reynolds, he learned of his peril and set out for safety, taking with him Legrand Davis and three young women, Mattie Williams, Mary Anderson and Mary Schwandt.

Francis headed for New Ulm. They were within ten miles of their destination when painted Sioux rode down upon them. Patoile and Davis were shot, Miss Anderson was mortally wounded. The other girls were taken captive.

Now the country was crawling with refuges, fleeing from fury. States the "History of the Dakota Indians":

"Everywhere the braves galloped up and down the land, murdering, scalping, burning, taking captives, outraging women, braining children, plundering stores, destroying crops. No house in the valley was left unvisited, no household visited was spared."

Indian raids spread out over twenty counties. Many whites were killed, few Indians lost their lives.

Only a handful of settlers at Lake Shetek survived death or captivity on August 20. John Eastlick was one of the many who died in "Slaughter Slough". Badly wounded, Mrs. Eastlick surrendered her five sons, only to see the three middle boys shot and clubbed, and herself be shot once more. Before she lost consciousness, Mrs. Eastlick told her eldest boy Merton, 11, to run with the youngest, Johnny, five months.

Mrs. Eastlick did not die. She crawled away and was found four days later by a mail messenger. The messenger implored Mrs. Eastlick to accompany him; she insisted she must find the two children. So they traveled across Redwood County together and at last their search came to an end. In the distance plodded a small, gaunt figure still clutching a tiny boy, his little brother. Merton, 11, had carried the baby fifty miles.

Too many whites who had befriended the Indians would not believe the reports of an uprising until too late. Among these were German settlers in Brown and Renville counties who had invited many a hungry Indian to their tables. Hearing that the Sioux were on the warpath, thirteen German families gathered at the home of Paul Kitzman in Renville county. Their flight was in eleven ox-drawn wagons. By sunrise they were well

(continued on page 74)

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WHO LAID OUT CUSTER?

By Georg Wenzel Schneider - Wettengel

The question of who might have arranged the body of George Armstrong Custer or 'laid him out' as the expression goes, is discussed here. Was it one of his own men who was still alive? Or was it one of the hostile Indians who had respect for a fallen foe?

On July 25, 1876, Lieutenant James H. Bradley, 7th Infantry, wrote a letter to the Editor of the Helena Herald in which he denied the truth of some sensational stories then being bruited about as to the alleged mutilation of most of the bodies of Custer's Battalion, particularly that of Custer himself. Lieutenant Bradley wrote in part: "Later in the day (i.e. June 27th, 1876) I was sent to guide Colonel Benteen of the 7th Cavalry to the field, and was a witness to his recognition of the remains of Custer. Two other officers of the regiment were also present and joined in their identification; and as all had known him well in life, they could not be mistaken, and the body so identified was wholly unmutilated."

"Even the wounds that caused his death were scarcely discoverable (though the body was entirely naked) so much so that when I afterwards asked the gentlemen who I accompanied whether they had observed his wounds they were forced to say they had not. Probably never did a hero who had fallen upon the field of battle appear so much to have died a natural death. His expression was rather that of a man who had fallen asleep and enjoyed peaceful dreams than that of one who had met his death amid such fearful scenes as that field had witnessed, the features being wholly without ghastliness or any impress of fear, horror or despair."

Lieutenant (later General) Edward S. Godfrey, 7th Cavalry, writing in *The Century Magazine* (1892), wrote in part: "When I arrived there General Custer's body had been laid out. He had been shot in the left temple and the left breast. There were no powder marks or signs of mutilation. Mr. F. F. Girard, the interpreter, informed me that he preceded the troops there. He found the naked bodies of two soldiers, one across the other and Custer's naked body in a sitting posture between and leaning against them, his upper right arm along and on the topmost body, his right forearm and hand supporting his head in an inclining posture like one resting or asleep."

Whenever the 7th made a long march, Custer often took a catnap during a halt, assuming much such a posture as described by Girard. Of course, Godfrey and all of the officers and men of the regiment were very familiar with this habit of his. For that matter, anyone who had known Custer for any length of time was equally familiar with it.

It was Dr. Charles Kuhlman's contention in his *Legend into History* that: "It was not the fairies who laid him here all 'clean and bright' as a mortician might have done. Only someone with some kind of sentimental interest in him would have done that". The question, then, is whom amongst the Indians present at the Little Big Horn would have had that 'kind of sentimental interest in him'? I say among the Indians present since it is obvious that no white man could have "laid out" Custer.

Perhaps the clue to the identity of that Indian was supplied by Kate Bighead's testimony. She was a very reliable witness to what had happened on Custer Field during and after the action. She said that two Southern Cheyenne women prevented the mutilation of Custer's body by claiming it as that of a relative, "thinking of Me-o-tze (Mo - nah - se - tah)". This, of course, brings up the old "Custer Indian Baby" canard. Custer, having been supposed by some, especially the late Mari Sandoz, to have had an affair with Me-o-tze after her capture at the Washita by the 7th, a son being born to her as a result.

While this is possible, it is highly improbable. Custer was too much in love with Libbie and much too highly principled a man to have indulged in an affair with a woman, red or white, and no matter how comely. There is no question that he did find Me-o-tze comely. He quite frankly admitted as much in his *My Life On The Plains*. It is also quite probable that she came to admire her white captor and even to love him.

But to infer from all of this that they had an affair and that her baby son was fathered by Custer remains to be proven. It is the author's opinion that Custer's brother, Captain Thomas W. Custer, would be a far more likely candidate for such paternal honors. Tom often grieved his brother by his extracurricular activities and was a notorious skirt - chaser, red or white. Too, the brothers dressed alike and looked alike and could easily be mistaken for one another by Indians who originated the "Custer Indian Baby Tale". One may be sure that if there had been any truth in the story that Autie himself was the father, Captain Benteen, who hated Custer's guts, would have taken a malicious delight in broadcasting such a peccadillo far and wide. That he never did so is almost proof positive of its utter untruth.

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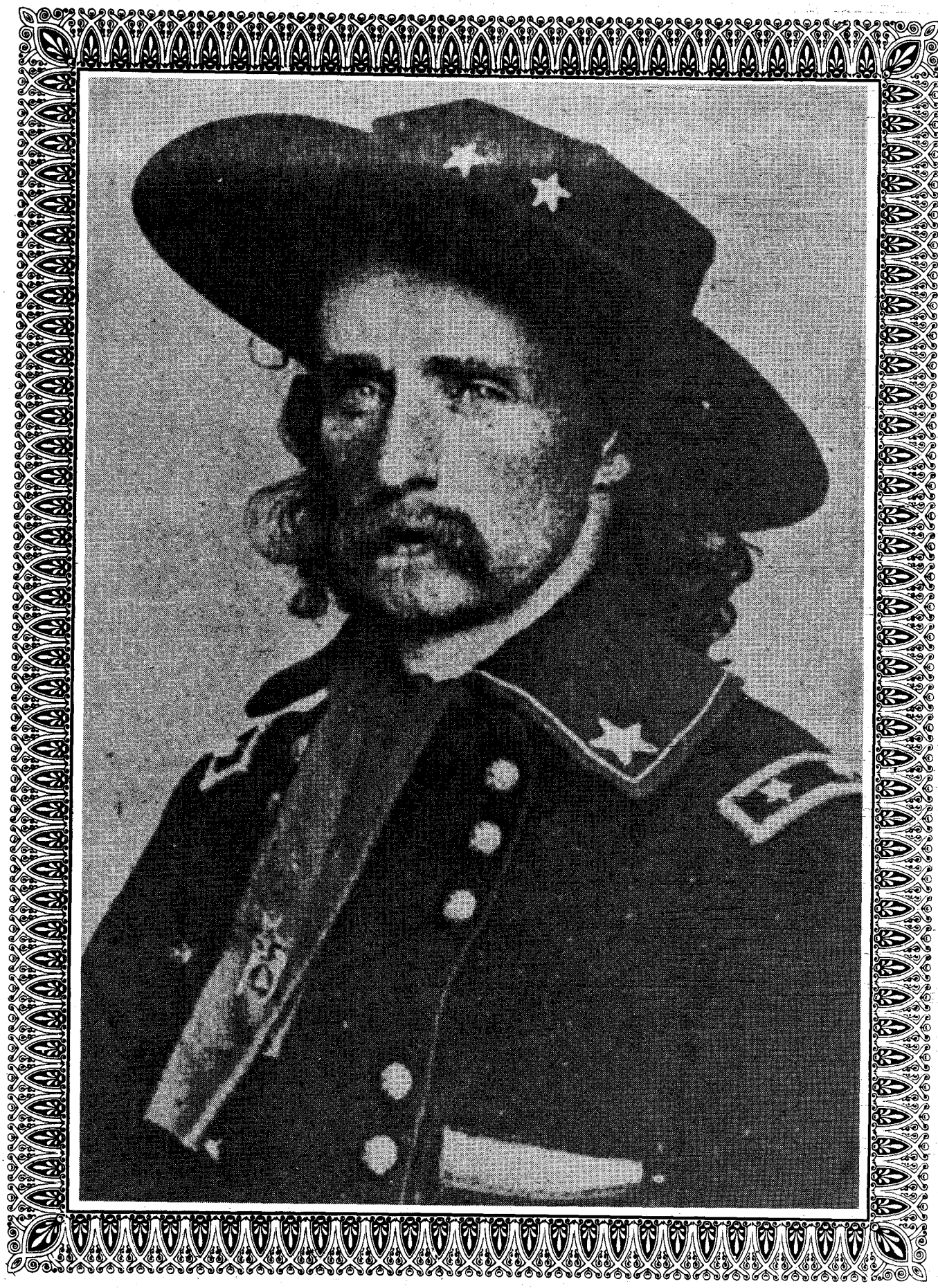

Gen. George A. Custer. His body was found on the massacre field "in a sitting posture, his right forearm and hand supporting his head in an inclining posture like one resting or asleep."

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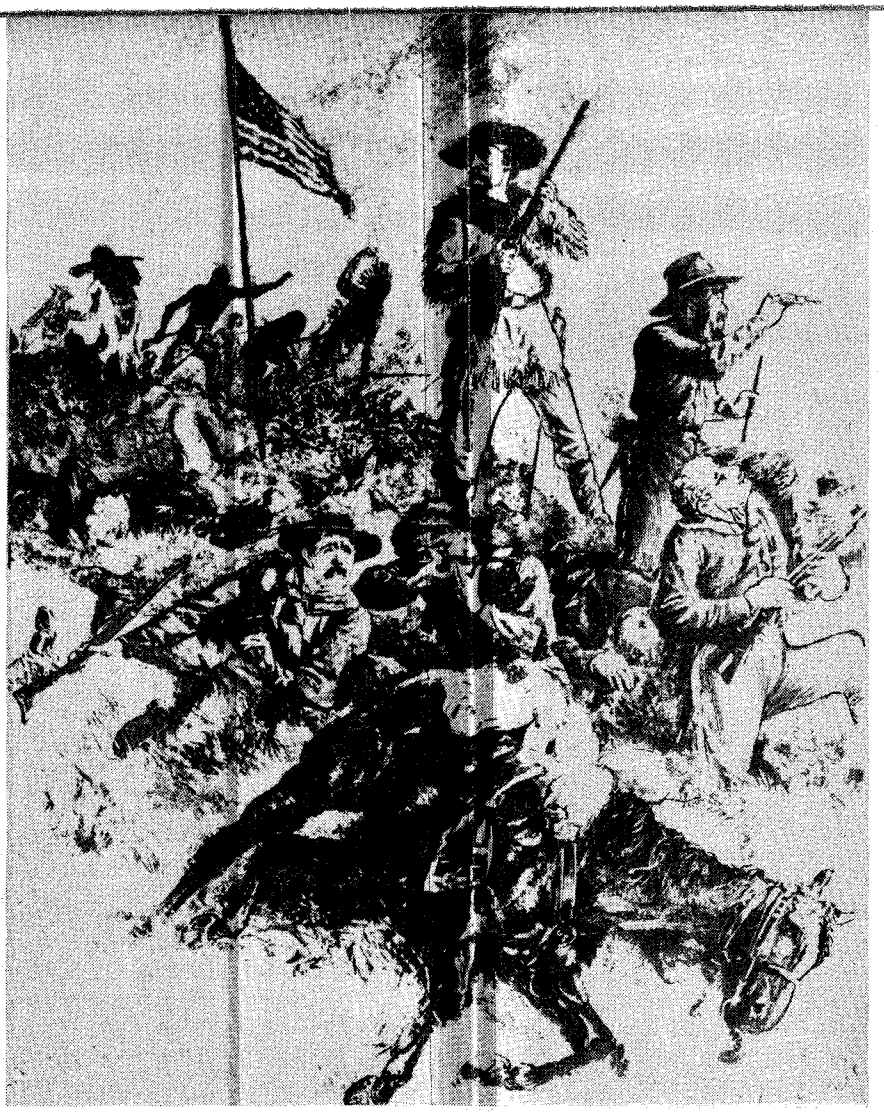

It is impossible to determine how accurately Kate Bighead's testimony regarding the two Southern Cheyenne women was translated. Most Indian interpreters were not known for their competence. As it stands, she did not say that one of the two women was Me-o-tze. The inference is that neither was. But we cannot be sure. Custer's latest biographer, Mr. D. A. Kinsley with whom the author held many lengthy conversations on the matter, assumed that Me-o-tze was one of those two Southern Cheyenne women.

Such is the author's own assumption. In the first place, she alone among the Plains Indians could have had that kind of "sentimental interest" in Custer, regardless of whether the "Custer Indian Baby Tale" is true or not. In the second place, she alone among the Plains Indians had come into closest contact with him over a period of time and would easily have recognized his body after the passage of several years.

In the third place, the position in which Custer's body was found, as if he were taking one of his catnaps, could only have been arranged by someone who was very familiar with this habit of his and the way in which he composed himself while indulging in it. Only Me-o-tze alone, among the Plains Indians could have been so familiar with it.

In any event, regardless of who "laid him out," he was "laid out". He didn't just fall into the position in which his body was found when he was killed. He certainly did not put himself into that position after his death. Nor could he have been accidentally put into that position while being stripped by the hostiles. During their stripping of his body the hostiles must have pulled, tugged and hauled his body around considerably. They would have been anything but gentle in their handling of it and couldn't have cared less how they left it.

No, someone had to have "laid him out" deliberately and because of a "sentimental interest" in him. It had to have been an Indian: an Indian who had loved him or, at least, respected him, and who had recognized his body on Custer Field. Of course, we can never know who was really responsible. It may not be historical thinking, but simply romantic thinking that it was Me-o-tze. But isn't it logical thinking? And isn't history full of romance? Isn't history often stranger than fiction?

In any case, even if Me-o-tze was neither of those two Southern Cheyenne women, it is certainly likely that it was due to her feeling toward Custer that his body was "laid out", "thinking of Me-o-tze".

Of course, the author's theory as related above has been strongly challenged by Custer Buffs with some medical experience. They have argued that the position in which Custer's body was found was purely accidental, many corpses often being found in somewhat similar positions without anyone having so arranged them.

Naturally, there would have been no powder burns on his body since he was fully clothed when shot. As far as his wounds being "scarcely discoverable", this sometimes happens with gunshot wounds. His wounds had not necessarily been cleansed by anyone. This is all very true. But there is still the testimony of Kate Bighead who was there and who told the truth. Of course, we cannot know whether she also said that the two Southern Cheyenne women "laid out" Custer.

But, it is only natural that one or both of them would have done so. They had claimed his body as that of a relative to prevent it from being mutilated. It would seem to follow, then, as a matter of course, that they would arrange the body of their "relative" in a manner they deemed befitting for a white man. Indians respected their dead as much as whites theirs.

They may have been barbarians in the sense that they were not civilized according to white standards, but they were not savages. They had a respectable culture and religion, and they were just as susceptible to the finer emotions as whites.

So, let us give due credit to those two Southern Cheyenne women, whoever they were. We may be sure that Custer would have done so. He fought against the Indian because it was his duty to do so. But he admired and respected them. As Mr. D. A. Kinsley so aptly put it: "But when all is said and done, it will remain the contention of this author that the tragedy of Custer is that he died at the hands of those he most admired. He died, in the best sense, a poetic death." ●**RW**

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

LITTLE KNOWN INDIANS

There are many Indians who have made their names so well known that their deeds have been recorded in the pages of history, but there are other Indians about which little is known. This list is long, so only a few can be mentioned in a short space.

Wapameepto, or "Gives Light As He Walks," was a Shawnee leader born on the Sabine reservation in Texas about 1834. He was also known as Dick Jim and later became known as Big Jim. In 1872 he became chief of the Kispicotha band. Big Jim was the grandson of Tecumseh and his father had been one of the signers of the Sam Houston treaty between the Cherokee and affiliated tribes and the Republic of Texas in February 23, 1836.

Big Jim had the true Indian belief that the earth was his mother and that she must not be wounded by tilling the soil. For this reason he refused to receive the allotments of land that had been forced upon his band in Oklahoma, and he tried to overcome the ways the white man was pushing on them. He took his tribe into Mexico in 1900 hoping to be free, but while there he succumbed to smallpox and died.

Catahecassa, or Black Hoof, was a principal chief of the Shawnee. He was born about 1740 and was believed to be one of the greatest leaders of the tribe. Black Hoof was present at the defeat of Braddock in 1755 and also took part in the battle with the Virginia militia under General Andrew at Point Pleasant in 1774. He fought the troops at Saint Clair, and it was only when General Anthony Wayne broke the power of the Shawnee did Black Hoof's fighting days come to an end. He signed the peace treaty August 3, 1795 and being convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle of the Shawnee against the white man, he used his influence to preserve peace. He kept the tribe in restraint when the British tried to stir them up against the Americans and was even able to succeed in urging Tecumseh and some of the younger warriors from joining the British. He died in 1831 at Wapakometa, Ohio.

Moanahonga, or "Great Walker," was known to the white man as "Big Neck". He was called by his own people, the Iowa, Winaugusconey, or "Man Not Afraid to Travel," because he would take long trips alone relying only on his own courage and strength. Big Neck was ambitious, and although he was of lowly birth he contended for the honors and dignity for which his courage and behavior fitted him. Many of his tribesman did not like this, so he built his lodge somewhat apart of the others and collected about him a band of admirers over whom he exercised the authority of chief. In 1824, General George Clark took him, along with other members of the tribe, to Washington to sign a peace treaty.

This treaty proposed that the Iowa would cede to the United States, for an annual payment of $500 for ten years, title to all lands of the Iowa lying within the borders of Missouri. Big Neck signed the treaty but did not fully understand it, and when the white settlers began to settle on the land, he set out with a group of Indians in 1829 for Saint Louis to visit General Clark. While on the way a group of white men encountered the Indians and made them drunk. When the Indians awoke from their stupor they found their horses, blankets and provisions gone. One of the Indians killed a pig to get food, which angered the settlers and they were driven away. Big Neck withdrew but later went back to meet the settlers.

He held the pipe of peace in his hand, but as he extended his hand in greeting, the whites opened fire, killing Big Neck's brother who was standing by his side. The Indians attacked the white men, and during the battle Big Neck's sister was killed. The man who killed Big Neck's sister was captured and killed, and some prisoners were taken. The United States troops were called out to recover the prisoners, and Big Neck and several of his men were captured. They were arrested and tried on a charge of murder, but all were acquitted. After this, Big Neck tried to cultivate friendly relations with the white man, but he always kept his face blackened as a sign of mourning because he believed he had sold the bones of his ancestors. Big Neck was killed in combat with a Sioux Chief.

Noka was a chief of the Western Chippewa during the latter part of the 18th century. He took part in the war between the Mdewakanton and the Chippewa for possession of the Upper Mississippi. In advanced age, he was often referred to as Old Noka. In his youth he was said to be an exceptional hunter, and in one day he killed 16 elk, 5 deer, 3 bear, a lynx and a porcupine.

Setangya, or "Sitting Bear," was a Kiowa chief and medicine man; he was also leader of the principal war society of the tribe. He was known to the white man as Satank. Sitting Bear was born in 1819 in the Black Hills region. His paternal grandmother had been a Sarsi Indian. At an early age he became prominent, being credited with having been a principal agent in negotiating the peace between the Kiowa and the Cheyenne in 1840. He was also one of the signers of the Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867.

In 1870 his son while on a raid into Texas was killed, and Sitting Bear went to Texas to gather the bones of his son and bring them back to the Black Hills. In 1871 he led an attack on a wagon train in Texas but was later captured in Oklahoma and arrested. He was sent to Texas for trial but refused to be a prisoner. He sang his war song then deliberately invited death by wrenching the fetters from his wrists, drawing a concealed knife, and attacking one of the guards. He was shot to death. He was buried in the military cemetery at Fort Sill.

Yonaguska or Ya-nu-gun'ski, the "Bear Drowns Him" or "Drowning Bear," was a prominent chief of the Eastern Cherokee. His name does not appear in connection with any of the early wars or treaties, probably due to the fact he was a peace chief and councilor rather than a war leader. The isolated position of the Mountain Cherokee also kept them aloof, to a great deal, from the tribal councils of the Cherokee living to the West and

(continued on page 67)

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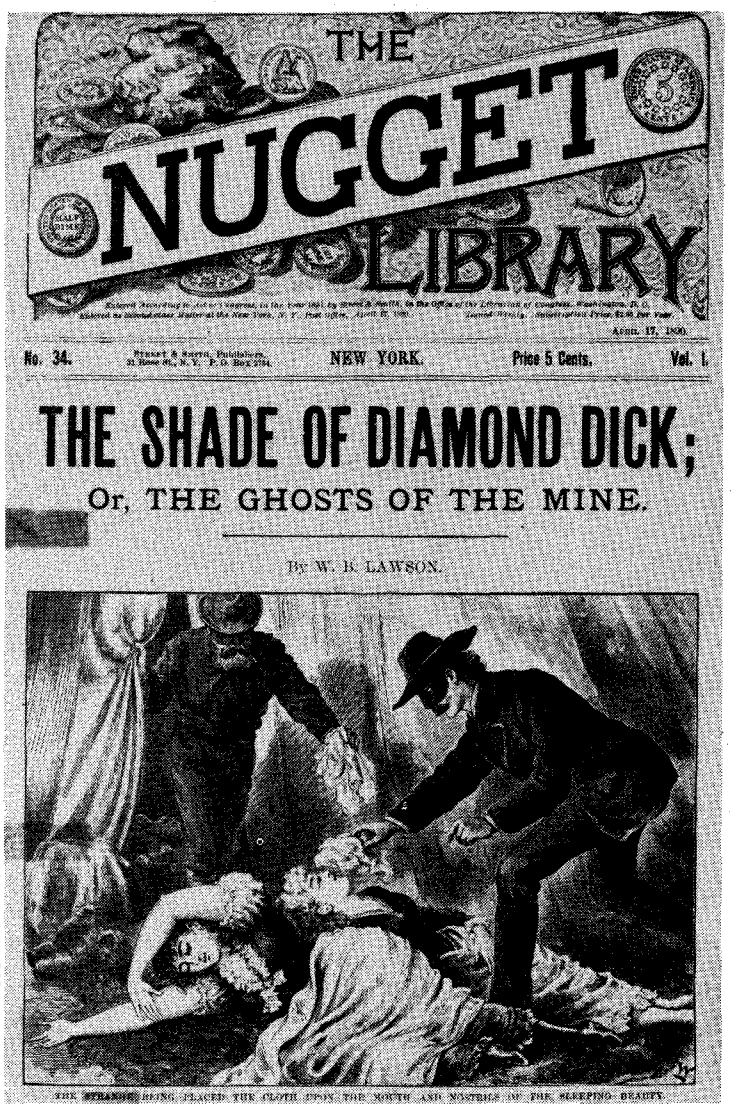
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THE SHADE OF DIAMOND DICK;

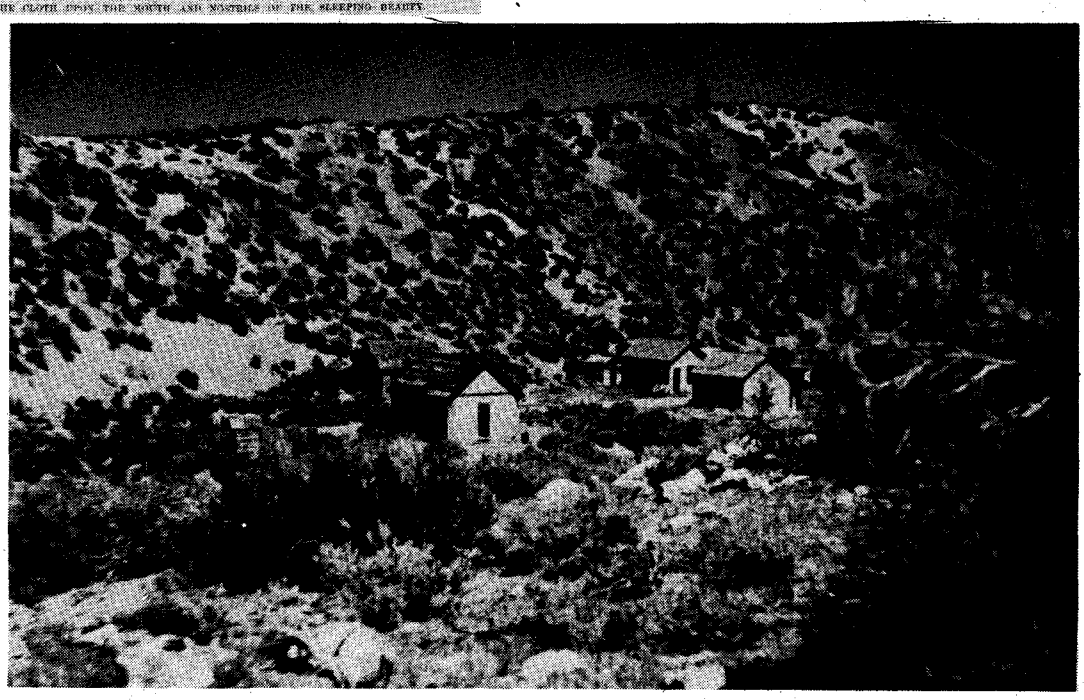
Or, THE GHOSTS OF THE MINE.

By W. B. LAWSON.

THE STRANGER HUNG PLACED THE CLOTH OVER THE MOUTH AND NOSTRILS OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Edward T. LeBlanc Dime Novel Collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. Stories about Diamond Dick first appeared as serials in the pages of New York Weekly. A short time later his adventures were appearing in various of the Street & Smith dime novel weeklies including the Nugget Library pictured above. On October 17, 1896, a weekly series devoted exclusively to his western adventures began. It lasted 762 issues before expiring May 11, 1920.



The scattered remains of Rawhide, Nevada where once gold was mined in the nearby hills. It is located in Mineral County about 27 miles northeast of Schurz.

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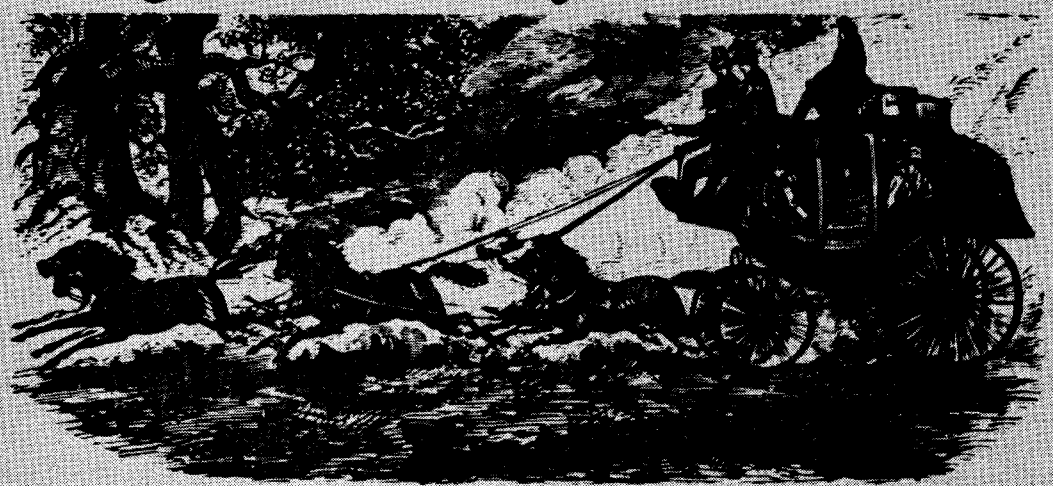

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Early poster advertising the Overland route to California (1866)

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MOVIE HALL OF FAME

YAKIMA CANUTT

By Mario DeMarco

If it weren't for the "know-how" of this ingenious ex-cowboy, there would probably have been considerably more deaths and serious injuries to both men and animals in the movie-making business. Canutt, who was a leading cowboy star of the 20's, went on to establish himself as "King of the Stuntmen", and the movie industry surely owes a great deal to this pioneer daredevil.

I saw Yakima in many earlier films made by Mascot Pictures (later to become Republic Pictures) when they first began using dozens of stuntmen in their western and adventure films. I'll never forget how he drove the small tank in one of Gene Autry's pictures—the tank did almost everything in the film but act; it was one of the most daring bits of driving stunts that had ever been attempted in pictures.

Yakima was born Enos E. Canutt on November 28, 1806 in Colfax, Washington. His parents were a mixture of Irish, Scotch, German, and Dutch. (In pictures he was thought to be a full-blooded Indian because of his high cheek bones and his many portrayals of the "red man".) Like many of the youngsters of his period, Yakima learned to ride and rope; when he was 13 he had become so good at both that he was earning a living as a cowboy. A few years later he was touring the country with a Wild West show as a trick rider and roper. He entered dozens of rodeos and won many first-place prizes and trophies, more than anyone could ever accumulate—he was that good. In 1917 he proved himself to be the best around by winning the prized title of "World's Champion All-Around Cowboy." He held this title for seven straight years. He also captured the coveted "Police Gazette Championship" five times and also the famous Roosevelt Trophy in 1923, his final season as a rodeo competitor. These famous titles and prizes established him as the world's greatest rodeo cowboy of all time.

In 1924 he was signed by F. B. O. Studios who were looking for cowboys to be featured in their western films. The picture he appeared in was called *Romance and Rustlers*. Later on he worked for several independent film makers and, although many of these pictures were cheaply made and turned out with great speed, Yakima gave the fans their movie's worth by providing them with plenty of trick riding and stunts. In many of these "quickies" he would portray the star, act in minor roles, and double as stuntman for other members of the cast. These were the years which Yakima enjoyed best in films.

When "talkies" came to Hollywood, Canutt was one of the stars affected by this new media; so, like other western stars of the silent films, he turned to supporting roles and concentrated more on being a stuntman. In the years that followed, one can say without exaggeration that at one time or another he "doubled" for almost every cowboy star in pictures. While with Monogram Studios in the 30's, he doubled for John Wayne when the young star was associated with the "Singing Sam" series. Canutt usually played the villain himself and supposedly Canutt doubled for the star who was to capture Canutt (the villain) at the end of the picture. All of these action sequels were performed by Canutt!

He came into real prominence as an assistant unit director when Republic Studios became the leading producers of action films.

At this time Canutt organized and trained a group of stuntmen, along with a stable of horses to perform in numerous jumps and spills at given signals. In time, he and his associates devised newer and safer techniques (for both actor and animal) in handling hazardous sequences. These techniques were adapted by many studios and, even today, they are still used.

When the larger studios, like M.G.M. 20th Century Fox, Universal Pictures, and others, were filming their action scenes, they called on the services of Canutt. His work could be seen in epics like *El Cid, How the West Was Won, Knights of the Round Table, Spartacus*. These were a few of the films that Canutt made successful with his second unit directing. In *Ben Hur*, when the star (Charlton Heston) drove his chariot in a dynamic action-filled finish, it was accomplished through the careful planning of Yakima. Another interesting fact is that his son, Yakima, Jr., handled the stunt work!

At age 77, when most men have turned to a life of ease, Yakima is busy behind a camera, directing dangerous scenes that will provide chills, thrills and excitement for the fans. Yakima Canutt, the undisputed "King of the Stuntmen", a master in devising thrills for the fans of the movie world. ●RW

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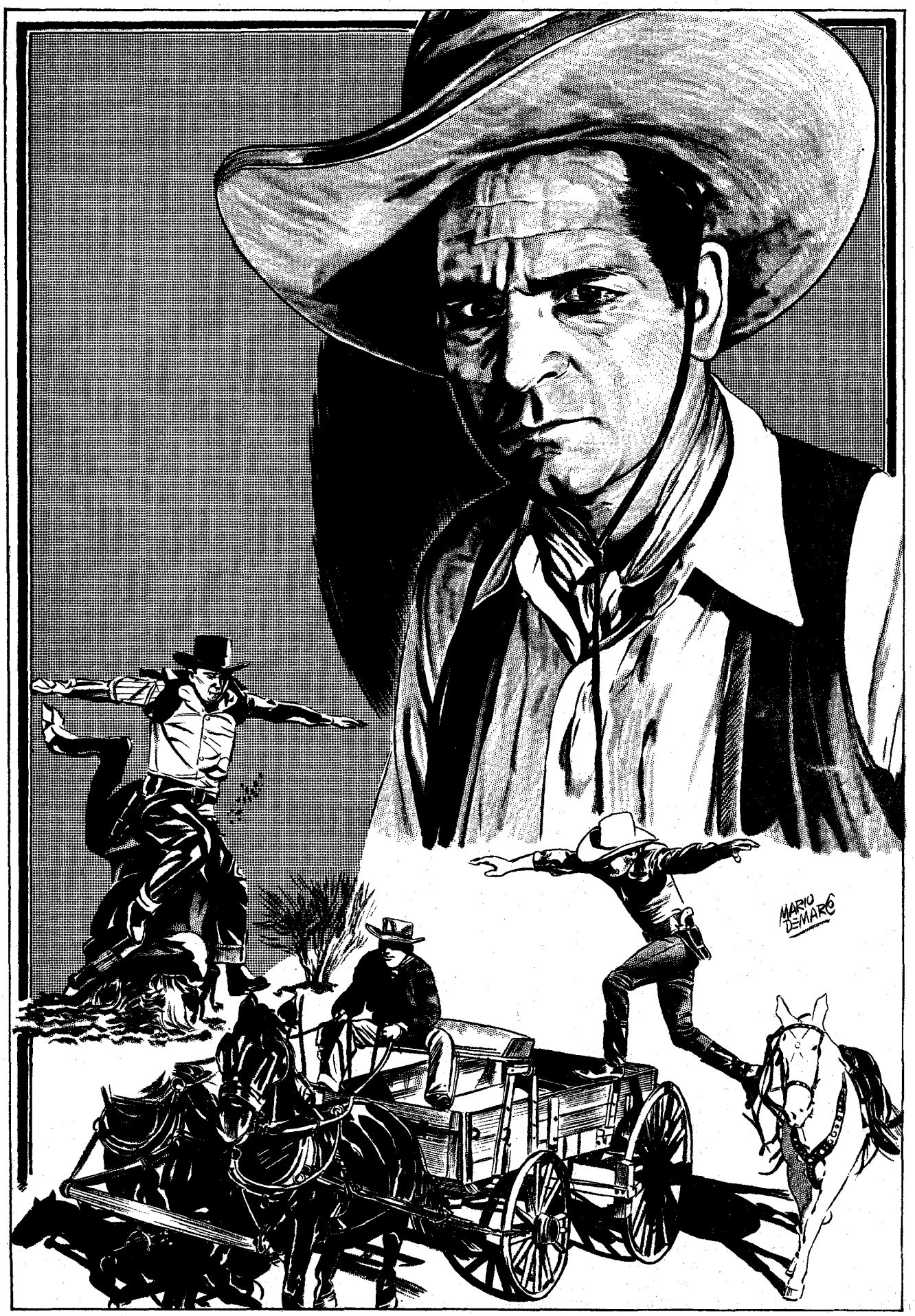

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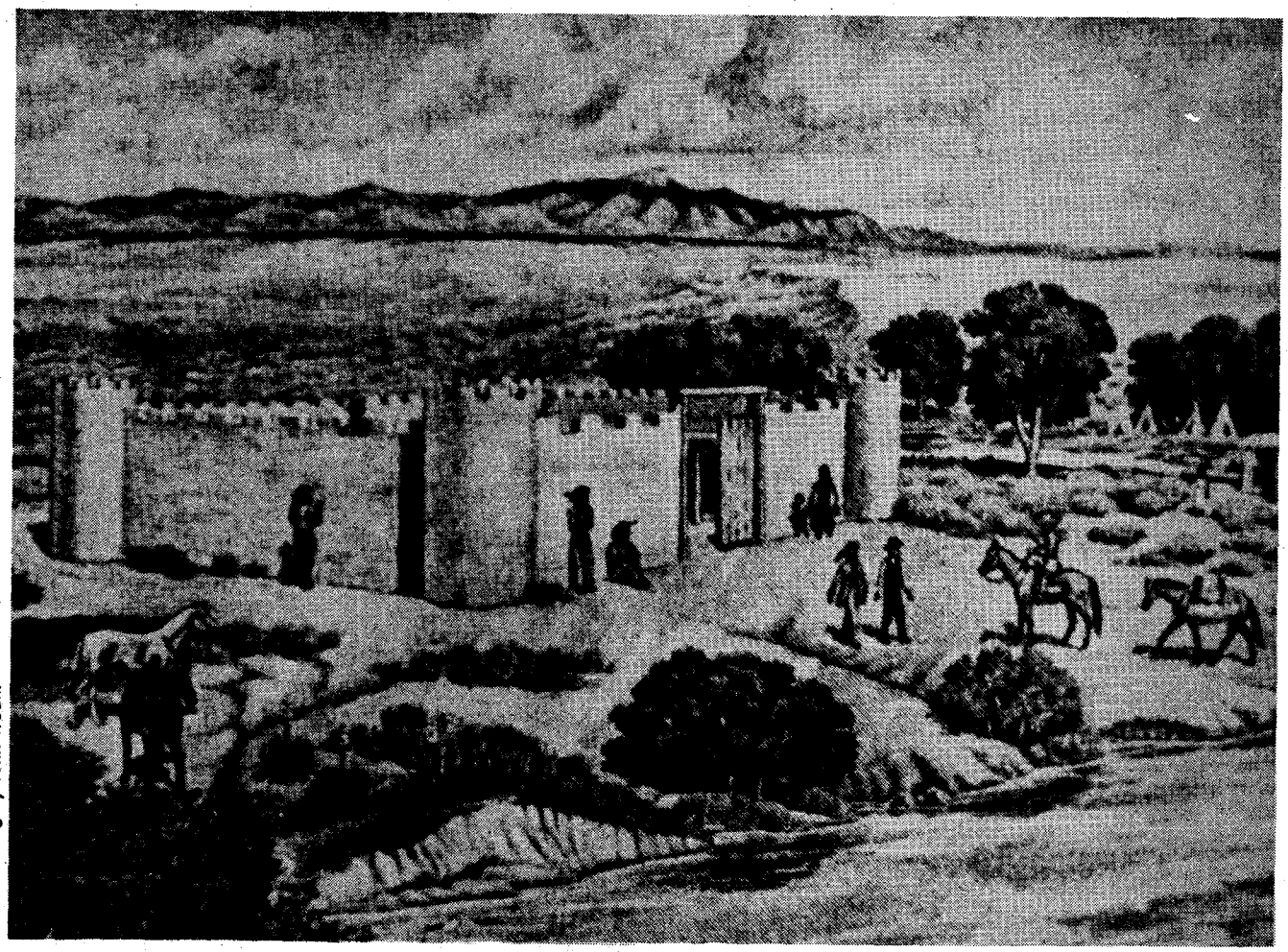
CHRISTMAS DAY

By Xanthus Carson

It began Christmas Day in 1854 in El Pueblo in what is Colorado today. The settlement, located at the confluence of the Arkansas and Fountain Rivers, was in the country of the Ute tribe who were very bitter at the influx of white settlers. Their ferocious chief, Tierra Blanco, had vowed to kill every settler. Christmas Day was the time he had selected.



From Painting by John Truan.

Fort Pueblo was the scene of a grisly Ute attack on Christmas Day 1854.

On that awesome Christmas Day in 1854, El Pueblo was an outpost settlement located on the confluence of the Arkansas and Fountain rivers in today's Colorado. Less than 150 courageous souls, consisting of ranchers, cowboys, trappers and fur traders, lived in the settlement that clustered around Fort Pueblo, which had been built in 1842.

There were only a few families who lived on this far-flung, little protected frontier. The others were single men.

Since prehistoric times the fertile area around the fort had served as a major crossroads of men, with the Arkansas and Fountain rivers serving as paths that brought them together.

French trappers in small groups penetrated the region as early as 1673. Then the Spanish *conquistadores* came to El Pueblo in 1706, searching for Indian slaves that had escaped the Spanish authorities in Santa Fe.

Americans first arrived in the area in November, 1806 when a party led by Lt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike camped at the river confluence for two months to wait out a severe winter storm. Pike's party built the first structure erected by Americans in what was to become Colorado.

Then, just one year after Captain Becknell opened

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MASSACRE at El Pueblo

trade between the United States and Santa Fe in 1821, Major Jacob Fowler, a trapper and trader, built a three-room log cabin at the river junction, which he used as a shelter for himself and a trading post, plus fortification against foraying Indians. Major Fowler remained in the area a few months, and then he left.

By 1842 mountain men and Indian scouts like Kit Carson, Dick Wootton, and Old Bill Williams came to the settlement. They helped build Fort Pueblo. At this time the settlement became known as El Pueblo, named by a certain James P. Beckwourth, a mulatto trader who had been at one time a war chief of the Crow Indians. The word "El Pueblo" in Spanish means village.

A party of westbound Mormons camped at the fort during the winter of 1846-47. And at this date the birth of the first white child on Colorado soil occurred. The following spring the party pulled up and continued the precarious trek to Salt Lake, to join the Mormon settlement at that point.

With all these former daring developments, feeble as these were, Fort Pueblo on that bloody Christmas morning was the strongest and best fortified fort on the far-flung frontiers. Yet, the fortification was weak in the eyes of the warring Utes, the most powerful tribe in the territory, who were determined to kill every person at the fort.

Marcelino Baca was the richest and most powerful settler in the fertile valley, having amassed a fortune in the cattle business on Greenhorn Creek, about 25 miles away. He had decided, because of geographical measurements, to establish the permanent headquarters for his huge feudalistic-type ranch on the original Lt. Zebulon Pike campsite.

Baca had demonstrated great courage when he established himself in a permanent manner on the Indian frontiers. Bloody raids were frequent, and he realized that he needed power like the great feudal lords of the Heidelbergs to make a stand on the Arkansas and Fountain rivers. The country was raw; military assistance was nil. Settlers were strictly on their own, as it turned out with the Christmas Day massacre.

Marauding Indians didn't pose the only problem, either. There were the nefarious and questionable characters who came along to make the settlement a hangout. There was no law to hamper their evil intentions and conduct. They brought lightning whiskey in a never-ending supply with them from Taos, New Mexico Territory. The fire water had been responsible for more than one bloody Indian uprising in Taos. Governor Charles Bent, New Mexico Territory's first governor, was killed by the Indians during one of these drunken uprisings.

Despite Baca's frontier strength and structures of impregnable log forts, the powerful Ute tribe still claimed the territory and fought for it with a death-grip tenacity. The ferocious warring tribe led by Chief Tierra Blanco was destructive. And Chief Tierra Blanco had developed a very bitter taste for Americans who invaded his hunting grounds, vowing openly that he'd kill every one of the settlers.

Historical Society of Colorado

El Pueblo recovered from the bloody Ute attack and by 1884, it was a booming city as pictured above.

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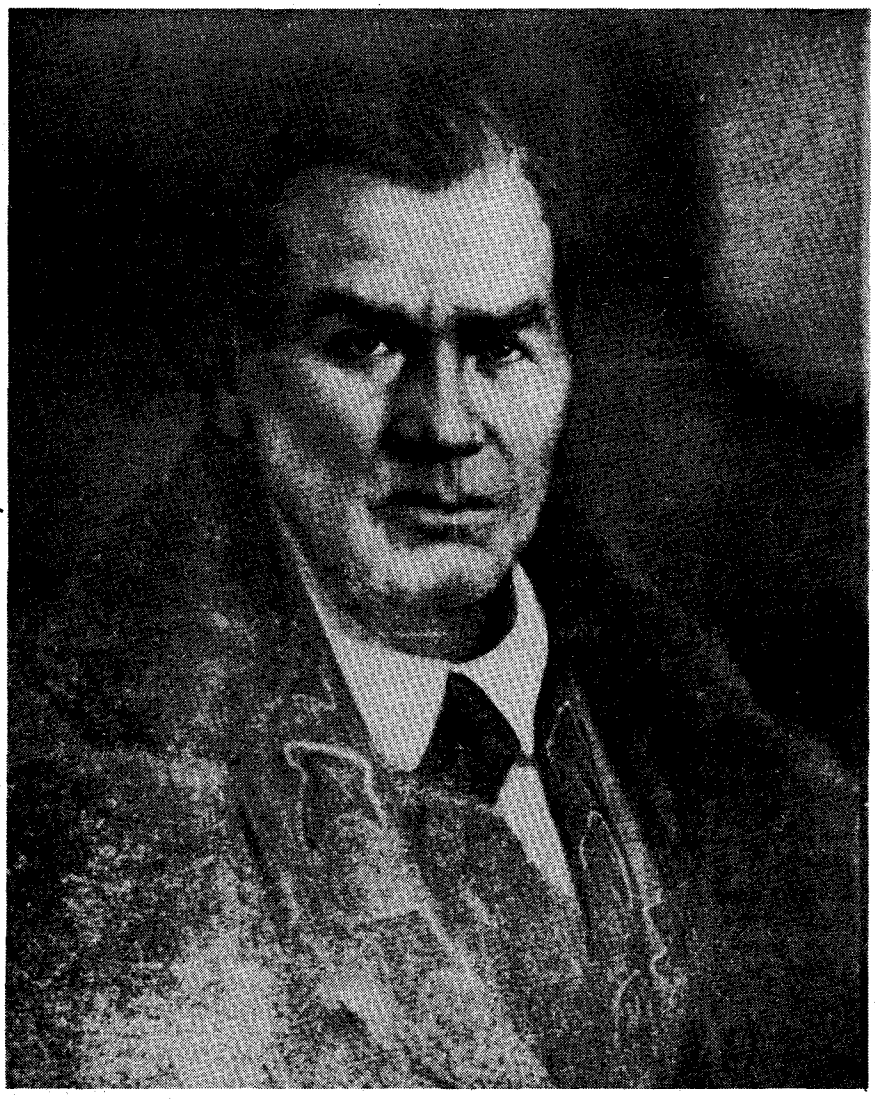

Photo of portrait hanging in the Fort Garland Museum taken by the author.

Tom Tobin, a mountain man, was instrumental in putting in quietus to the Ute raids at El Pueblo.

The settlers of El Pueblo on Christmas Eve had set an appropriate stage for the hideous work of Chief Blanco and his bloodthirsty warriors. A gleeful celebration had started early in the evening at the fort, with plenty of drinking and merrymaking. Some of the men had engaged in all-night card games and drinking parties. Others had brought out the fort's few musical instruments, and the couples danced to the music of these. A few beautiful *senoritas* lived in the settlement who courted the Baca *caballeros.*

Baca's foremen had left the ranch headquarters and joined the celebration. These were Rumaldo Cordova, Jose Ignacio Valencia, and Tanislado de Luna. This left the ranch hands at the ranch headquarters practically empty of leadership. No precaution had been taken for Indian attacks. Everyone was thinking of a few hours of joyous celebration to compensate for the strenuous frontier work.

Ute Chief Blanco could have asked for nothing more in his favor than the celebrations that were in progress at the fort and at Baca's head-quarters. He had planned his moves carefully, having learned before that the white man was more susceptible to disaster when intoxicated. Chief Blanco knew there would be a grand celebration throughout the settlement Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

At the crack of dawn things began to happen around the fort.

Jose Valencia staggered from the fort and headed for the ranch headquarters to help with the usual morning chores. He'd been celebrating all night and was groggy because he'd had no sleep.

At the bunkhouse Felipe Cisnerous had already rolled from his bunk, fired up a cigaret, and headed for a nearby hilltop to wrangle the horses. Guerro Pais, a teen-age boy, had started from the big Baca kitchen with pails to milk the cows that were penned in the corrals.

On the way, Pais had just started to wade across the Fountain River when he glanced up and saw mounted warriors, all bedecked in paints and feathers, watching him. Realizing the significance of such a scene, the boy whirled and struck out in a dead run for the Baca house to tell the boss that an Indian attack was on.

What the lad told Baca didn't surprise him very much, for just 10 days before, a Mexican trader had been killed by the Indians on Apache Creek, not far from Greenhorn. And only two days before, Dick Wootton, one of the best scouts on the frontier, had ridden by the fort on horseback especially to tell everyone to be on the alert because he had noticed while on his scouting missions that a lot of unrest existed among the Indians.

Dick Wootton was one of the founders of the fort, who had established a ranch a few miles away. Wootton was then traveling in a hurry in order to reach his ranch, to fortify and protect his family.

Without loss of time, Baca and one of his cowboys, Barela, grabbed rifles and dashed out the door to meet the approaching Indians. Chief Blanco and a warrior had just ridden up. Baca and Barela, not quailing one bit, leveled rifles at Chief Blanco's head and held steady.

The cagey old warrior, seeing that he was loser at least for the moment, said, "Amigos, we are friends. Only want food." All the time he was trying to gain the trust of the two men standing in front of him, knowing that the men would pull the trigger on him.

Baca didn't stutter when he told the chief to keep his distance, or they'd shoot to kill. At this, the chief, realizing that he was licked, grunted and the two rode away.

As the two Indians wheeled their mounts, Baca saw that Chief Blanco was riding his favorite white saddle horse. This made him more furious than ever.

Cisnerous by this time had returned from wrangling the horses. He told Baca that the Utes had already driven away the entire remuda. Baca grunted, as Chief Blanco had done a short time before, at this disappointing word. Only the night before, the rancher had appeased himself by thinking of his livestock wealth which was an accomplishment that any frontiersman would be proud of. This

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Christmas morning, as it were, the foraying Indians had reduced him to a poor man. *And the worst was yet to come!*

About this time Jose Valencia, still in a stupor caused by a night of drinking at the fort, had left the night rendezvous spot. After walking for a distance he realized that he had left his skinning knife at the fort. Valencia was sober enough to know that he might need it at any time. So he turned and started back for it. The man never reached the fort. At the edge of the river, the Indians swept down upon him and mercilessly speared him to death.

By this time Baca saw the handwriting on the wall. He realized that this was no ordinary Indian attack. He commenced to fight the situation the best that he could, handicapped as he was. He ordered Barela to mount a horse and strike out to warn the settlers at the mouth of the St. Charles and Huerfano rivers that an Indian attack was rampaging.

Barela did as his boss had ordered. He jumped on a horse that was kept in the headquarters corral for just such purposes and raced away.

Then at about 8 o'clock gunfire erupted at the fort. Baca, lacking someone to side him, remained at his ranch headquarters, knowing all the time that the fighting men were at the fort anyway. As soon as Barela returned, the two headed for the fort.

On the way they found Valencia who had been killed by the Indians. Amost instantaneously they looked up to see Juan Rafael Medina stumbling from the fort, trying to reach them. His stomach was ripped open, and his entrails were hanging out. The suffering soul, gasping for water, died without telling Baca and Brela what had taken place at the fort.

Near the fort, Guadalupe Vigil was found stretched out, as dead as a mackerel. Judging by the arrows in his back, the man had been shot while fleeing the attack!

By the fort wall, bodies of three Indians were found, all dead. Rumaldo Cordova leaned against an entrance gate post. He could only tell what happened during the attack by signs *because his tongue had been cut from his mouth!*

Cordova's feeble signs revealed that Chief Blanco had ridden up to the fort and asked for food. Benito Sandoval, who was acting fort headman during the Christmas holidays, refused the request. And Sandoval told the Indian in no uncertain terms to go away.

Just a couple of days before, Sandoval had sent his wife and son with two servants to Mora with a wagon loaded with household goods. He was to join them there a few days after Christmas. He had also had sent his son, Pedro, with two servants down the river with a wagon load of corn for the settlers at the St. Charles colony. The people needed the corn for food.

While Sandoval was arguing with the Indian chief, Cordova walked up and persuaded Sandoval to open the fort gates to Chief Blanco and his warriors, saying that he knew the chief and that the Indians would not harm them.

Sandoval would have never opened the gates to the fort had his wife been there, records of the attack say.

Once the Ute chief was inside the fort with his 50 warriors, hell popped. The chief grabbed a rifle from Rumaldo and shot him through the jaw. The warriors, realizing that the rifles would give them more power, over-ran the groggy Christmas merrymakers, taking the guns from them and commenced the grisly mess of shooting them dead in their tracks.

At the beginning of the attack, the Indians were armed only with bows and arrows, lances, and tomahawks. The rifles hastened the deadly massacre to a cruel end.

Chipeta Miera, Juan Blas Martin's beautiful wife, was the only woman left in the fort at the time of the attack. The Indians grabbed her and carried her away. Rumaldo unsuccessfully attempted to stop the rape. He was tomahawked by an Indian, wounded for the second time. The man, with little strength remaining, crawled from the fort and concealed himself in one of Sandoval's chicken coops. When Baca arrived at the fort, Rumaldo came crawling from his hiding place toward Baca. Later he was loaded into a wagon and carried to Huerfano where he died of wound infection a few days later.

When Baca and Barela entered the fort, they looked upon the gruesome mess with awe. Inside, strewn all around, lay the bodies of the dead, the remaining number of the fort's occupants. Some of the victims maintained a death grip on clubs and pieces of iron which they had used during the fight in vain attempts to defend themselves. Juan Blas Martin, husband of the woman who had been raped and then carried away by the Indians, lay dead on the fort's dirt floor.

At the beginning of the onslaught, Sandoval had grabbed his

(continued on page 66)

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Indian Scout Dick Wootton warned the El Pueblo settlers that the Utes planned to attack.

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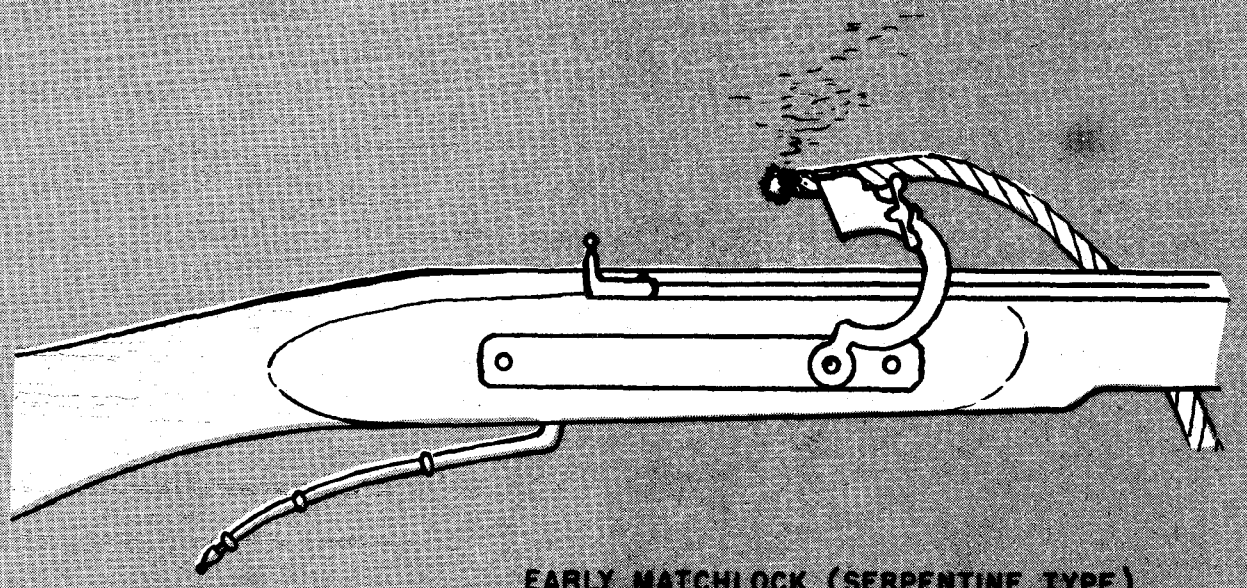
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



EARLY MATCHLOCK (SERPENTINE TYPE)

The guns which won the West were not all Colts and Winchesters, by any means. The well-informed student of the subject will wish to start at the beginning, with arms of the early European explorers who were the first white men to enter that vast, untamed land.

In the far western portion of our country, and particularly the Southwest, these were the Spanish explorers such as Coronado and Cabrillo. In the early 1540's, their expeditions were armed with lances, swords and other combat weapons of their period. These were not very practical for their purpose, however. Much more so were their projectile weapons which were chiefly crossbows.

During the next several decades, matchlocks are mentioned more and more in the explorers' inventories of equipment (although usually called by other names). A leading authority believes that Coronado could have had some matchlocks with him, though at that early date they would have been secondary weapons to the more dependable crossbows.

Later expeditions had some wheellocks, but the earlier arms were still much in evidence. Leaders were suspicious of new inventions, as many still are today, and wanted the more familiar weapons to fall back upon.

Let's take a closer look at each of these three projectile weapons with which the first Europeans faced our western wilderness.

The crossbow was a better instrument for combat than is usually realized. Its disadvantage was the time required for each shot, while the native adversary could get off several with his long bow. First, the "nut" which controlled the bow string was turned into vertical position and held there by the tip of the trigger under spring pressure. Next the powerful bow had to be bent by mechanical means, either a "crannequin" (gear and rack), a "spanish windlass" of twisted rope, or a "goat's foot" lever. With the thick, hemp bow string hooked over the nut, the bending device was removed, unless an integral part of the mechanism. Then the "bolt" or "quarrel" was placed in the groove ahead of the string. The crossbow was ready to fire by aiming and pulling the trigger.

Deadly in the European wars, the crossbowman was at a disadvantage against savages who depended upon speed rather than armor.

On the other hand, this powerful weapon could pierce almost any shield. Its pointblank range was 60 to 70 yards, while a 45-degree elevation gave a range of around 350 yards! This made the crossbow superior to the first firearms which were also slow to load.

The matchlock, with its many names and shapes, was basically a smooth-bore, muzzle loading musket. It was loaded with dusty, ungrained powder

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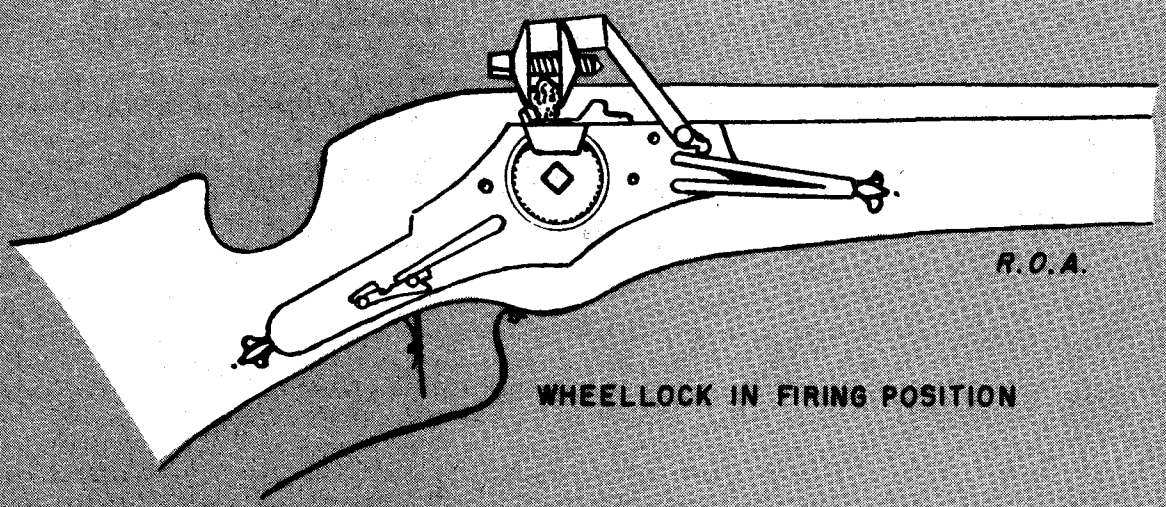
ARMS OF THE FIRST WESTERN EXPLORERS



WHEELLOCK IN FIRING POSITION

Sketched by author

and a crudely rounded ball. Firing was done by plunging the smoldering end of a nitrated rope, or "match", into a primed pan centered beside a touchhole.

This first firearm in our West had a profound effect upon the natives. Soon they learned of its drawbacks and took shrewd advantage of them.

The match was useless in the rain or high wind, so guess when the Indians would attack? Its smoldering tip was a dead giveaway of a Spaniard's position after dusk, as was its pungent odor.

By regulations, the lit match had to be unfastened and removed before reloading, so small wonder that the expeditions clung to the crossbow.

We are not so sure when the first wheellocks came to America, as the principle was developed in Germany around 1520. This is much earlier than formerly believed, as it took decades to become widely known and accepted. There is no doubt that they gradually supplanted matchlocks in the West, as they did with English colonists on the eastern seaboard.

The disadvantages of a wheellock were again the time consumed in loading, plus a problem of maintenance in the field of a rather complex mechanism. It was this factor, and its expense of manufacture, which made it give way eventually to the snaphaunce, miquelet, and other early forms of the flintlock.

The wheellock was the first efficient firearm, however, being more sure-fire than the later types mentioned. This writer has fired all of them, and only the wheellock has never misfired for him! It was nearly rain-proof and wind-proof, with no match to keep blowing upon. Days after loading, it still only required a pull of the trigger to fire... A boon to a settler who could keep one loaded over his doorway.

This operated much like a cigarette lighter. A strong spring was compressed by about a ¾ turn of the "wheel", using a spanner or turning key. It was then muzzle-loaded, the pan primed and a sliding pan cover closed. The "Dog Head" held a piece of "fool's gold" or iron pyrites, and this was lowered to sit upon the pan cover under spring pressure.

Upon firing, the mechanism first cammed the cover open. The pyrites pressed against the roughened edge of the wheel, where that protruded through a slot in the pan bottom. The wheel spun, and a strong shower of sparks ignited the priming all around it. This ignited the main charge through the usual touchhole.

All springs being very heavy and the touchhole rather large, ignition was quite sure and instantaneous. Later on, many wheellocks were rifled, but the early military ones were not.

Pyrites was used instead of flint, to prevent wear of the wheel's edge.

When you think of guns which won the West, remember the strange and wonderful arms which were the first ones there! ●RW

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JAMES MAHAN,

James Pinkney Mahan, according to his historically - minded daughter, Mrs. Grace Teague, was one of the men who *really* helped build the west. He plowed virgin soil, taught school, and worked in the saw mills that helped the pioneers build America. He left his mark on the land and it was a good one.

Mahan family photo album

Judge James Mahan and his second wife, Lucy. Mahan spent a good part of his life in wandering through the Southwest before eventually settling down in West Texas where he was elected to a judgeship.

In one sense, James Pinkney Mahan was like all those other restless men roving the American West. He was forever gazing at distant horizons but never once finding one big enough for him. Qualitatively though, he was very different from most of them.

He never drew a gun on another man, though he would help put behind bars a number of bulleteers. A constant wanderer, he was family oriented in a traditional American sense. He always did honest work whether with a plow breaking Western earth, or with a hammer pounding an anvil.

So far as written history goes, our all-round pioneers like this pleasant man from Missouri have been overshadowed by gaudy gunmen like Wild Bill Hickok and natty card sharks like Doc Holliday. These psychopathic drifters, of course, have their places in the record. But so also do those who planted civilization in the West for being so basically civilized themselves.

This magazine has asked me to resurrect the memories of these forgotten good people while living descendants bearing personal recollections are still around. Fortunately, I came to know of James Mahan through his historically - minded daughter, Mrs. Grace Teague of Dallas, Texas and Carlsbad, New Mexico. My many conversations with this helpful lady have been supplemented by a very short autobiography written by her father just before his death for a local newspaper, *The Seminole (Tex.) Sentinel.*

It all leaves a better taste than the taffy legends that I have picked up about Hickock, Holliday, Hardin and

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Frontier Wanderer

By Harold Preece

other tough drifters dying none too soon.

During almost a century of living, James P. Mahan left his modest but significant mark on four states and one territory. His memorable years spanned that long succession of time from the Civil War to World War II, from the ox wagon to the airplane, from the plow to the oil rig. He was his own personal epic as well as a symbol of a West forever changing.

Mahan was born in Howell County Missouri, on September 23, 1858. Just across a few Ozark Mountain peaks lay the border of Arkansas. "Most of my people," he said in his scant reminiscenses, "came from Tennessee to Missouri in an ox wagon."

The family, declares Grace Mahan Teague, was of Irish extraction, descended from a physician who had left Ireland during the early Nineteenth Century and settled in Kentucky. Mrs. Teague's father described his parents as "poor but honest and industrious." That same definition would have fitted most frontier couples and their offspring.

The Civil War erupted less than three years after Jim Mahan's birth. In fact, it was the very first event he could remember.

"At that time," he wrote, "we were living at a place called Clark's Mill where a battle was then raging. I recall that cannon balls would drop in our yard, and I tried off time (later) to get them out of the holes they made."

The Mahans were evidently Unionist in their sympathies. For in 1864, next to last year of the war, the father took a contract to shoe mules for the Federal forces at a military installation in Marshfield, Missouri. James would always remember that period for two special reasons.

By watching his father shoe mules, he learned the rudiments of blacksmithing. It would prove a handy trade on which the observant son could always fall back.

At age six, the boy discovered the wondrous world of books.

Books and blacksmithing would prove to be some lasting bounds of his life. After the war, the family moved "to a place with the unusual and humorous name of Lick Skillet." There the Senior Mahan "worked in a blacksmith shop." The son helped out by building fires to heat the anvil or fetching the square iron shoes brought to the shop for fresh hoof gear.

Homestead land was still available in the Missouri Ozarks. The Mahans were farmers before anything else. So the family piled themselves and their possessions in a covered wagon and went to Hall County where they acquired a quarter section (160 acres). There on the "new" estate the young boy did a grown man's work as did all male children in early rural America.

The father "built a log house on the land," James Mahan's memoirs note. "— At the age of 10, I was one of the hands. We cleared land, fenced it and proceeded to make it into a good farm. I recall making fence posts, breaking the land with four or five yokes of oxen, sometimes as many as six or seven yoked to plows. I personally used as many as seven yokes at one time."

For a little boy to "pull leather" on mammoth oxen hitched to wagons and plows was no easy job. But it wasn't the hard work that so much phased small Jim Mahan. What hurt the hardest was having constantly to leave school in order to do his share of farm labor. And this was upsetting to a lad who had so much thirst for what was printed in books.

"I attended school for three months out of the year," he remembered. "Less fodder pulling and wheat sowing time - working in the blacksmith shop (which his father had set up in the community) and on the farm all of the time."

Yet somehow the precocious boy managed to find spare minutes for reading anything that he could find in print: the county newspaper, old copies of the *St. Louis Globe - Democrat* and the *Kansas City Star* that somehow got left in these isolated hills, tracts and religious pamphlets distributed by wandering colporteurs of various religious denominations, tattered copies of novels, and histories borrowed from neighbors who might have a few books.

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Mahan family photo album

James Mahan at his roll top desk in his office at the Gaines County courthouse. He died after a short retirement at the age of 96.

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By Norman B. Wiltsey

Only The EARTH And The MOUNTAINS Live Forever

This violent saga began when more than 100 Cheyenne men, women, and children were herded into the unheated, barren barracks at Fort Robinson. Chief Dull Knife had refused to let them send his Northern Cheyenne people south to Oklahoma and the Indians decided to try to escape on the night of January 9, 1879.

The barren barracks at Fort Robinson were cold with the chill of death on January 9, 1879. For more than a week, Chief Dull Knife's band of Northern Cheyennes numbering more than 100 men, women and children had been locked up there without heat, food or water for resisting an Indian Bureau order to send them south to an Oklahoma reservation. The children were so frantic for water they had scraped away all the snow that had collected on the window ledges. Women kept up a continual low moaning, and sleep was impossible for anyone.

Their white captors had given them an opportunity to surrender. On the third day of their incarceration, Captain Wessels, the Commanding Officer at the Fort, had—through an interpreter—given them "one last chance" to give up and go south. Chief Dull Knife replied weakly but firmly: "We will not go. Our home is in this north country—yes, further north than here. The only way to get us to go south to that hot and terrible reservation is to come in here with clubs and knock us on the head, drag us out and take us down there dead. We have little to defend ourselves with, and if you want to you can send your soldiers in here with clubs to kill us like dogs!"

At bleak sunset of January 9, Little Shield, the Dog Soldier chief of the band, said to the others: "Now the time has come for us to die like Cheyennes and not like foxes in a trap. Make yourselves ready, for tonight we will break out of here and run for the hills."

Near dusk the desperate break was made. Little Shield led the way, having first assembled and loaded the few guns and revolvers the Dog Soldiers had managed to hide piecemeal in the ragged clothing of the women and children. Little Shield's first shot killed a guard patrolling near the barracks, and, at the signal, warriors smashed the windows and leaped out shooting. The people followed. All ran for the hills, with the infuriated soldiers chasing them.

The old men and the children were the first to be killed, since they could not run as fast as the others. Some of the Indians stopped to drink at a half-frozen stream. Many were killed there; the water turned bloody. Fifty Cheyennes died in the crimsoned snow on that moonlit night before the kill-crazed troopers stopped shooting and bayoneting the helpless ones. Twenty more died of wounds and exposure to the bitter cold before the dazed survivors were rounded up like cattle and thrown back into the bare, icy barracks whence they had fled.

Among the helpless ones who died in the gory snow that awful night were the parents of two seven-year-old boys, Young mule and Head Swift. Both youngsters, huddled behind the same tree, watched in horror as the tragedy unfolded. In the frosty moonlight, Young Mule had seen his mother shot in the back as she knelt weeping beside the slug-riddled body of his father, cradling his shattered head in her arms. Head Swift had seen first his father and then his mother cut down by lunging bayonets as they raced for the shelter of the encircling, rocky hills. Both boys remained shocked and speechless for days after the massacre at Fort Robinson. Both refused food, and only the kindly intervention of a Catholic Missionary saved them for certain death from shock and starvation.

The boys hatred of their captors smouldered silently through the hard years of their growing up on the Northern Cheyenne reservation. Both were determined some day to kill as many white men as they could to avenge their parents' brutal murder. So when Tim Boyle took up a homestead near the Cheyenne reservation in the autumn of 1890, the pleasant young Irishman was doomed to an early and violent death.

Boyle's body was found at the bottom of a deep ravine, shot through the head. He had not been scalped, his clothing and wallet were intact, his Winchester rifle rested at his side. At first it appeared that Tim had accidentally killed himself while hunting, but closer inspection ruled out that possibility. Lieutenant Robertson, leader of the cavalry search party discovering the body, noted that an undischarged cartridge remained in the chamber of Boyle's rifle. Robertson's Indian scouts found two sets of moccasins on the ridge at the head of the ravine; blood was discovered on the leaves where a body had been dragged along the ground. Empty cartridge shells were found in a clump of brush fifty feet from the blood-splashed leaves. The evidence clearly indicated that Tim Boyle had been ambushed and murdered by Indians from the nearby Cheyenne reservation. Curiously, there had been no attempt to conceal the incriminating tracks. It was almost as though the killers wanted to be discovered.

At the army post of the First U.S. Cavalry on Lame Deer Creek, Montana, Major Carroll listened intently to Lieutenant Robertson's report. "This is a hell of a mess, Lieutenant," growled the Major. "Must have been a couple of young bucks — the older men would never have been so daring, or so stupid."

Robertson nodded. "That's the way I figure it, sir. Some of the young braves are wild devils, spoiling for trouble. We'd best just sit tight and let the Indian Police investigate before we move in. That's just a suggestion, sir, of course!" the Lieutenant added hastily.

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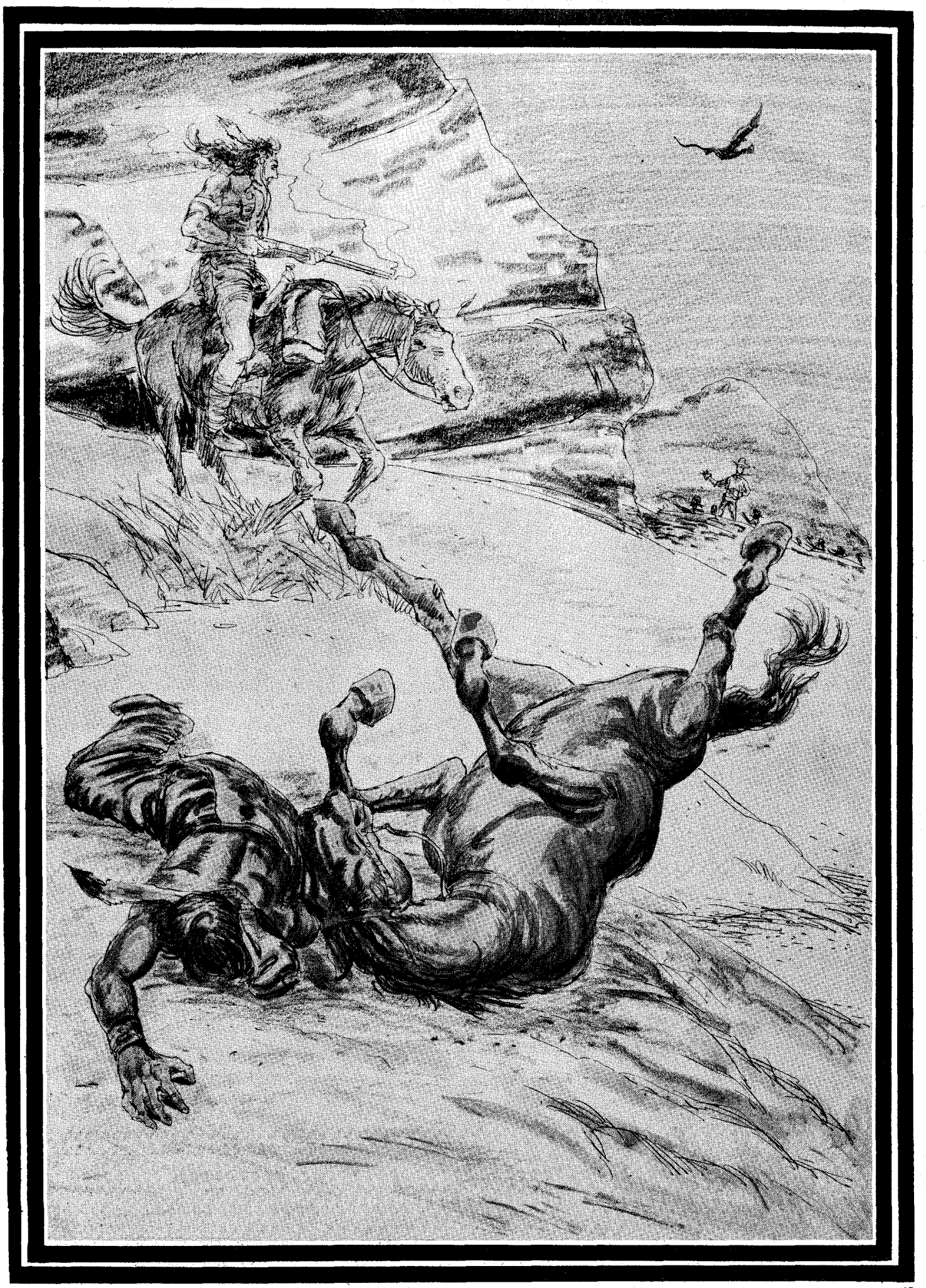

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"Of course, Lieutenant, just a suggestion," agreed the Commanding Officer dryly. "However, an excellent one, Lieutenant. Get the Police on the job right away. If these Indians get the notion in their heads that they can kill white men with impunity, we're in for serious trouble. As a safety measure, bring in all the Cheyennes off the reservation until we catch the killers. Camp them around the Agency and put them under guard at night to prevent their slipping away. This crime must be settled without further bloodshed, if at all possible."

One week later, two members of the Indian Police reported to the Commanding Officer. "Young Mule and Head Swift ride off in hills—gone five, six days. Paint for war, take guns and plenty shells. Look bad."

Lieutenant Robertson, leading a squadron of Indian scouts, began the hunt immediately. Four days Robertson scoured the hills; the elusive killers could not be found.

On the fifth day of the hunt, a break came. Brave Wolf, grizzled veteran of many battles against the whites in the past but now a placid exponent of peace at any price, showed up at the Agent's office and signed in "hand talk" that he wanted an interpreter and tobacco. Brave Wolf, it soon appeared, had important information to impart—the information he considered well worth a pound of tobacco. The Agent produced the tobacco on the chance that the old warrior was right. Jimmy Skunk, a half-breed Cheyenne, was brought in to interpret.

"Head Swift and Young Mule come last night to lodge of uncle," announced Brave Wolf between leisurely puffs on his long-stemmed pipe. "Make heap big talk—boast of killing Boyle and say they never surrender to be strung up on white man's hang tree. Send challenge to soldier-chief and all his men to fight 'em in Gut Valley today when sun is straight up (noon). If soldiers no come, Head Swift and Young Mule raid Agency tomorrow and kill plenty white people. Soldiers goddam *better* come!"

The alarmed Agent saddled his mule and started off to carry the astounding news to Major Carroll. Brave Wolf, pleased with the excitement he had created, trotted alongside the plodding mule clutching his precious can of tobacco. The agitated interpreter ran ahead.

"What the hell *is* this—a joke?" testily demanded Major Carroll when the Agent had told his fantastic story. "Two fool Indian kids challenging three hundred soldiers to fight—you people must be crazy!"

Through the interpreter, Brave Wolf emphatically assured the skeptical Commanding Officer that it was no joke. To the old Wolf it made simple sense, and he tried to make this clear. "Boys Cheyenne braves—no surrender to be choked by white man's rope. Fight all soldiers, die like warriors!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" muttered Major Carroll. "In thirty years of military duty, I've never heard of anything like *this.*"

He turned to a white scout, an old-timer who had fought with Custer's command against the Cheyennes at the battle of the Washita in 1868. "Joe, what do you make of this pagan nonsense?"

The scout shrugged. "Dunno about the pagan part, Major. But you can be darn sure it ain't nonsense. These young Cheyennes aim to 'throw themselves away,' as they call it. I've seen it happen—at the Washita, and later at Summit Springs. Injuns don't duck facts. These kids know they're good as dead right now, so they plan to cheat the rope and maybe take along a few white men with them to the Shadow Land. Better than hangin', ain't it?"

Major Carroll snorted, but rose promptly from his desk and buckled on his gunbelt. "Orderly, have *Boots and Saddles* sounded at once. We'll accommodate these glory-hunting kids with bullets, if that's what they want!"

The bugler blared the call, and the troopers piled out of barracks and rushed for their horses. "Prepare the mount! Mount!" sang out Lieutenant Robertson. *"Forward—ho-o!"*—and the three troops of the First were off for Gut Valley on the strangest mission of the regiment's career. The death rendezvous named by Young Mule and Head Swift lay about a mile from the post, and the appointed hour of noon was drawing near.

A wagon road ran straight through the narrow valley. On both sides, rocky, pine-clad hills rose ridge on ridge at the spot selected by the fugitive Indian youths as a last battleground.

At a signal from Major Carroll, Lieutenant Robertson lifted his white-gauntleted right hand and yelled "Halt!" The sergeants echoed the command down the long blue line. "Double columns—both sides of the road," ordered Robertson. "Form up—form up ..."

"Not a sign of our young heroes anywhere," remarked the Commanding Officer in disgust. "These kids have made fools of us."

Joe Moore pointed to the hills and spoke one word: "Look!"

Through the dark pine forest the Cheyennes were coming to see the somber show; scores of them, almost the entire population of the village camped about the Agency. The men moved in close to stand silently on the lower ridges; women and children stationed themselves farther back, out of range of stray or ricocheting bullets. Significantly, a trail leading to the top of the highest wooded ridge was left open—and toward this ridge the eyes of every Indian was turned expectantly. The squaws began a low, rhythmic keening, a dirge of indescribable melancholy, and every red scout in Major Carroll's command stiffened at the familiar, barbaric chant.

"What the hell are *they* howling about?" barked the Major to Sergeant Bear's Head, leader of the Cheyenne scouts.

The Indian non-com looked his commanding officer straight in the eyes, and at that moment his blue Army uniform seemed a shocking anachronism.

"Sir, they are singing: They come — the Brave Ones come to die!"

"Thank you, Sergeant," replied Carroll evenly. He fumbled with his field glasses, focused them on the ridge. Bear's Head turned away, without the formality of saluting his superior officer. The moment was tense.

The minutes dragged; the time was now five minutes to noon. Lieutenant Robertson, belatedly remembering his West Point training, redeployed his troopers along the road; some dismounted, others remaining mounted in order to fire over the heads of kneeling comrades. Robertson tried not to remember that these elaborate preparations for battle was to achieve the destruction of two foolhardy boys.

Noon arrived—and passed. Major Carroll lowered his field glasses. "Well, that's it! They've lost their nerve."

Again, Joe Moore pointed to the hills.

Out of the pines, from a side path midway up to the summit of the

(continued on page 80)

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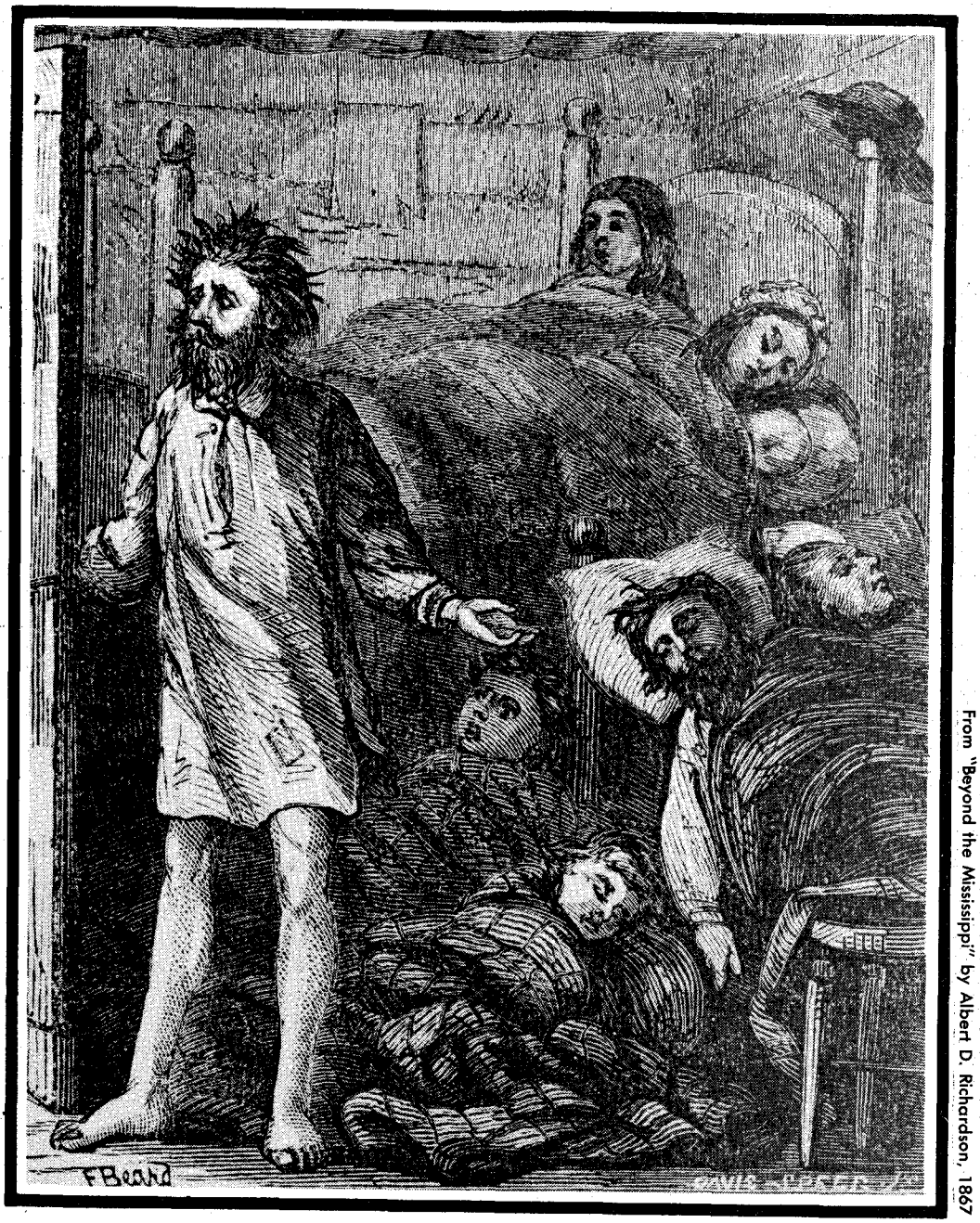
Mr. Richardson was a newspaperman and his books were detailed, authentic, and became best sellers for their time. He wrote two well-accepted books before his most popular work BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI. The book was based on two trips to the West, the first in 1857, the second a few years after the end of the Civil War.



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Travelers in the early West had few places to stop to sleep. Homes of settlers were often small and over crowded with the members of the family, but they were always ready to show hospitality.

TRAVELS OF ALBERT RICHARDSON

By Thomas A. Frazier

Back in the early 1800's, books about the then largely unknown West were seized upon eagerly by the reading public. This is attested to by the fact that such a book, *Beyond the Mississippi,* by Albert D. Richardson, reached the status of what we would call a "best seller" today. This is all the more amazing when we read the legend on the title page which states: "Issued by subscription only and not for sale in the book stores. Residents of any State in the Union desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an agent will call upon them."

Richardson was a newspaperman and the author of two previously well-accepted books, *Field, Dungeon and*

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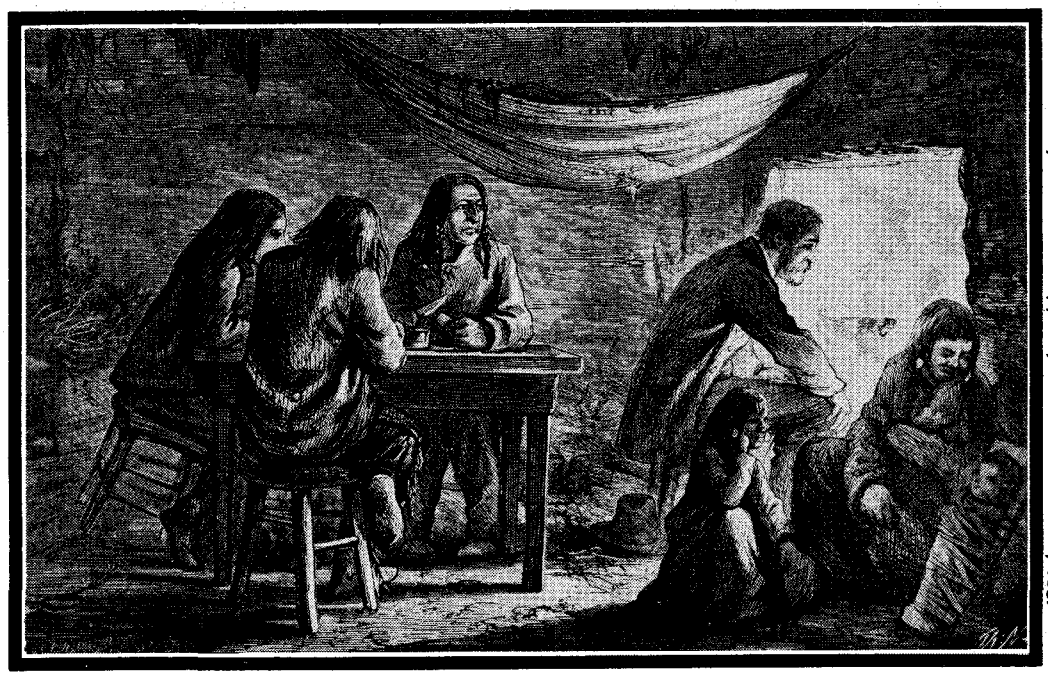
Richardson spent a night at "Four Mile" west of Leavenworth.



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Escape, and *Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant.*

Actually, the book relates his impressions gained on two trips to the West, the first starting in 1857 and the second a few years after the end of the Civil War. He was not a casual observer dashing from one point to another. If a place interested him, he stayed there and "soaked up the atmosphere." He remained in "Bleeding Kansas" so long that he became a member of the Territorial Legislature. He had an insatiable curiosity, reflected in a substantial part of the book by minute details of the local flora and fauna, the weather, and the politics.

He started his trip on the 28th of May, 1857, "whirling westward", as he put it, on the Pacific Railroad of Missouri. He remarks, visibly impressed, that at the time there were thirty-seven thousand miles of railway in the United States. He comments sadly that slavery had retarded Missouri, "the richest state in our Union". At Jefferson, Missouri, which he called the dreariest of State capitals, he took a steamer up the Missouri River which he categorized as "a little too thick to swim in, and not quite thick enough to walk on." He describes the Missouri at some length, saying, among other things, "the broad current is unpoetic and repulsive, a stream of liquid brick-dust or flowing mud, studded with dead tree-trunks, broken by bars and islands of dreary mud and sand, and inclosed by crumbling shores of naked soil. Its water will deposit a sediment an eighth of an inch thick upon the bottom of a tumbler in five minutes. Though at first unpalatable and medicinal, one soon finds it a pleasant, healthful beverage."

As he proceeded down the river, he described the banks, finding them low, wooded miasmatic bottomlands, dotted by a very few log houses. "It is one vast wilderness with a tree blazed here and there." He mentioned the huge trees growing on the banks, undermined by the constantly surging river, eventually to tumble into the water, hiding beneath the crest, with their limbs like sharp dangerous claws, waiting to snag the unwary steamer. This was the special horror of Missouri navigation, and Richardson tells with some concern of the fate of the steamer *Tropic* which, moving at ten miles an hour, ran upon one of these death-dealing spears. It penetrated her hull, pierced through the deck, pantry and two staterooms, and came out at the hurricane roof, breaking the main pipe, deluging the cabin with hot steam, killing an engineer and "leaving the wretched ship impaled like a fly upon a needle." No sagacity or experience is proof against these dangers, he said, and he wondered not at the wrinkled faces and prematurely gray hairs of pilots and captains. His own trip was not without anxiety, as they rubbed against sand bars, stopping abruptly a dozen times a day to the accompaniment of the soundsman at the bow, measuring with line and plummet, singing out "Four and a half", "Five feet" and "Mark twain."

The informality observed in stopping and docking is interesting. The captain required no wharf or slip. Upon reaching a point where it was desired to stop, for wood for instance, the steamer would nose cautiously up to a bank, and the deck hands would run a couple of planks from ship to shore. Richardson observed that at numerous points along the banks, people lived and survived by the money they made selling cords of cottonwood to the passing steamers. The going price was four dollars a cord.

Although the growing railroad was to spell the end of the great steamer era, every stateroom was filled on Richardson's trip, and each night the cabin floor was covered with mattresses. He irritably reports "one cannot promenade without endangering some unfortunate slumberer and calling forth expostulations or curses ..."

His description of his fellow passengers evokes a picture of the past. The "gambler with hang-dog face, wearing a white hat with a broad band of black crepe;" the backwoods Missouri boy in white wool hat and corduroys; the serious group holding a prayer meeting, with hymns and exhortations; young men and young married couples bound to seek their fortune in the Golden West; the youthful Missourian with slouched hat and red flannel shirt decorated with black anchors and glaring scarlet braid; the sallow, nervous merchant with his summer stock of goods; the well - to - do planter, tall and portly, with his large brunette wife and three young female slaves; the young missionary in black with white cravat; the eager-eyed speculator bound for the land sales; the Germans headed for western farms.

They reached Kansas City, Missouri from St. Louis in two days and considered it excellent time.

After spending some time in Kansas City, renewing acquaintance with an old newspaper colleague and taking in the sights of the town ("drinking saloons abounded"), Richardson crossed into the neighboring state (then territory) of Kansas by skiff over the Kansas River.

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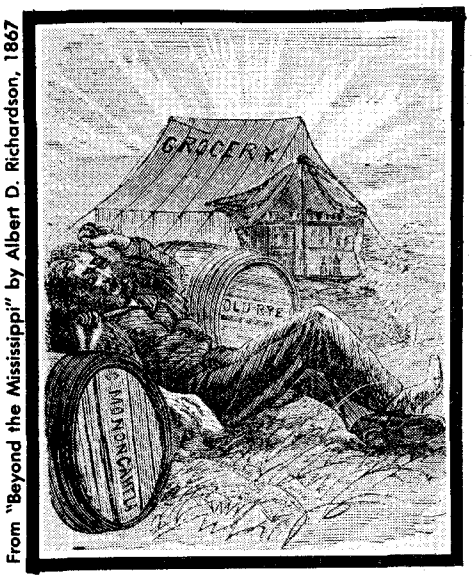


From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

A grocery store along the prairie trail in Kansas.

His first visit was to the tented "city" of Wyandotte which was four months old and boasted of a population of four hundred. There were a few white warehouses and residences with some unpainted plank shanties erected. Building was proceeding at a furious pace; in the meantime, the waiting settlers dwelt either under the open sky or in tents, of which there were plenty. The site, Richardson reports, was beautiful, on a gentle, symmetric eminence, overlooking low wooded bottom-lands of Missouri on the east, Kansas City on the south, and the Missouri river for miles below.

His next visit was to Leavenworth, "then" he says "as now, the largest city in Kansas." Building lots, twenty-five feet by one hundred and twenty five feet upon the river landing were valued at ten thousand dollars. Three or four blocks back, they sold for two thousand, and on the hills half a mile away, for twelve hundred. The population was four thousand. The hotels were crowded with strangers eager to invest.

Richardson set out on foot for the prairies. Ten miles out he came upon the cabin of some Missouri settlers and supped there, for, as he explains, on the frontier every farmer has accommodations for man and beast, and he welcomes guests who bring him the latest news from the outside world. Leaving there about nine o'clock in the evening, he proceeded on his way to a Judge Young's, where, he had been assured, he would find lodginging. On his way he met a "long, lank farmer upon a little mule" who informed him that Judge Young was away and there was sickness in the members of his family who were at home. "My place is over there about three-quarters of a mile. We're poorly fixed for strangers, but it's good enough for us all of the time; so I reckon you can stand it for a single night."

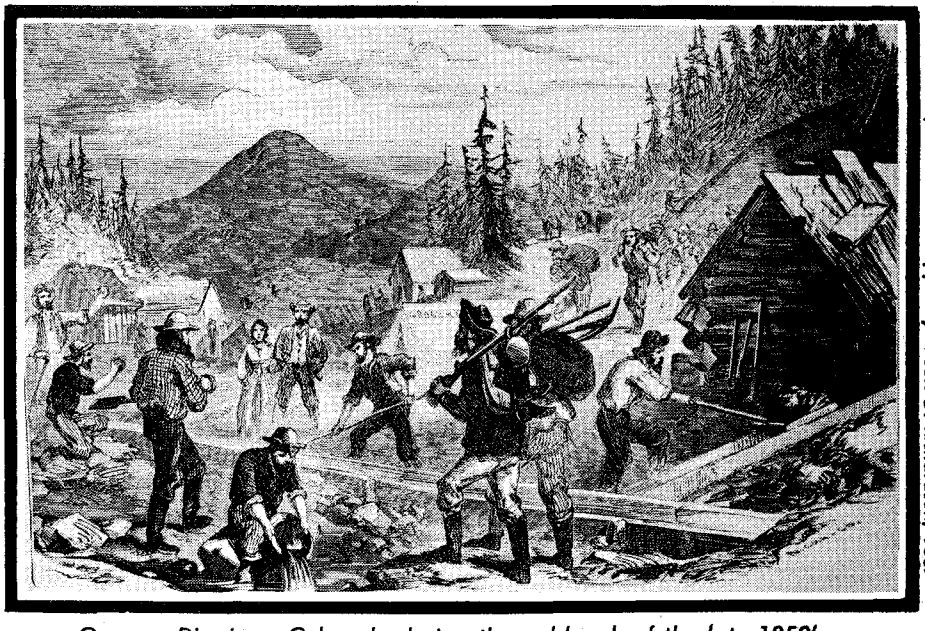
He proferred his whisky flask, and Richardson took a pull, not wanting, he said, to offend him. When they reached the farm, it turned out to be a one-story log cabin with a door which compelled them to bend low to enter. It had a single room, a huge fireplace, and was "chinked" and "daubed". (The cracks between the logs were filled with bits of wood and plastered with mud.) The settler's wife and baby occupied one bed, his long and lank father and brother the other, while a second brother, with two children, rested on a mattress on the floor. The hospitable settler removed his two children from the mattress and deposited them beside their mother, then invited Richardson to recline on the mattress between him and his brother. Richardson said he slept fine.

He awoke shortly after dawn to find his host and family already arisen, and he was alarmed to see the patriarch cocking his (Richardson's) revolver which he had left on the mantle the night before; for this was Bloody Kansas, from which the newspapers reported acts of violence daily. However, he was relieved to find that his host was merely curious about the weapon.

Before breakfast the inevitable whiskey flask was passed around (children excepted), and all sat down to a morning meal of strong coffee, fried bacon and corn dodgers (little oblong loaves of corn bread baked in the ashes of the fireplace). During the meal they divulged that they were from Kentucky and were pro-slavery. Richardson murmured a few generalities and refrained from mentioning that he was a Yankee Abolitionist, which was probably just as well. After profferring money, which they refused, he went on his way.

Back in Leavenworth he was a witness to the violence which was rampant. Two men had been jailed, accused of murdering and robbing another of one hundred and eight dollars. The milling mob, all armed, refused to await the outcome of a trial, broke into the jail and dragged the two men to an improvised gibbet where they hanged them. One burly ruffian, impatient that one took too long to die, caught him by the feet and hung there, speeding up the process.

He also reported that while in Leavenworth he witnessed the return from Utah of one hundred recanting Mormons. These families, all their worldy possessions loaded on ox-teams, had been sixty days on the long road from Salt Lake City. They reported the tyranny of the Mormon Church as unendurable and the workings of polygamy as repulsive and disgusting. Violent threats, they said, were made to prevent their leaving, and they averred that only their numbers saved them from violence at the hands of the remaining



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Gregory Diggings, Colorado during the gold rush of the late 1850's.

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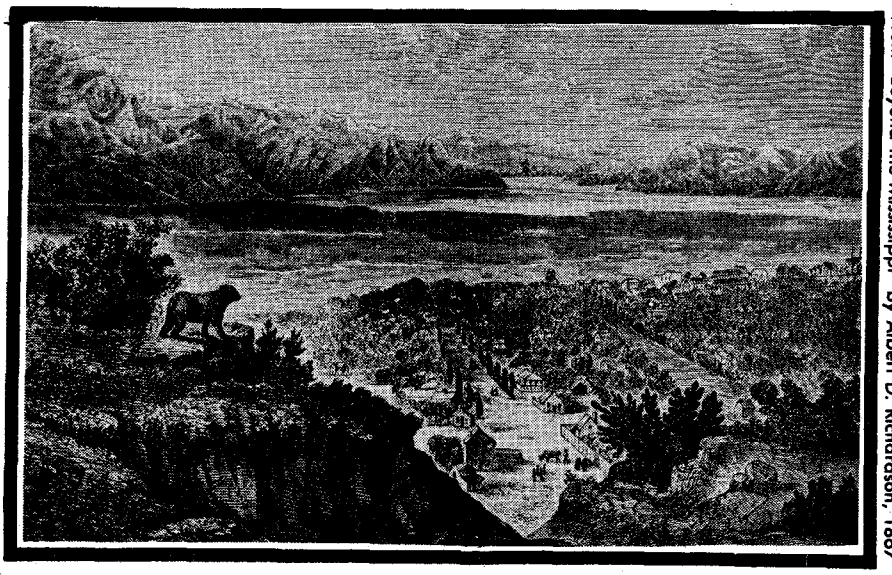
Saints.

Richardson, using Lawrence, Kansas as a base, traveled to Monrovia in Atchison county, arriving there in time to witness a Fourth of July celebration. The adjacent settlers streamed in on horseback, on foot, and in heavy ox-wagons, sitting on rush-bottomed chairs. One family arrived on a "stone drag", a broad plank dragged over the ground by two horses. Open-air speeches were made which the crowd seemed to enjoy tremendously, and the young people danced almost constantly from Friday night until Sunday morning. Richardson described with great relish the "local color"; he tells of an elderly matron, clad in her best decorous black, sitting and listening to the speeches while contentedly puffing a large cigar. A mother and her little girl of ten years serenely smoked pipes. The lovely wife of an emigrant from Tennessee, "blonde with liquid eyes and long drooping lashes" disillusioned him by drawing from the recesses of her dress a balck pipe which she loaded and smoked with great enjoyment.

Richardson, who missed little, tells of the prevalence in the summer and fall of "fever and ague" which, he said, visited every settlement. Its coming was forewarned by sending blinding headaches and "nauseous mouths". At its peak the victim is wracked by chills, fever and shaking. Richardson solemnly informs us that the disease is due to the breaking of rich soil for the first time, which released a miasma. Fruit, vegetables and quinine are the remedies. At this distance in time, it was no doubt malaria he spoke of.



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Salt Lake City in 1867

Richardson left Leavenworth in a Concord wagon which he praised highly. Its motion, he said, was easy and elastic, and it was drawn by four mules. Two such coaches together left Leavenworth daily for protection against the Indians. As they proceeded into the prairie, they passed hundreds of freight and emigrant wagons stalled in the mud, resulting from the driving rain. They passed St. Mary's Catholic Mission, a pleasant home-like group of log houses and a little frame church, among shade and fruit trees. In the school room were sixty Indian boys at their lessons.

The famous Horace Greeley joined the group at Manhattan, Kansas, following the injunction erroneously credited to him, "Go West, young man, go West!"

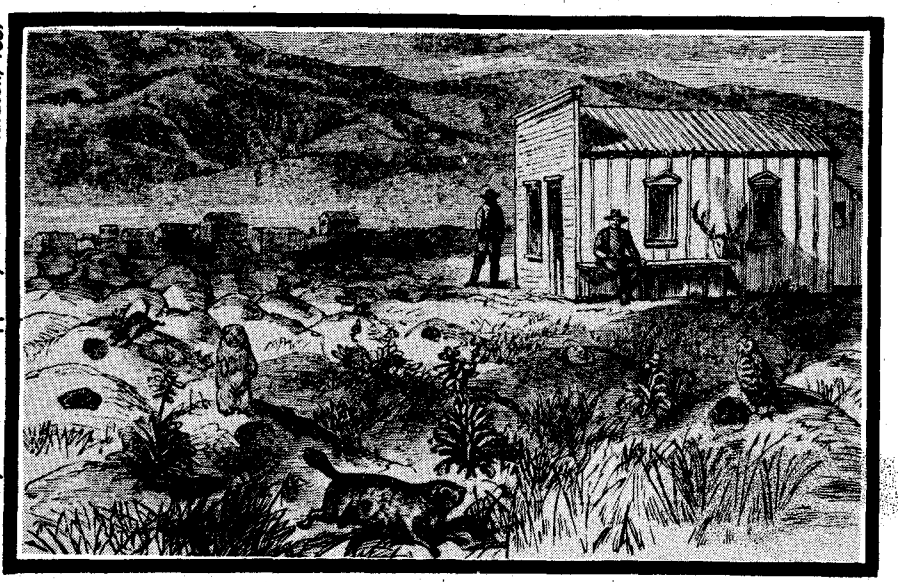
Hundreds of miles out on the prairie they dined at an encampment called Station Ten, sitting on billets of wood, carpet sacks and nail kegs, while the meal was served on a box. It consisted of fresh buffalo meat which Richardson said tasted like ordinary beef, though of coarser fibre and sometimes with a strong, unpleasant flavor. Based on his gustatory experience, he recommends the meat of young buffalo cows or calves.

Buffalo were everywhere in evidence, the prairie for miles and miles being black with their presence. Hundreds of deep buffalo trails crossed their path, and the distant slopes were generously dotted with antelope.

Further on in the journey through the prairie Richardson notes the presence of prairie-dog towns; those he saw were more than a mile in length, but other travelers assured him of existence of towns up to twenty miles in size.

Further along the limitless prairie they stopped and dined at Station Sixteen, manned by a Vermont boy. Nearby was an Arapaho encampment consisting of twenty conical lodges, twelve to fifteen feet high made of buffalo robes with the fur inside, stretched around a circle of poles. The base diameter was ten or twelve feet with a hole at the top for the escape of smoke. Thirty or forty Indian children ran and tumbled about the place, those under five being completely naked. The older boys wore breech clouts of buffalo skin, and the girls were wrapped in robes or blankets.

The Arapahoes were uniformly muscular and well developed. An old trapper informed Richardson



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Albert Richardson's home while he visited Denver during the 1860's.

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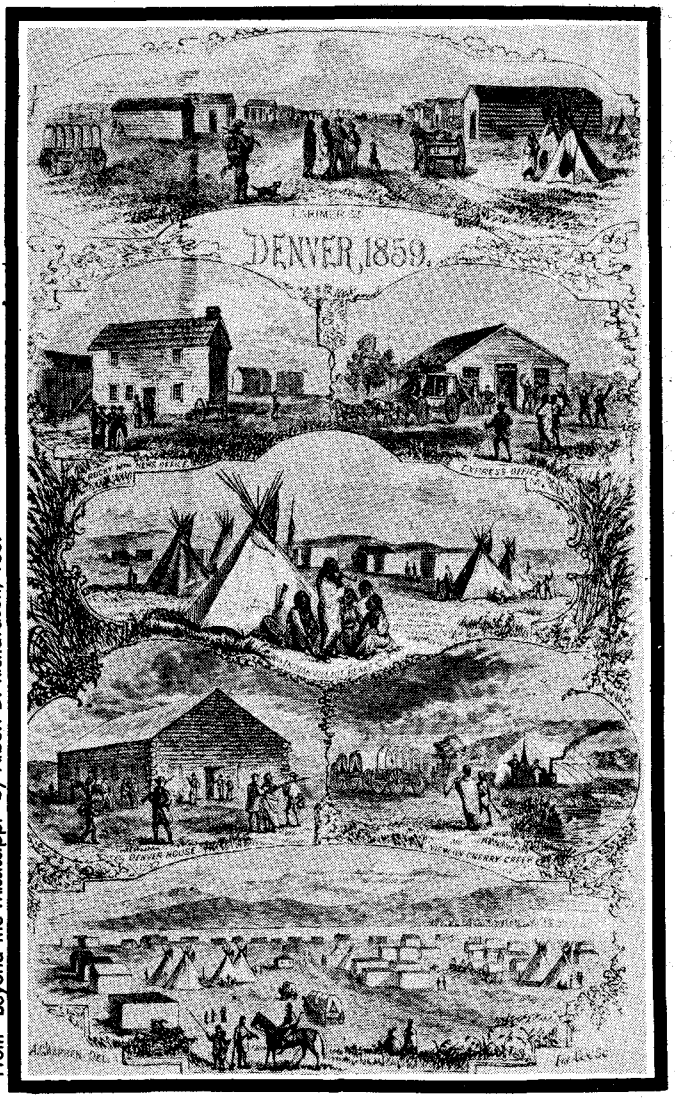

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Denver in 1859

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richarson, 1867

Richardson arrives in Denver after a long stay with Kit Carson in Taos.

that he had never seen an idiotic or deformed Indian, and Richardson states with wonder that Indian women never halt a march for more than three or four hours to give birth to a child. If left behind, they overtake the expedition the same evening or the next day. The Indian boys at the camp were very expert with the bow and arrow, hitting a silver half dollar at seventy yards. The bows of the adults had tremendous force, Richardson was told, sometimes passing an arrow through the body of a buffalo.

Several squaws were occupied making moccasins fringed with beads and offered a pair to Richardson for a cup of sugar.

On their way again, they passed a party of Cheyenne containing three chiefs, Little Bear, Antelope and Black Wolf. Richardson, who had the current bigotry against Indians, described them as having "cut-throat faces" and said their features reminded one strongly of wild beasts.

Denver, Colorado was reached eventually, and the party headed for the gold mines of the Gregory Diggings, forty miles to the northwest. Along the banks of the Platte River which bounds the town on the north, Richardson tells of immigrant wagons extending for a quarter of a mile waiting to take the ferry; cost, two dollars and fifty cents a wagon. The ferry was propelled by the current, and its daily receipts were three hundred dollars.

The mountain road to the gold diggings necessitated their abandoning the coach and transferring to mules. Up the path, which Richardson said was as sloped as the roof of a cottage, they met a swarm of immigrants, all bound for the gold fields and, as they hoped, wealth. Wagons struggled up the mountain path, drawn by twenty oxen. Those descending dragged behind them huge trees in full branch and leaf to act as a brake.

Reaching the Gregory Diggings next day, Richardson described it as presenting a confused and constantly changing picture, made up of men, tents, wagons, oxen and mules. Along the rocky gulch for about five miles were scattered log cabins, tents and camps covered with boards sawn by hand or with pine boughs. At the grocery tent meat was selling at fifty cents the pound, and beside the stream women were washing clothes at three dollars per dozen. Richardson reports that most of the miners were exultant and hopeful; a few, utterly discouraged, were about to return to the States. There were five thousand people at Gregory Diggings, and hundreds more were pouring in daily.

Horace Greeley, never one to pass up a chance to make a speech, made one that evening in the open air to an assembly of fifteen hundred. It was a motley gathering, says Richardson, men with long unkempt locks, shaggy beards, faces the color of new brick due to

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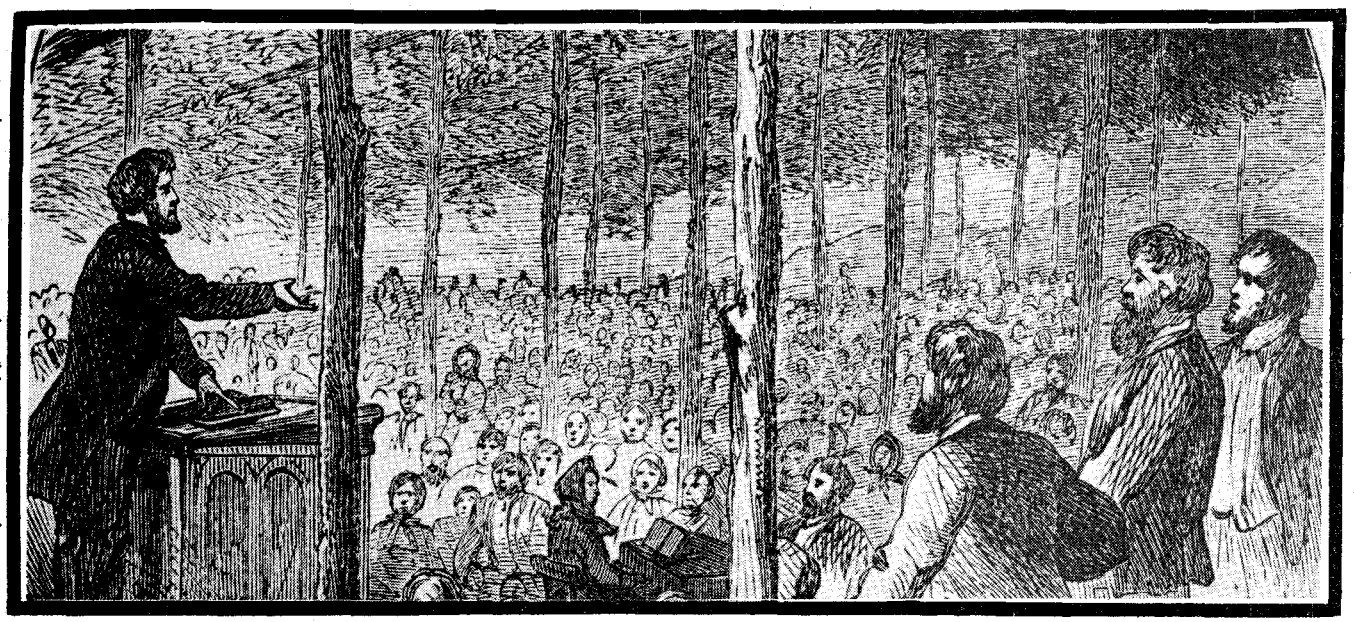

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Brigham Young preaching to his congregation in Salt Lake City, 1867

exposure to the sun, bowie knives and revolvers hanging from their belts. The speech was well received, due no doubt to the lack of entertainment in the mountains, and Greeley took advantage of the situation to throw in exhortations against drinking and gambling, although he offered no suggestions as to substitutes for pleasure in that wilderness.

They slept that night in a tent which had a sign nailed to the post reading "Mountain City Hotel". Six of them crowded the floor, lying so close that none of them could turn over.

Denver, Colorado, also devoted to mining, was next reached. Salt pork, Richardson reports, was in abundance and was the chief food of the miners. As agriculture was nonexistent, vegetables were unobtainable, although a few imported watermelons appeared and were sold quickly at three dollars each. There was an abundance of antelope meat, selling at four cents a pound. Richardson, who by this time in his journey, had eaten almost everything, pronounced it pleasant and nutritive but not as tasty as deer meat. Denver society was a confusing mixture: Americans from every quarter of the Union, Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, trappers, speculators, gamblers, desperadoes, broken-down politicians and honest men.

Every day was enlivened by a shooting. In the large saloon, crowded with people, drunken ruffians amused themselves by the indiscriminate firing of their revolvers. Firing at the bartender was a common game. Richardson reports that he (the bartender) took it good-naturedly until one day a random shot grazed his ear. He thereupon buckled on two revolvers and announced that the next man to fire a shot in his direction would shortly thereafter be dead. He was not bothered after that.

Denver contained about one thousand people, with three hundred buildings, nearly all of hewn pine logs. One third were unfinished and roofless. Glass windows were a rarity, as were board floors. The nearest saw mill was forty miles away, and floors were native earth, hard, clean and well-swept. Chairs were nonexistent. Stools, tables and bedsteads were the usual furniture, and rough boxes served as bureaus and cupboards. Hearths and fireplaces were of adobe; chimneys were of sticks of wood piled up and plastered with mud. A few roofs were covered with hand-split shingles, but most were of logs spread with prairie grass and covered with earth. There were about a dozen Indian lodges in the area, and Richardson observed with interest the squaws dressing the skins of wild animals and cooking puppies for dinner. Hundreds of immigrants passed through daily.

The Denver House was the most popular edifice; it was of one story, one hundred and thirty feet by thirty-six, with log walls and a saloon the entire length of the building, with an earth floor well sprinkled to keep down the dust. The room was always crowded with forbidding, well armed men in rough costumes. The bar daily sold enormous quantities of cigars and liquor, and at a half a dozen tables gamblers were busy.

Richardson liked the gamblers as a class. "They were entertaining in conversation, had curious experiences to relate, evinced great knowledge of human nature, and were especially kind to each other in misfortune. They were open-handed and charitable. I never saw a place where more dollars could be obtained in less time for a helpless woman or orphan than among those gaming tables."

Gambling was epidemic. Richardson saw a county probate judge lose thirty Denver lots in less than ten minutes at cards on a Sunday morning, and afterwards he observed the county sheriff pawn his revolver for twenty dollars so he could continue at faro.

Even at this early date embryonic Denver had its newspaper, a weekly *Rocky Mountain News*. The editor and printers cooked, ate and slept in the one room of the log building where articles were written, type set and paper run off.

Public mails were nonexistent. The express company brought in letters from the Missouri River at the rate of one thousand a day for twenty-five cents each.

There was no paper money, and the smallest coin in circulation was the twenty-five cent piece.

There were about a thousand Arapahoes encamped in the heart of the town. Richardson says that they were ordinarily peaceful but dangerous when intoxicated. He adds, his bigotry showing, that they were always treacherous and blood-

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thirsty, but now much reduced in numbers due to war and smallpox. He goes on to say, in a shocked tone, that they sometimes devoured the entrails of animals, "and I have seen squaws and children pluck and eat greedily vermin from their own heads. Chastity is unknown among their women, and nearly all suffer from loathsome diseases. Young girls are sold by their parents to Indians or white men, usually in exchange for one horse, but special beauties sometimes commanded four or five." Richardson, consistent in his narrow-mindedness, concludes that "the savage is a coward by instinct, also treacherous, filthy and cruel."

Greeley left the party at this point, tortured by boils which covered his body and which Richardson said was a common complaint of plains travelers. Finding things dull without him, Richardson again returned to the Gregory Diggings and found that the population had increased, including the women and the prices. He found in one camp a party of Kansans who dined happily on ham and eggs. Eggs were a rare luxury, costing two dollars and fifty cents a dozen, but these far-sighted travelers had purchased two barrels full at Leavenworth, pouring liquid lard around them which kept them intact and unbroken on the journey. Flour was selling at twenty dollars per hundred pounds and milk at fifty cents a quart. No bread is available, flapjacks being the substitute.

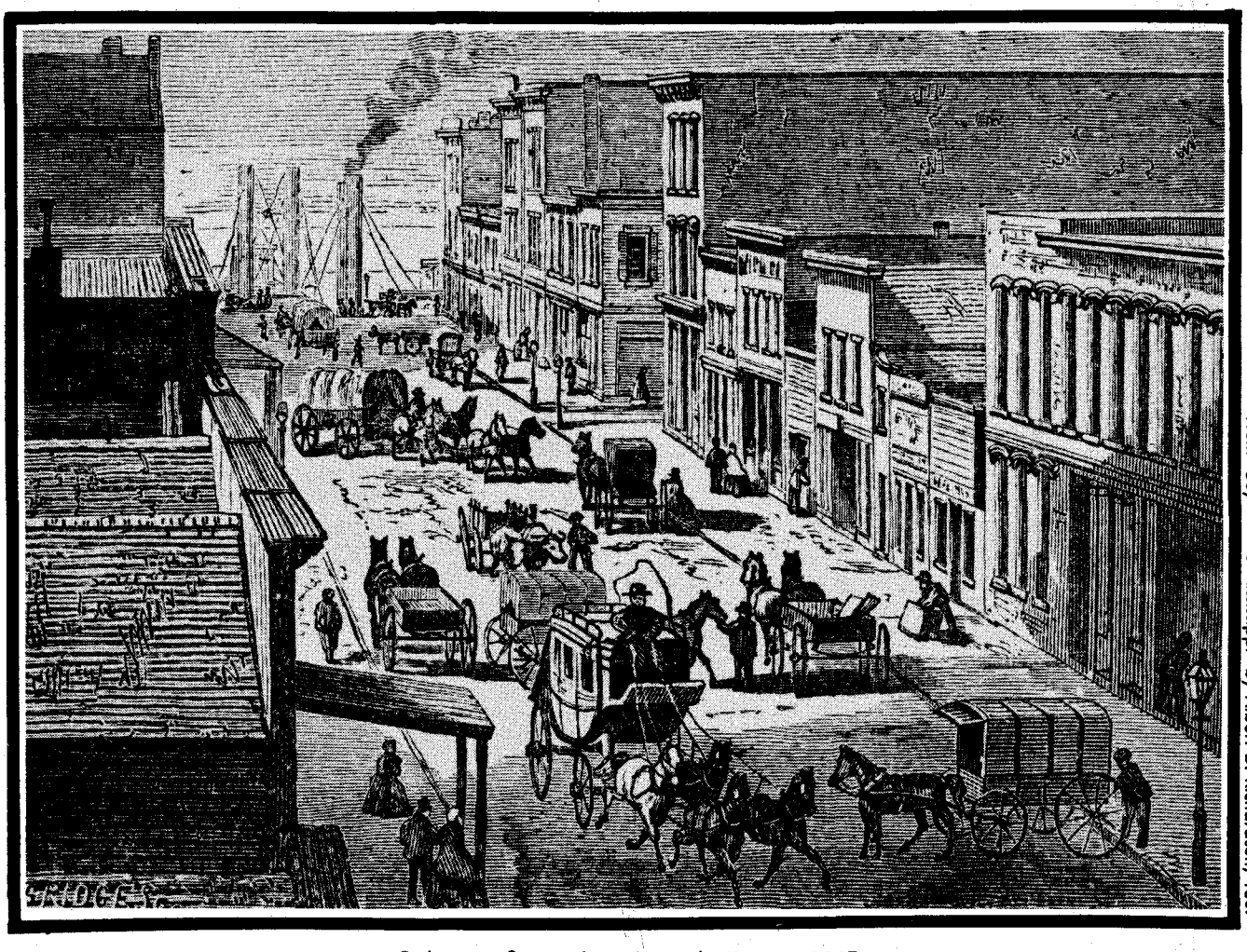
In addition to women in their conventional roles of wife and mother, Richardson reports in shocked tones the presence of women masquerading as men. "Some were adventurers," he says, but "all were of the wretched class against which society shuts its iron doors, bidding them hasten uncared for to destruction."

The Utes were a constant danger, having killed and scalped a number of the miners.

Tiring of Denver, Richardson descended the mountain and again boarded a stage heading West. Along the route of the Platte River, he reports that the mosquitoes were fearsome; they "covered our mules with blood, and lacerated me through the thick sleeves of two woolen shirts."

This particular part of Richardson's journey is interesting, covered by several chapters, but unfortunately concerned with philosophical ruminating and long detailed descriptions of the weather, desert and general countryside, which is not actually pertinent to our purpose. Due to Indians cutting off the regular stage route and by various twists and turns and changes of mode of travel, Richardson found himself in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He intended to return to Kansas City by the weekly mail, but the Kiowas, after blockading the route for a month, had captured the last two eastward coaches, stolen the stock and left thirteen passengers, including two women, killed and scalped by the roadside.

While pondering his dilemma and fretting his time away in Santa Fe, Richardson met a wandering New York printer and journalist who, having a borrowed horse he wished returned to Taos (New Mex-



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Delaware Street, Leavenworth, Kansas, 1867.

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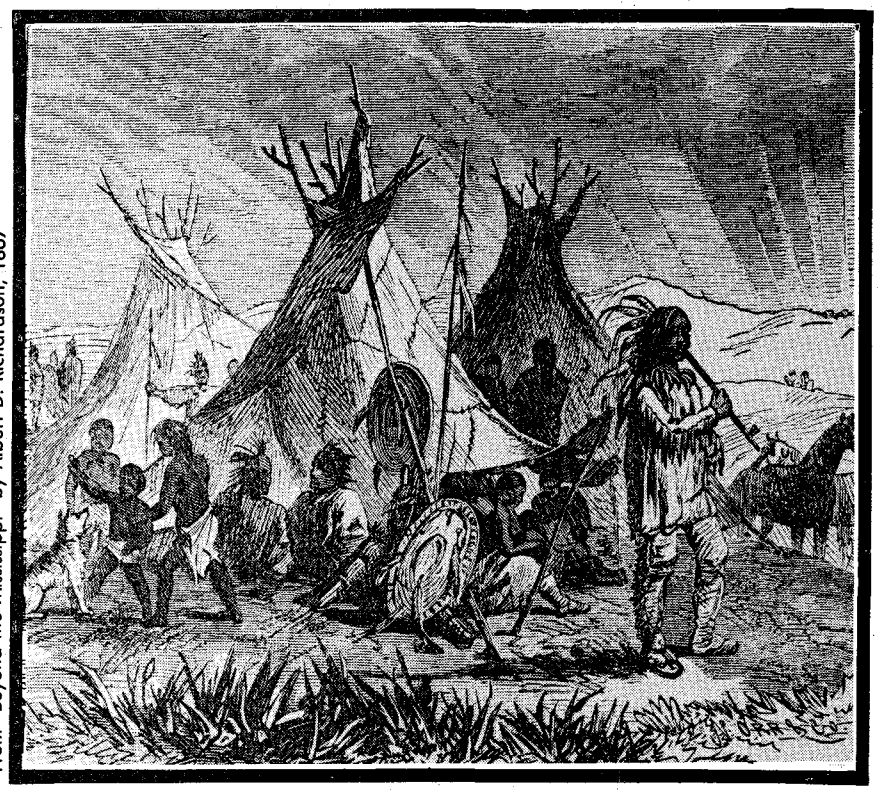

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Indian village in Denver in 1860.

ico), offered to let Richardson ride him. Since Taos was a substantial leg on his journey to Kansas City, Richardson gladly accepted, though apprehensive of such a lonely ride. As luck again would have it, the journalist introduced him to the famous Kit Carson, then in Santa Fe and heading for his home in Taos. At ten the next morning they galloped away together.

Richardson, the constant reporter, is rather informative about Carson. He said that he was the most daring and reckless of riders, his especial delight being to dash downhill at full gallop. On foot he looked stout and ungraceful, but he sat a horse splendidly and rod with rare grace and skill. He told Richardson that the happiest years of his life were spent as a mountain trapper, although the rifles and arrows of the Indians made them a constant race with death. Richardson quotes him as saying, "Our ordinary fare consisted of fresh buffalo and beaver meat, without any salt, bread or vegetables. Once or twice a year, when supplies arrived from the States, we had flour and coffee for one or two meals, though they cost one dollar a pint. During the winter, visiting our traps twice a day, we were often compelled to break the ice and wade in water up to our waists. Notwithstanding these hardships, sickness was absolutely unknown among us. I lived ten years in the mountains, with from one to three hundred trappers, and I cannot remember that a single one of them died from disease." In addition to the love of the great outdoors, the price for beaver skins in the golden age of trapping was another inducement; they sold them for eight dollars a pound.

Carson had definite food opinions. The flesh of a wild horse he deemed better than any other meat. A young mule furnished excellent steaks, but meat from an old one was tough, strong-flavored and unpalatable. The most sorrowful meal he ever ate was when necessity compelled him to kill and dine on Fremont, his faithful horse which had borne him many hundred miles.

After a back-breaking journey they finally arrived at the Carson ranch in Taos. Here at the age of fifty, Carson had more or less retired. His wife wasn an intelligent Spanish lady, and four or five children were about the place. Carson, according to Richardson, had accumulated a sizable sum of money through the years, supplemented at the time by his salary of one thousand dollars a year as Government agent for the Utes. The farm was large, with many horses and mules.

Carson was a Kentuckian by birth, with little education. He read with difficulty, wrote little beyond his name, but spoke fluent English, French, Spanish, and several Indian tongues.

After some time enjoying the hospitality of Carson, Richardson started out again. His intended itinerary was three hundred miles due north to Denver, a long, lonely mountain trail through the country of the Utes who at the time were not kindly disposed. He set out with some trepidation.

For the journey he purchased a small, thin iron-gray pony, two and a half years old. Even Carson was skeptical of the animal's capacity. Horse, saddle, bridle, spurs and lariat cost him thirty-six dollars.

When he finally arrived in Denver he was greeted with the news of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry.

He reports that Denver had changed much since his last visit. Frame and brick edifices had replaced most mud-roofed log cabins. Two theaters were in full blast, and there was plenty of uncoined gold in circulation. Upon every counter stood little scales, and whenever one made a purchase, whether the amount was ten cents or a thousand dollars, gold dust was poured out for weighing. Gambling and dissipation were universal.

His faithful horse, which had carried him three hundred miles in seven and a half days, ended up with tender feet, galled back and a spot on each flank as large as a man's hand, made by the spurs. Richardson sold the animal and equipment for a sum which reduced the cost of his trip to a total of thirteen dollars. The horse was placed on a ranch where he soon grew fat and healthy and was sold the next spring for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Although Denver had improved in some respects, violence was still rampant. Richardson says, "Almost every week witnessed gross outrages from desperadoes crazed by the poisonous whisky retailed at every bar. Frequently one drew his revolver upon some peaceful citizen, compelling him to fall on his knees, submit to every vile epithet and beg piteously for his life. The ruffians who did this seemed for the time utterly insane. But fully half the citizens wore six-shooters, and however helpless for the moment would have resented the indignity afterward by killing its perpetrator on sight. And however crazed the desperado might be, he never thus insulted a dangerous man!"

It was a nervous country for the journalist who gave full vent to his opinions, as most of them did. An indignant aspirant for Congress,

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meeting the editor of the Denver *Herald* in the street, spat in his face. Another newspaper, the *News,* was a well-stocked armory after an initial assault on the establishment, and even then the office was later fired, and the editor's dwelling burned to the ground.

On the side of culture, Denver boasted of the Apollo Theatre, neither ceiled nor plastered, illuminated by twelve candles, and containing rough benches for three hundred and fifty people. As it was the upper story of a saloon, clinking glasses, rattling billiard balls and uproarious songs interfered with the performances. The price of admission was one dollar, and receipts averaged three hundred dollars per night.

A trip to the nearby Gregory Diggings showed great changes from the earlier visit. Twenty thousand settlers were located in the vicinity.

After some time in Denver, the restless Richardson started on his travels again, although the road some distance beyond Denver had been practically closed for several weeks due to Indian hostilities. Three stations at which their coach stopped on the way had their stock driven off, and some distance beyond they came upon the bodies of two emigrants, one scalped, the other with throat cut from ear to ear and thirteen arows in his body. One day they came upon a body of recusant Mormons returning from Utah when the Indians precipitated an attack; it was driven off by the soldier escort accompanying the coach, with the assistance of the Mormons. No fatalities ensued.

While their mules were changed at one station, they chatted amiably with the guards and hostlers. Twelve hours later, they heard, the entire company was wiped out by Indians. Many of these stations, Richardson tells us, were substantial stone buildings, with loop holes in the walls, with shining rifles and well polished revolvers hanging ready to be grasped at any moment. Some of the women were comely and ladylike, adapting themselves "with grace and heroism to the rude labors of cooking meals for passengers, and the horrible, ever-present peril of capture."

Their route traversed portions of Colorado, Dakota, Montana and Utah, over endless wastes, and among the Black Hills, Wind River, Uintah and Wasatch ranges and offshoots of the Rocky Mountains. They saw clear trout-haunted

From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

Many Indians succumbed to the white man's whiskey.

brooks and little lakes; lofty peaks; terrible wastes white with alkali; dreary ashen hills of bare drab earth, the parched ground deeply gashed and gullied; the faint streams bitter and poisonous; blinding dust filling the air; and no atom of vegetable life except the sage-brush and the cactus. Wolves, "large and surly", were much in evidence, and several times they had to fire on them to drive them away.

Arriving in Salt Lake, Richardson becomes rhapsodic, calling it "the city of the future - the natural metropolis of all Utah and portions of Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Colorado." At the time of his visit, it contained nearly twenty thousand people; the overland telegraph connected it with the Atlantic and Pacific; mail coaches plied daily to Nebraska and Kansas on the east, California on the west, Montana on the north, Idaho and Columbia River on the northwest. The hotel was crowded; and the streets, one hundred and twenty-eight feet wide and watered by little rills on each side, were thronged with the wagons of immigrants and farmers, with women and children, Saints and sinners, miners and Indians. Richardson reports that the trading houses did an immense business, one merchant having sold more than a million dollars worth of goods per year.

There were two daily newspapers: the *Vedette,* representing the Gen-

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From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

A First Class hotel on the plains in 1867

tiles, and the *Telegraph,* the Mormon's paper. The weekly *Deseret News* was a church organ. In the entire Territory the population was almost one hundred thousand of which all were Mormons, except for a few hundred people who resided chiefly in Salt Lake City.

Richardson mentions Camp Douglas, situated two miles from the city, and comments on the protection it afforded to Mormons who abandoned their faith, the Church at that time (he said) being very despotic. Many recanting Saints, chiefly wives dissatisfied with polygamy, sought protection there and were sent from the Territory under military escort.

Richardson met Brigham Young, originally a Vermonter, and has left us a pen portrait. Young was six feet tall, portly, weighing about two hundred, in his sixty-sixth year, and wonderfully well-preserved. "His cheek is fresh and unwrinkled, his step agile and elastic, his curling, auburn hair and whiskers untinged with gray ... He has grayish-blue secretive eyes, eagle nose, and mouth that shuts like a vise, indicating temendous firmness. He uses neither tea nor coffee, spirits nor tobacco ..."

Richardson comments favorably upon his administration, saying he had moulded his community into an industrious, productive, honest and homogeneous one, and this from people of every sort. Brigham was one of the millionaires of the United States. All Mormons were required to pay one-tenth of their incomes annually to the church and, Richardson says, "so far as a Gentile can see, Brigham is the church, and the church is Brigham."

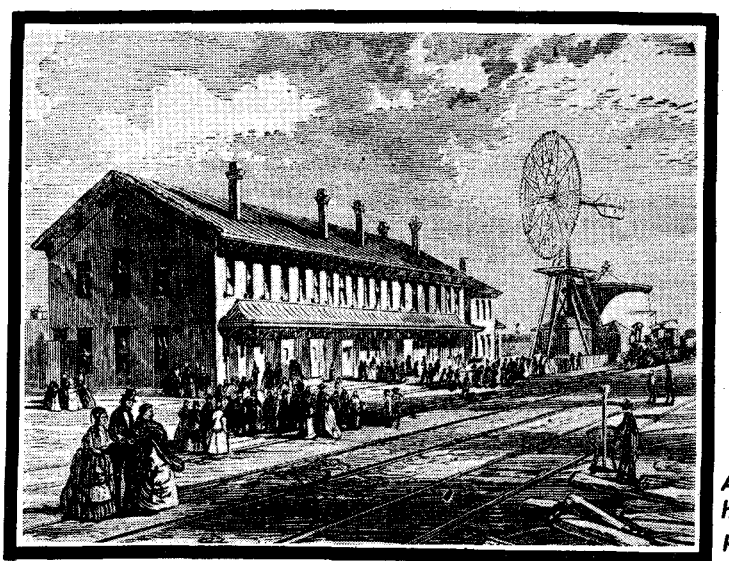
Brigham's headquarters were a ten-acre enclosure in the very heart of the city surrounded by a wall of boulders eleven feet high laid in mortar. It contained two chief dwellings, the Lion House and the Bee Hive House wherein resided most of his wives and children, although a few favorite ones occupied separate dwellings outside. At the time, Brigham had buried eight sons and two daughters but still had fifty surviving children and several grandchildren. His wives numbered about thirty and he increased their number by the addition of one or two yearly.

Richardson attended church one day when Brigham was preaching and labeled his sermon "insequential and illiterate." He goes on to say that many of the sermons from Brigham and his associates were "profane, frequently obscene, and indecent." He also notes that nearly all of the women were plain, many extremely so.

There was a fine theatre there, built by Brigham, which seated eighteen hundred people, open three nights a week during the season. Receipts averaged eight hundred dollars a night. Richardson said that the theatre augmented Brigham's income by fifty thousand dollars a year.

Richardson busily traveled about the city gathering facts. Eight-ninths of the Mormons (he said) were of foreign birth, England, Norway and Sweden being largely represented. Not more than one man in four or five was a polygamist, in spite of the fact that Brigham exhorted them to persevere in the system, even against the United States Government. The women, he found, regarded polygamy as a sore trial to be compensated only by the happiness of eternity. Often two or three sisters had the same husband. Some men were married to a mother and her daughter, others to their own half-sisters. The Gentile women in the city visited and recognized only the first wives. Richardson said that most first wives deemed themselves superior to the rest, in some cases refusing to associate or speak with them.

Richardson went from Utah to Nevada, Oregon and British Columbia, ever curious, ever questioning, constantly interested in mining, filling pages with descriptions of forests, mountains, rivers, Indians and settlers, which, upon reflection, are more or less alike. He was superior to the usual writer of his day and, although his book has long been out of print, some copies are still around in old book stores or antique shops. If you should see it, buy it. ●**RW**



From "Beyond the Mississippi" by Albert D. Richardson, 1867

A First Class hotel on the plains in 1869

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JAMES MAHAN

(continued from page 47)

He read lives of famous men sold by itinerant book agents who would accept coonskins, sides of ham or anything else they could resell in lieu of down payment. And, of course, he read those pioneer standbys: the Bible and almanacs issued as advertising by distributors of patent medicines.

By the time Jim Mahan was of legal age, 21, he was considered a "well-posted feller" by his neighbors. That year of 1879, when America was finally simmering down from the Civil War, he married a mountain girl. She would prove a fine wife to him and an equally good mother to their children.

Railroads were beginning to spread across the lower South and the adjoining West. Up until that time, Jim Mahan and his bride had probably not seen many trains nor ever ridden in one. The expanding lines not only joined remote rural sections with growing urban America, they afforded employment to thousands of country workers who had seldom worked for regular wages.

Men were needed for pick and shovel work in excavating land for rights of way and to lay tracks later. Tons of native timber was processed in local sawmills for the ties on which the rails rested. For a time there was a boom period of employment even in the impoverished Ozark region.

James Mahan recorded that "in order to earn a living, I worked on railroad building crews and in the saw mills," adding that "I have made many railroad ties and cut thousands of feet of lumber. "Undoubtedly, he had more welts than wages to show for this rough, low paid labor.

Since it was a profession identified with books, this self - instructed scholar decided to try his hand at school teaching. No college degree was required of teachers during that period - only the ability to read, write and ciper fluently. You passed a nominal examination prescribed by some state board of education, and that made you a member of what passed for the academic world.

"I taught school for the princely income of $14 a month," Mahan recorded. Earning that dab of money required much work and more headaches. Even when his salary was supplemented by cash from farm crops, there was no way that a teacher with a growing family could come out even. Then developments in the rapidly settling West caused him to leave his native Southern frontier and pioneer home.

Gradually, to the bitter resentment of the despoiled tribes, Indian Territory was being opened for white settlement. Originally, these bronzed, first Americans had been promised that this land would be theirs exclusively "so long as grass grew and waters flowed." But as historian Ray Billington has pointed out, treaties made with "savages" became so many scraps of paper during generations when the soaring tide of white emigration kept moving westward.

By 1886, most of the Territory's smaller Indian reservations had been broken up for the benefit of onrushing Caucasians with only the literate, sophisticated five civilized tribes of Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaw and Seminoles being able to hold out for awhile longer. That year James Mahan moved into the new nester domain, not for hating Indians but for following an inevitable trend. History, as such, is not a pretty process but an endless sequence of given peoples crowding in to overrun and dispossess native populations.

The Mahans "remained in the Territory for three years." A year after their arrival, they witnessed the birth of Oklahoma, white dominated and carved from the western half of the dying "Indian nations". There Mahan "plowed sod and also worked in the saw mills." For the ubiquitous saw mills had also moved into the newly settled area along with barbers, merchants and any number of sleazy politicians looking forward to public jobs once Oklahoma was formally admitted into the Union. The saw mills thrived because the settlers needed lumber for houses, barns and business establishments.

Regrettably, the Mahan journal devotes no more than a couple of sentences to this tempestuous period of Oklahoma's colorful history. Perhaps he didn't have a skilled writer to help him on a project undertaken when he was a very old man. His original narrative seems to have been lost.

The record does state that "the area did not agree with my wife," inferring probably that Oklahoma's droughts and sandstorms were hard on her health. Or maybe she just missed the culture and the social life of her wooded, well-watered Missouri hills.

At any rate, the family left Oklahoma in 1889 by coincidence when the biggest of all the land runs would occur and the coming fate of waning Indian Territory would be sealed. The chronicle states that Mahan "farmed for three years in his native state" presumably until 1892, from the time that he was 36 until he had reached age forty.

Mrs. Teague surmises that her father may have alternated between Missouri and Arkansas, as do many borderline Ozarkers. She feels that he may have kept moving from one mountain settlement to another, likely working at his blacksmith trade, "probably subscribing to more newspapers than he could ever afford." Undoubtedly he was "the village intellectual" wherever he lived, respected for his large, general knowledge and his familiarity with current happenings across America.

Many people, naturally, crept back to familiar home sections after brief flings at Western pioneering. But the contrary would be true in the case of this interesting Missourian.

For in 1898 he showed up on his third frontier, that of Central West Texas. He settled "in Granbury, Hood County" about 50 miles west of Fort Worth on "the 27th day of November." Why he made that move to Texas Mrs. Teague doesn't know though she would be born in the Lone Star State, or why he chose Granbury except that the surrounding semi - mountainous terrain might have reminded him of the Ozark foothills.

But on this third frontier middle - aged James Mahan would stay a long time. Mrs. Mahan hoped that its contentment and flowing prosperity had finally cured her husband of wanderer's itch.

He soon found employment in a Granbury blacksmith shop. Within a short time he bought the business. Customers came from all over Hood County not only for his superb workmanship but to hear a gifted man talk.

In fact he became a sort of local oracle, as a village intellectual usually was. All over Hood County he was quoted for the sound,

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reasoned things he had to say.

Did you hear what Mr. Mahan had to say about the presidential race? That Billy Bryan would be better for us farmers than Bill McKinley we got now. 'Cause Mr. Bryan comes from farming country hisself.

Mr. Mahan said the other day that Washington gives big business tarriffs on everything to keep prices high but don't give farmers and ranchmen nothin' to hold up prices on what they have to sell. But reckoned it would finally come to that or the producer will just be wiped out.

Or —

Mr. Mahan allows that the railroads ought to be made to build on all that land the state gave 'em in West Texas or give it back for homesteadin'. Yeh, there's counties out there where the railroads own half the land without ever layin' a mile of track. But look what they charge us for shippin'.

These rural folk also admired the well - posted blacksmith for his knowledge of the Bible and for being seen at the Methodist church with his family every Sunday. Often to save his wife the labor of cooking Sunday dinner, Mahan would take his family to a Granbury hotel which has since become nationally famous for its Western - style cuisine. They were seen at every performance of every traveling show making a one night stand at the Granbury Opera House. They listened to the first phonograph brought into the little town and saw the first automobile chugging down its main street.

Along with many other chunks of knowledge, James Mahan had learned some law. In 1902 Granbury elected its most popular citizen its justice of the peace for a two - year term, reelecting him in 1904. During his second tenure, he leased his blacksmith shop and, for a very good reason, devoted full time to his court.

For Granbury was still beset by cancerous hangovers of its rugged noisy little gangs of trigger rowdies raising too much merry hell. Justice Mahan ordered constables and deputy sheriffs to round up these loafing ex-cowboys and ex-farm hands gone wild. When they faced that magistrate of the gentle reputation, they learned another side of him. And what they learned resulted in year-long sentences served behind the walls of Hood County jail.

No technicalities could keep a rambunctious "old boy" from doing his imposed time. No smart lawyers brought out from Fort Worth could sway Justice Mahan. He got straight to the point that their clients were dangers to the public safety which he had been elected to preserve.

Some of the bad actors took appeals to the county court. Not once did that body reverse a verdict of the lower one. In 1906 the voters of Hood County promoted that courageous peace justice. They elected him as county judge to head the higher tribunal.

Judge Mahan's impact upon the county was a profound one. For his duties were not only to try cases and probate wills but to serve as general administrator of public affairs. He chaired the county commissioners' court which set the local tax rate and made sure that the taxpayers got full value for every dollar that went out of the county treasury. As the county's presiding judge, he was also ex - officio superintendent of public schools.

The ex-school teacher found this to be an enjoyable responsibility. He worked hard to improve the curricula of schools whether they were little one - room country affairs or larger ones like those in Granbury and other county towns. He encouraged teachers to attend summer sessions of "normal schools", as teachers colleges were then called, to improve their professional qualifications. He helped elect civic - minded people to the county school board and made sure that the schools under his jurisdiction got their full share of per capita pupil allotments from the state treasury in Austin.

Then everything that he had built for himself and his family began crumbling and in some gradual sequence of adversity.

After 32 years of marriage, his devoted wife died in 1911. The shock was so great that Judge Mahan declined to run for a fourth term in 1912. Eventually remarrying, he settled on a Hood County farm which he had acquired.

The old wanderer's urge reasserted itself and began gathering momentum. Though he seemed as fixed in Hood County as its live oak trees, he up and left it after more than 20 years of residence, departing in a covered wagon as he had entered it. Grace Teague, his infant child by his first wife, can remember that long argosy of a man then past sixty roving from state to state, seeking new roots to replace those sure ones that he had abandoned.

"A great many years of my early life were spent in wagon journeys," Mrs. Teague recalls, "even though automobiles were increasingly pushing wagons off the public roads. I attended more schools than I can ever remember, saw more changing Western towns than I could ever count, learned to bake hoecakes in campfire skillets before I knew prairie dogs from jackrabbits. But I don't think I ever wanted to be a pioneer girl and I would rather talk about it than live that kind of life again."

First stop for that aged roamer was Hominy, Oklahoma, named for a favorite food of the Choctaw and Seminole Indians. There, Mr. and Mrs. Mahan and the younger children lived on a farm for three years. The older sons and daughters were, of course, grown up and out on their own. "But I don't think that farming was ever the right occupation for Papa," Mrs. Teague remarked in one of our interviews. "He needed to be in places where there was more activity and a larger pulse of life. He just wasn't cut out for a hoeman."

Again James Mahan laid down the hoe. Right after World War I, oil was struck across a wide stretch of Texas. Mahan ordered the covered wagon hitched up, and the family struck out for the oil fields.

"I was associated with the oil business for 14 years," he wrote in his memoirs, "in all phases, with the possible exception of building derricks." At near 65 he would have been too old for the climbing required in derrick building.

But he held various jobs at good wages in a booming industry, finally landing at Worham in eastern Texas. There under scorching suns and in windy rains, he walked pipelines for three years, ambling along mile after mile to inspect the condition of the pipes.

"Then over my stepmother's protest Papa threw that up after taking a notion that he wanted to farm in Arkansas," Mrs. Teague recalls. "So it was back, for part of the way anyhow, to the covered wagon."

That mode of transportation was becoming increasingly hazardous in Texas whose broad new highways echoed to the zoom of high-powered trucks and automobiles averaging sixty miles per hour, where the average speed of horse teams was but four hours.

Mrs. Teague remembers that the family rode by train from Wortha-

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to Texarkana which strides the state line of Texas and Arkansas. There a wagon and horse were bought, with the once-more uprooted family headed toward those glumly anticipated Arkansas hills, and more farming.

For still, James Mahan of the dreamy Irish cast kept looking for an horizon that would fit him.

The Arkansas move was followed by still others: to his native Missouri for three years before youthful associations palled; to his fourth Western frontier, Kansas, where he made one or two wheat crops and gave his fellow grangers much free legal advice.

Then once more to Oklahoma, his third landing there "before winding footsteps back to Texas." But his return to the big state was a shabby one after the notable record he'd made there.

For the first time a man never wanting to be "Hog rich" found himself dirt poor in his old age with a family to worry about. Pride wouldn't let him go back to Granbury and Hood County where he had been the leading citizen. Wouldn't it have been a sorry sequel for a proudly remembered family to show up destitute.

So the very literate Mahans became one of that army of uneducated agricultural laborers wandering by wagons and jalopies across the West Texas cotton belt. But never scorning honest labor, the father also pulled heavy - laden cotton sacks across those hot rows in that shadeless, treeless area. It was a sad sight to see.

A one - time member of the state's judiciary was now doing the most menial and generally despised kind of toil. For cotton pickers drew no regular daily or weekly wages. Everything was piece work at so much per hundred pounds picked.

On an average the best younger hands could earn no more than two dollars for a day of blistering, sweaty work extending from sunup till sundown. The labor of an entire family might bring no more than $20 for a week's drudgery.

Though the great depression had struck, the Mahans had the gumption to look for something else and to hold together as a family.

In 1931 they moved to Gaines County on the edge of the West Texas plains. This section had been settled by grangers, partly on land reclaimed from the railroads not too many years before. But a few cattle spreads had survived the plows and reapers. Within recent times the county had been the battleground of the last Texas range war.

No longer physically fit to farm, James Mahan canvassed the ranches for light choreman's work. Most of the cowmen were now doing their own small tasks to save on wages. But one rancher was so impressed by this elderly applicant's bearing that he hired him for $12 a month plus meals.

The family found a little house not far from Seminole, the county seat. The children took whatever seasonal employment they could find in the fields or found odd jobs either locally or in Hobbs, New Mexico, just a short distance across the nearby interstate boundary.

No family member earned very much during those dismal times. But they pooled whatever cash that did come in to support them all. A kitchen garden provided fresh vegetables. An afternoon's hunting netted a brace of rabbits for fresh meat. Now and then the rancher, employing the father, would contribute sides of fresh beef.

At a country dance Grace Mahan met Dell Teague who was playing guitar. Mr. Teague was of Irish descent and had also been one of the West's pioneer children. At age seven he had helped his father in a wagon freighting business and had known personally the men who had fought the range war. A marriage followed; babies started coming.

Even on his fifth and necessarily final frontier, James Mahan could not remain in obscurity.

Everybody who spoke to that aged man eking out a living was so impressed by what he said and how he said it. Though he didn't tell much about his past, everybody felt that Mr. Mahan had once "been up in the world."

Eventually, word got around that the venerable old gentleman had once been justice of the peace and county judge at Granbury. And wasn't Seminole needing an experienced man to run its justice of the peace court?

So in 1936 admiring friends entered him as a candidate. He won handsomely. On December 31, 1936, he put down the buckets from which he had watered range calves and went to the Gaines County courthouse. There the county clerk swore him in and led him to a well furnished office that had been provided by the commissioners.

For the third time, the 79 - year - old ex-wanderer was a member of the Texas judiciary. For the second time he was a local magistrate. For five more terms he would be elected, to serve 12 years in all. Once again he was being addressed as "Judge Mahan." He liked hearing that salutation again, and no longer did he have to worry about money.

He drew a fair salary supplemented by allowable fees for such duties as performing marriages, executing depositions and drawing up affidavits. He had few shootout cases coming before him, for since the end of the range war, Seminole had been pretty tame. But he did set bond for people formally accused of murder and passed sentences upon minor offenders like drunks and chicken thieves. Yet he was courteous toward everybody he tried and vindictive toward none.

Toward the end of his tenure his hearing began dimming, but the job was his for as long as he wanted it. On his 90th birthday, the courthouse crowd honored him with a big party in his office. Three months later, at the close of his sixth term, the West's oldest sitting judge retired from office. His total service on the bench including that decade in Hood County, had been 22 years.

Afterward, he lived quietly with his second wife in their "beautiful home" acquired during his span as a magistrate. As his hearing worsened, the Methodist church board ordered a booth built near the pulpit. There he could sit and more easily hear the sermons.

He became increasingly feeble, even if his mind did retain its powerful vitality. When he was nearly 97, he fell and broke a hip. Eight days later in the summer of 1955, Gaines County's oldest citizen died. But he had lived to see the changes which he had kept advocating grow and take root in the new West, sprouting from the womb of the Old.

The covered wagons were gone. Travelers moved more comfortably and quickly by motor transit. The cattle trails, forever to be remembered in legend, had been succeeded by well kept rural roads and interstate highways. Nor did anybody have to suffer for the want of books, what with public libraries in just about every town and county seat. Modern educational systems run by trained teachers had replaced the limited "old time" schools. Cattle and corn and cotton had been upgraded along with people.

Visionaries like James Mahan had helped bring all this about —

(continued on page 80)

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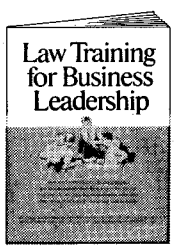

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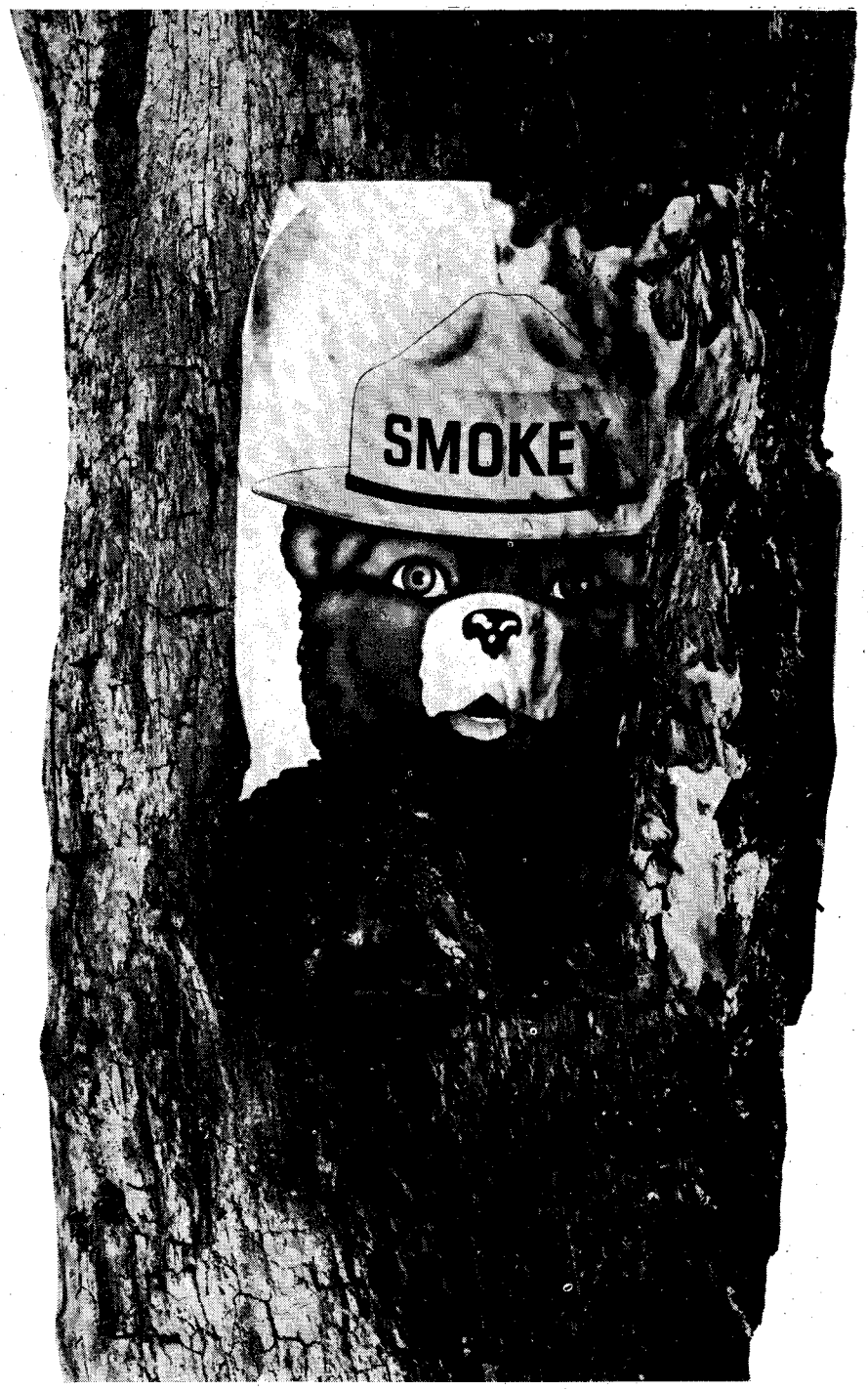

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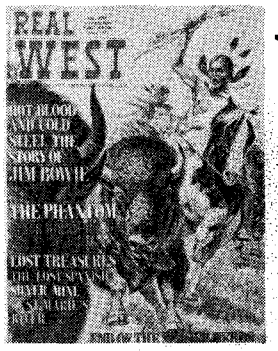

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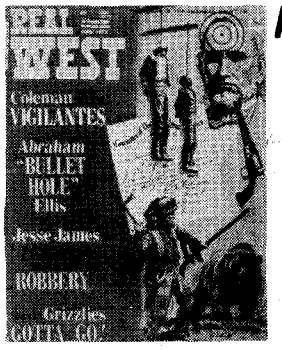

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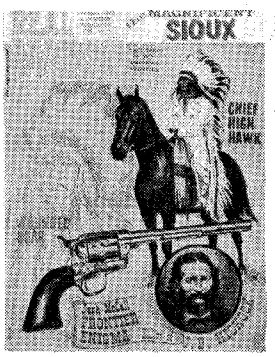

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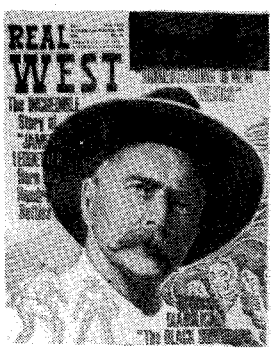

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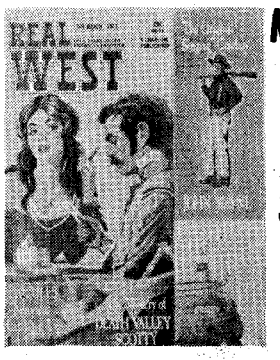

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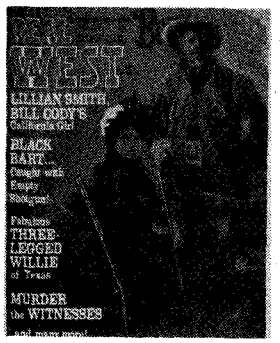
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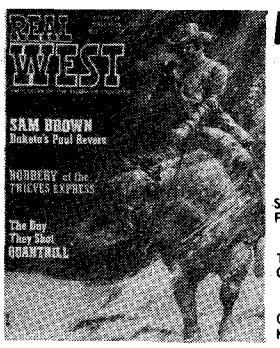
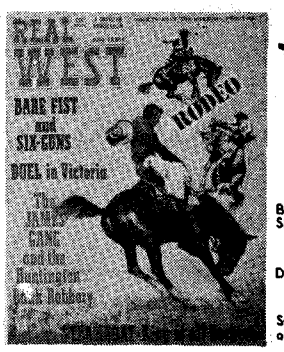


MAY 1973

Sam Brown-Dakota's Paul Revere

The Day They Shot Quantrill

Ghost Towns I Have Known



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CHRISTMAS DAY MASSACRE

(continued from page 43)

young son, Juan Isidro, and escaped to a small kitchen area in the southwest corner of the fort. The Indians captured his 12-year-old son, Felix, and carried him away to become a slave.

Felix, who was later rescued from the Indians, told that as he was being dragged away by the attackers, a warrior rammed a spear into his father's chest. But still able to walk despite the spear dangling from his chest, Sandoval crawled into a corner of the kitchen. Unable to dislodge him from his place of retreat, several warriors furiously tore away the roof and then shot the helpless man in the head, killing him.

Sandoval had managed to kill two Indians before he was finished off.

The Utes traded the young Sandoval boy, Juan Isidro, to the Navajo tribe in the spring of 1855. There he remained as a slave until an Indian trader stumbled onto him. The trader bought his freedom for a rifle and $300 and returned the lad to his mother. After his release, he told about the El Pueblo Christmas Day massacre, accounting many incidents that heretofore had not been known.

Pedro Sandoval returned to the fort late Christmas Day after delivering the load of corn to the nearby settlement. Other people who had heard about the attack came with him from St. Charles and Huerfano settlements to see if they could assist in cleaning up the mess after the raid.

The settlers found the body of Joaquin a short distance from the fort, and the men buried him on the spot. Other bodies were buried at various locations outside the fort. Some were carried from the fort area to the Baca ranch and interred there. Years later, Pueblo street excavators unearthed the remains.

Chief Blanco and his warriors did not trouble themselves to claim the dead Indians. They left the victims to be devoured by wolves and coyotes, and they hurried away to attack a wagon train which was also annihilated. Nine wagon drivers were killed outright during the train attack.

Days later, Chipeta Miera's scalp was found dangling from a tree in the Wet Mountain Valley.

When Felix Sandoval was released as captive from the Indians, he told what had happened to the marauding Utes after the massacre.

After the raid the party camped on Grape Creek. While in this camp, a warring party of Arapahoes, which was a friendly tribe to the settlers, stormed the unsuspecting encampment. The Arapahoes killed many Utes and recovered the horse and cattle that had been stolen from the Baca ranch.

The befriending tribe failed to recover the captured woman, Chipeta Miera, and the two Sandoval boys because the Ute squaws carried the three while the battle raged.

Once the attack was over, the Utes took their squaws and commenced to sneak away. At a spring Chipeta Miera was allowed to bathe her face and drink some water. For some reason, perhaps intuition, she looked up. A warrior had an arrow trained on her heart. The doomed woman made an attempt to run, and the arrow caught her in the back. She fell, mortally wounded. The Ute squaws rushed up and finished killing the helpless woman with stones. She was then scalped, and the scalp tied to a tree branch.

The grisly Christmas Pueblo Massacre stirred the Fort Garland troops to no end. An open war was started to wipe out the Utes from the San Luis Valley. During the war, Chief Blanco was the last Indian to be captured. The cagey old warrior obtained his release in exchange for a boy taken captive during the El Pueblo raid. ●RW

(continued on page 72)

Author's Collection

Lt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike built the first structure on soil that was to become Colorado at El Pueblo.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

South. Drowning Bear was a handsome man, being 6 feet 3 inches in height and strongly built. He was a great orator and is said to have surpassed any chief of his day.

Even after the land was sold in 1819, he continued to live on the reservation but later moved with his tribe to lands purchased by Col. William H. Thomas. When he was about 60 years of age, he had a severe illness and fell into a stupor. Many of his tribe believed him to be dead and mourned for him, but after 24 hours he awoke and announced he had been to the spirit world and talked to many of his friends who had gone on before him. He also said he had talked with God who had sent him back with a message for the tribe, saying that God would call him later. Drowning Bear, like many of his tribe, had become a heavy drinker.

Col. Thomas had tried to stop him many times but failed; now Drowning Bear said that God had permitted him to come back to earth so he could tell his people the evils of drinking. He had Col. Thomas write out a pledge which was signed by the chief and every member of the council, and a kind of temperance society was formed. From that day until the day of his death, Drowning Bear did not drink, and whiskey was almost unknown to the Eastern Cherokee. When the bible was first brought to the tribe, Drowning Bear had the first two chapters read to him, then remarked, "Well, it seems to be a good book, but it is strange the white man are not better if they have had this book so long." Drowning Bear died in April of 1839.

Thomas Rolfe, was the only child of Pocahontas and John Rolfe. He was born in England in 1617 and after the death of his mother was educated in London by Henry Rolfe, an uncle. When Thomas was a young man, he returned to America and in 1641 petitioned the Virginia government to let him visit his mother's sister and uncle among their own people who were at war at that time with the Americans. Thomas Rolfe is said to have been a handsome man and a gentleman of great distinction. He is believed to have had one daughter who in return had only one son from which many people have tried to trace a relation to Pocahontas.

William Colbert was a Chickasaw chief who, during the Revoluntionary War, aided the Americans and while in the army of General Arthur St. Clair led his people against the other hostile tribes. He was known as a great war chief. He served 9 months in the regular infantry in the war of 1812 and returned to lead his own people against the Creeks. In the battle ranging from Pensacola to Apalachicola he captured 85 prisoners, bringing them back to Montgomery, Alabama. He visited Washington in 18816, and in the treaties ceding Chickasaw lands to the United States, his name as General Colbert appears.

Nasheakusk or "Loud Thunder" was the eldest son of Black Hawk and Asshawequa or "Singing Bird." He was born about the close of the 18th century. His name does not appear in history, as he seemed to follow his father very closely. He was with his father during the war of 1832 and also during his captivity. He seemed to have lived with his father's family until Black Hawk's death, then lived with his mother's people until her death August 29, 1846. "Loud Thunder" and his brother made a complaint to Governor Lucas of Iowa that the bones of their father had been desecrated, with the result that the bones were recovered. The time of his death is not known. ● **RW**

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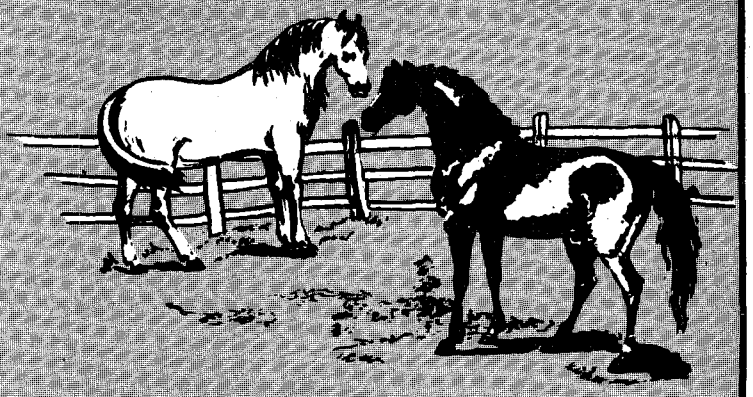
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



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Passage rates between New York and San Francisco have been reduced to $110 for first class.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 7, 1874

JAMES GANG ACTIVE?

A train on the Iron Mountain Railroad in Missouri was stopped and robbed of $2,344 by six masked men, 120 miles south of St. Louis.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 14, 1874

VOLCANO ERUPTS IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

On the 4th of January an eruption of a volcano in the mountains west of Yuma, in Lower California, was plainly visible at a long distance.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 14, 1874

EXTREME COLD WEATHER IN NEVADA

Owing to the extreme cold weather in the mountain regions of Nevada, water for mining purposes is exceedingly scarce. The ditches are clogged with snow and ice, and many miners are forced to be idle.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 14, 1874

SITTING BULL WILLING TO SURRENDER

Dispatches from Dakota say that Sitting Bull is willing to surrender, and that he will be informed that he must give up his arms and ponies and ultimately go to whichever of the Sioux agencies the Government may assign him.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 6, 1880

JOAQUIN MILLER IN GENEVA

Joaquin Miller found Geneva full of his countrymen. He drove to the nearest boat and asked the clerk to take him to some place where there were no Americans. The clerk looked at him for a moment, then hopelessly up and down the lake, and away across toward Mont Blanc, and at last shook his head. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him, and he lifted his eyes toward heaven.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 14, 1874

TEXAS-PACIFIC RAILROAD

Colonel Tom Scott is pushing his Texas and Pacific Railroad strongly. Although a Governor of Texas was elected over a candidate who was supposed to be an ally of Colonel Scott, the people of California are calling the latter the greatest man in the country. His proposed railway route is certainly the best one that has been selected.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, April 18, 1874

HOSTILITY AGAINST RIEL

The cause of the deep hostility in Canada against Riel is that when he was at the head of the Provisional Government of Assiniboine he sentenced to execution an Orangeman named Thomas Scott. Riel and his constituents who sent him to Parliament are Roman Catholics, and the Orangemen of Canada have resolved that the penalty of murder shall be enforced on him.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 2, 1874

MEXICAN-AMERICAN AGREEMENT ON CROSSING BORDER

The bill authorizing American troops to cross the Mexican frontier in pursuit of Indian depredators has passed the Mexican Senate, after encountering a bitter opposition in that body and in the press of the capital. The Bill is based on the condition that Mexican troops shall in like manner be permitted to cross the American frontier in similar circumstances.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 6, 1880

FATHER MEEKER'S REMAINS BURIED

The remains of Father Meeker, the murdered agent of the White River Utes, taken up from the place of burial where his body was found after the agency massacre, are to have proper interment, their last resting place being selected as Greeley, Colorado, the home of his family.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 6, 1880

OKLAHOMA SETTLERS IN 1880

Captain Payn, who has headed two prospecting expeditions into the Indian Territory has published a "proclamation" giving notice that a third expedition will start at once from Wichita, Kansas with a view of settling upon the ceded lands of Oklahoma, and inviting all persons desiring to join the enterprise to come prepared with the implements essential to pioneer settlement. As this movement is in violation of law and the plighted faith of the nation, the Government should see that it is averted and the participants punished as they deserve, without the least delay.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880

NORTHERN PACIFIC UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The Northern Pacific railroad is running from Duluth, Minnesota, to Tacoma, Dakota, and now have 864 miles in operation. Work is being pushed rapidly west of Tacoma, and the line will be 1,947 miles in extent when completed to the Pacific coast.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880

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SITTING BULL IN DESPERATE STRAITS

It is said that Sitting Bull's band in the British possessions, some 900 in all, are in a desperate condition, and that they are prepared to surrender to the United States authorities.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880

UTES BEING PAID IN ACCORDANCE WITH TREATY

The Ute Treaty Commissioners have paid the Southern Utes $25,000 of the appropriations made by Congress to liquidate old indebtedness, and will now go to Los Pinos to meet the remainder of the tribe.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880

CATTLE DRIVE TO KANSAS

The drive of Texas cattle to Kansas this season, from the most authentic data that can be procured, is 359,784. In addition to this number, from 30,000 to 40,000 head have been driven to the neighborhood of Caldwell and Hunnewell, Kansas. Altogether the total drive is estimated to be, in round numbers, about 400,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880

MONTAGUE COUNTY, TEXAS BOOMING

Fifteen new school-houses have been completed in Montague County, Texas, within the last six months.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 27, 1880 ● **RW**

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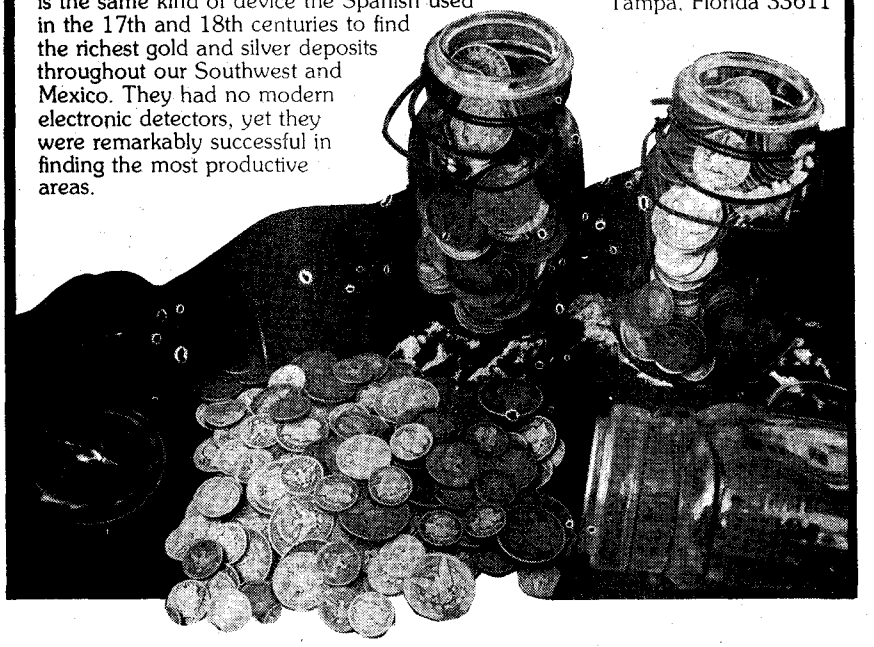

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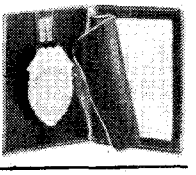

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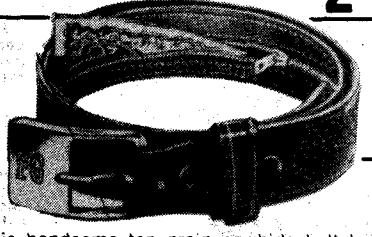

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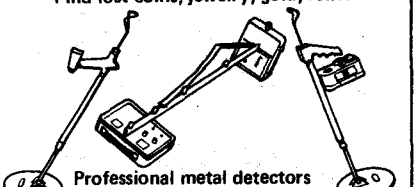

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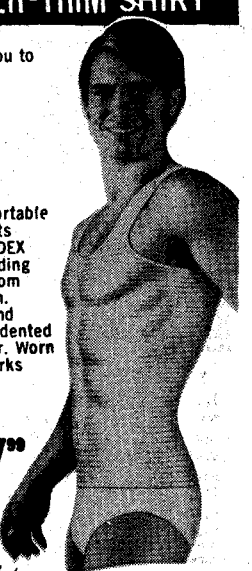

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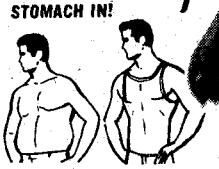

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CHRISTMAS DAY MASSACRE

(continued from page 66)

REFERENCE SOURCES:

COLORADO SOUTH OF THE BORDER, by Ralph C. Taylor; Sage Books, Denver, copryight by Ralph C. Taylor, 1963.

HISTORY OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO 1530-1888, by Hubert Howe Bancroft, 1889.

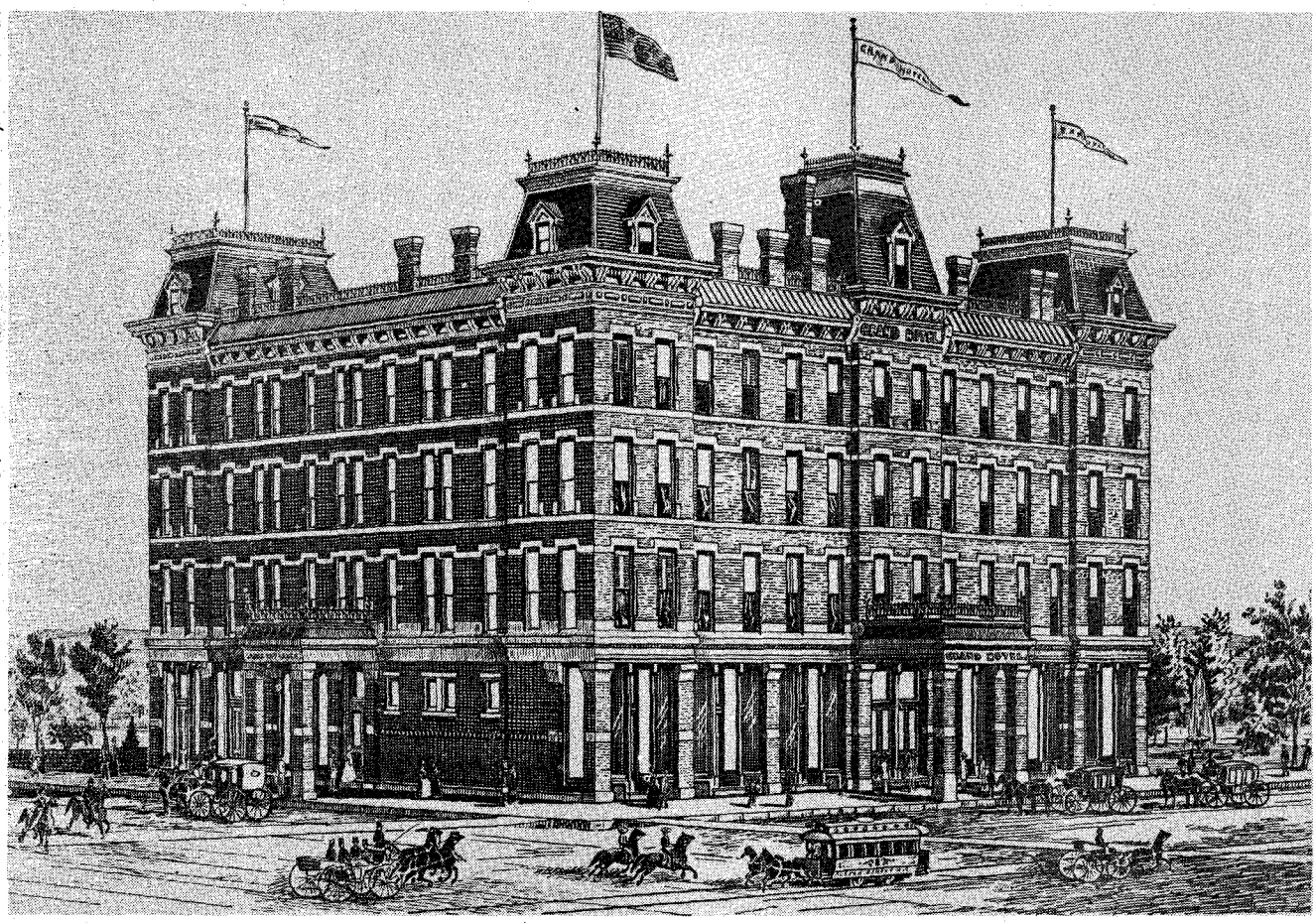
NEW MEXICO A HISTORY OF FOUR CENTURIES, by Warren A. Beck, copyright, 1962. The University of Oklahoma Press.

UNCLE DICK WOOTTON THE PIONEER FRONTIERSMAN OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION, by Howard Louis Conard, Chicago, W. E. Dibble & Co., 1890.

CONQUEST OF THE PRAIRIES, by Harry A. Stroud, copyright 1968, The University of Oklahoma Press.

OLD BILL WILLIAMS MOUNTAIN MAN, by Alpheus H. Favour, copyright, 1962, University of Oklahoma Press, originally North Carolina Press, 1936.

Historical Society of Colorado



Thirty-four years after the Christmas Day massacre Pueblo boasted of his newly erected "Grand Hotel"

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Chief Blanco's tribe was nomadic, living in villages like this. It was the task of the squaws to move the tents, while the tribesmen hunted.

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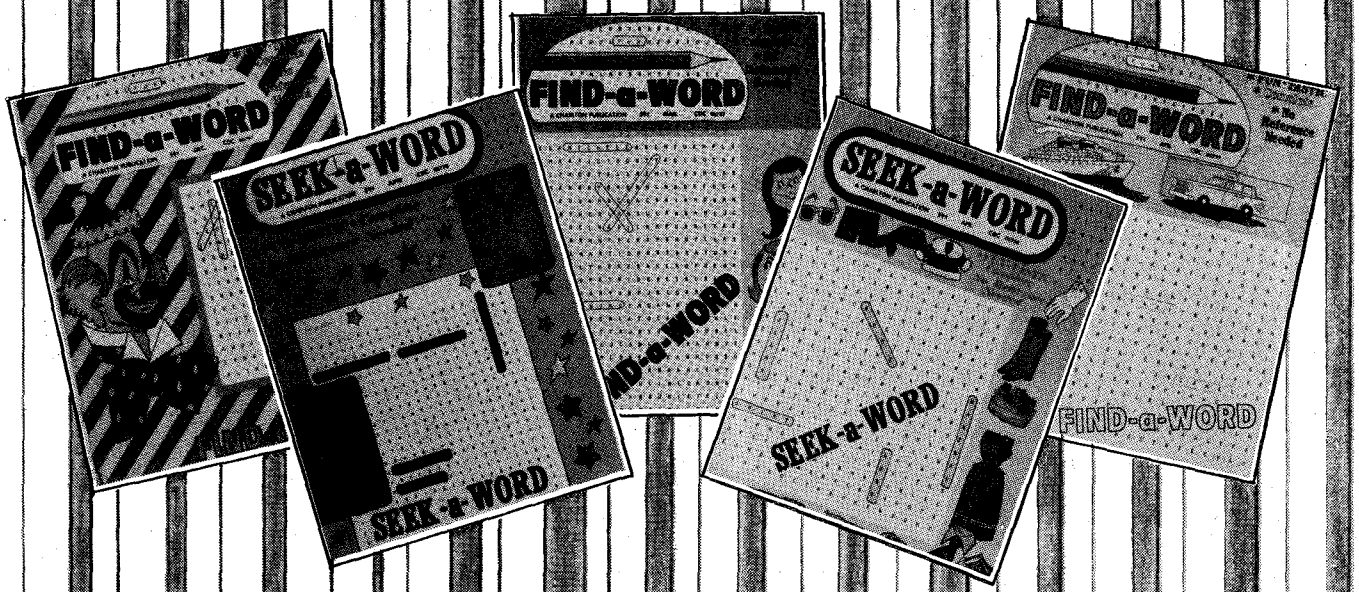

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FLIGHT FROM FURY

(continued from page 31)

their way to Fort Ridgely.

Then a Sioux war party came upon them. Some of the warriors were known to the settlers. They pursuaded the Germans to return home, saying they would be safer there. They said the killing was being done by invading Chippewa. These "kindly benefactors" escorted the settlers back to the first house on the Minnesota where they killed the men and some of the women and children.

Perhaps more settlers should have followed the example of Mrs. Joseph Brown, herself a Sioux. Brown was absent from his big stone house on the Minnesota when, at four o'clock on the morning of the 19th of August, his wife and children were awakened by a thundering at the door. Friends had come with dire warning of disaster. Oxen were hitched to three wagons. Before long the party of refugees numbered twenty - six.

The party had gone six miles toward Fort Ridgely when out of the grass rose Cut Nose and his band of vicious thugs. Cut Nose ordered the whites be killed on the spot. At that juncture Mrs. Brown rose up in wrath, upbraiding her captors. She was related to Akepa, an influential Wahpeton chief. She told Cut Nose and his gang that if they "harmed these friends of mine you will have to answer to the whole Wahpeton and Sisseton tribes."

Cut Nose and his men held a parley. They came back skinning their teeth; they allowed the men to go but took the women and children back to Little Crow's camp "where they were prudently taken under the protection of that personage, who was just then ardently desiring the full cooperation of the Upper Indians," according to historian William Watts Folwell.

In the township of Milford, Brown County, more than fifty settlers were killed in one day.

In Kandiyohi county Indians attacked the homestead of Lars Endreson, killing Lars and one son and wounding another. Mrs. Endresen, Guri, and her youngest daughter hid in the cellar. After the Indians departed, taking the two older girls with them, Guri and her two remaining children fled. On their way to Forest City she passed a cabin containing two severely wounded men. Guri loaded them into a wagon and took all to safety. Her two daughters escaped from their captors and rejoined their mother.

Now let us learn what happened to Mrs. Wakefield, wife of the Upper Agency physician. Fat and fussy, she talked about Indians as they went along in the wagon, and Gleason kept reassuring her. They passed the Reynolds home, vacated several hours before. "See how peaceful everything is!" said Gleason.

The team forded the Redwood River and climbed to the flat. It was a hot, bright day with only a little haze on the horizon. Two Indians stood near the trail. They were recognized as Hapan and Chaska.

"Ho!" Gleason raised his arm in a greeting as they drove by.

"Ho!" replied Hapan and Chaska.

"Pow!" went Hapan's gun. Gleason toppled forward with a bullet in his back.

Mrs. Wakefield began to scream.

"Shut up!" ordered Chaska.

She shut up. Hapan was drunk, Chaska said. If she kept quiet, maybe he could save her life and those of her children. He said that Dr. Wakefield had once saved his life and he wished to repay the favor.

Hapan jumped on the wagon and finished off Gleason. Mrs. Wakefield began yelling again. Chaska wrestled with Hapan and Mrs. Wakefield quieted down. Chaska finally got Hapan on his way and took Mrs. Wakefield and the children to his mother who agreed to shelter them.

The refugees led by John Other Day proceeded across the prairie. The women and children received some rations; the men went hungry. The train met a company of soldiers led by Capt. Dodd. They were on their way to the relief of New Ulm. Feeling that he had fulfilled his vow, the heroic Other Day went with them. The party was now out of acute danger. Three days of travel brought the refugees to safety in Cedar City.

Rev. Riggs and his party, including some from the Williamson mission, sought safety in a northeasterly direction. Rev. Williamson and his wife joined them at Birch Coulee. This party now numbered some thirty persons. Fort Ridgely was about sixteen miles away and they headed for it.

Within a few miles of that post the party was discovered by two Indians on horseback who rode parallel to them for some time, then galloped away. Near Three Mile Creek the outstretched arm of a dead man pointed the way. Darkness fell. They went on and suddenly they knew exactly where Fort Ridgely was. They heard the clatter of gunfire.

Dr. Williamson's son - in - law, Andrew Hunter, set out to explore the situation. Although the fort was surrounded by Indians, Hunter managed to penetrate their lines and reached the fort.

He got bad news. It would be impossible, he was told, for so large a group to penetrate the Indian lines. He was advised that the party should continue on to the towns below.

States the "History of Yellow Medicine County":

"Perils beset their path; dangers seen and unseen were around them. They knew that the work of death and desolation was going on for the midnight sky was red with the flames of burning buildings. They heard the tramp of horses hooves hurrying past them in the darkness and pressed on."

The refugees traveled in the direction of Henderson. On that day the Sioux were attacking New Ulm and "sounds of the conflict were borne faintly to their ears." On Sunday they rested with a group of people returning to their homes. The next day they reached Hutchinson.

The drama of the Sioux Uprising had now shifted to Fort Ridgely and New Ulm. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"A History of Minnesota," by William Watts Folwell. Vol. II. Minnesota Historical Society, Saint Paul, 1924.

"The Sioux Uprising of 1862," by Kenneth Carley. Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, 1961.

"A History of the Dakota or Sioux Indians," by Doane Robinson. Reprint by Ross and Haines, Inc., Minneapolis, 1967.

"Redwood, the Story of a County," by Wayne E. Webb. Redwood County Board of Commissioners. 1964.

"History of Yellow Medicine County," Chapter 4, Sioux War.

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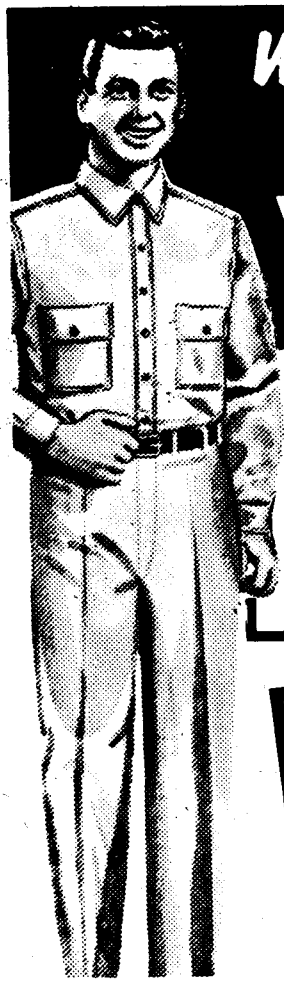

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STORY BEHIND THE SONG

(continued from page 19)

Idaho", both preceding the Civil War. Be that as it may, it appears evident that some of the words of the Bass ballad had to be squeezed into this tune. And that the tune was not composed to accommodate the words, but vice-versa. The Fife book includes a reprint of Jack Thorp's pioneer ballad collection. He may or may not have done the notation for the Sam Bass ballad which he published after hearing it sung over many years in cow camps.

The version, in the key of F, is a straightforward one for voice and banjo, in 6/8 time, with no fancy work in the vocal. It covers the range of one octive, with a gapped, or skipped, scale: the gap being, that there is no sixth degree of the scale.

The next book containing the music is John A. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs* in 1910. The music is in E-Flat, with four beats instead of six, in all probability because of the influence of the guitar in Texas. A Texas guitar picker of that era would not have known what to do with those extra beats. It had to be either two, three, or four beats. The collector took the song on an old-type recording cylinder, and then may have transferred it to notation at home. The actual finger positions may have been in the key of E, which is easy on a guitar, whereas E-flat is not. In the Lomax book, the score is in E-flat, however. This may have been the result of his notation written from the cylinder, and the guitar may have been tuned "low" since the player might not have used a pitch pipe to tune his instrument.

But John Lomax had a keen ear for cowboy and outlaw songs from having grown up on a rocky ranch just off the historic old Texas Trail. He, as well as his son Alan who collaborated later, would continue to use the Bass song in their authoritative collections of balladry.

Lomax's first version has the accent on "an" of the word "Indiana", and ranges over an octave and one note. This great book, the forerunner of many other editions, was reprinted many times. His 1934 edition was a beautiful collaboration with Charles and Ruth Seeger, and it has piano accompaniments.

John Lomax was joined by his son Alan in 1941 in bringing out an edition indicating the speed of the song as "vigorously". By 1944 the Lomaxes had published a revised and enlarged edition with their music editor Edward N. Waters, assistant chief, Division of Music, Library of Congress. Waters made some slight changes in the music, possibly from checking the versions of the song that had been deposited in the Folk Music Archives by WPA Project workers throughout the country.

Through the ensuing years since the first Lomax book, many people have used a Lomax version of the song. Margaret Larkin's *Singing Cowboy,* 1931, gave credit to Lomax for her version which she made into a piano arrangement with voice, key of F, two-beat. Silber and Robinson, in *Songs of the Great American West,* in 1967, gave credit to Larkin for their version, but put it in the key of E, a favorite, easy, and brilliant key today, but went back to the six-beat of Thorp instead of retaining the Lomax four-beat or the Larkin two-beat.

The Missouri Historical Society in 1948 published Vance Randolph's version of Sam Bass in their second volume of Ozark Folk Songs. Randolph collected it directly from a singer in Missouri. There are, in true folk style, changes in the tune as originally collected by Thorp and Lomax. These changes include a vocal skip of six tones. Randolph's is in the key of D, two-beat. The several differences in the tune may be the result of the style of the old English ballad as used in the Ozarks.

In the 1930's Ethel and Chauncey Moore were collecting cowboy songs in Oklahoma. This resulted in their book *Ballads and Folksongs of the Southwest* in 1964, in which there is an E-flat, one octave, four-beat, gapped-scale version taken from the singing of John L. Perry of Bristow, Oklahoma.

Thorp says he first heard the song in Sidney, Nebraska, in 1888. The Thorp book goes on to say that "C. F. McCarty wrote Robert Gordon that he was around Texas, Kansas, and the Indian Territory in '79, '80, maybe '81, when the song was sung night after night around the cattle, in the gambling halls, saloons, and other places ..."

Sam Bass and Seab Barnes have lain buried at Round Rock for almost one hundred years — with their tombs having often been chipped and otherwise desecrated by vandal tourists. "The Ballad of Sam Bass", long surviving them, is also on the verge of entering its second century. And thus have two highly overrated desperadoes attained immortality.

Forty-five printed texts and magazine references are listed by the Fifes. Many commercial recordings have been made. Numerous manuscript and field recordings are to be found in the great Archive of American Folk Music compiled with the aid of Harold Preece, one of the authors of this series, and other government - employed folklorists during 1936-37. Recordings are available from the Music Division of the Library of Congress in Washington.

During 1962, Columbia Records issued a combined printed work and long-play disc, *THE BOOK OF THE BAD MEN,* under the editorship of former Oklahoman B. A. Botkin. Preece, a long time *Real West* contributor, provided the album notes on Sam Bass and other second-string outlaws presented in this highly acclaimed collection. This song continues to gather legend, including the one about Sam shooting his initials into a live oak tree as he dashed by at full speed on horseback.

The song, in almost any version, belongs in any collection of Western music made by our readers. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax: *Cowboy and Other Frontier Songs.* Successive editions and some changes in titles, 1910-44. Monumental works in the study of Western range music.

Austin and Alta Fife: *Songs of the Cowboys,* 1966. Contains reprint of Thorp's work of that title, published 1908. Highly recommended.

Ethel and Chauncey Moore: *Ballads and Folksongs of the Southwest,* 1964. Bass began his career in what is now Oklahoma. Songs in this book were taken from the singing of the people.

Irwin Silber and Earl Robinson: *Songs of the Great American West,* 1967.

Missouri Historical Society: *Ozark Folk Songs,* Vol. 2. Songs taken directly.

Walter P. Webb: *The Texas Rangers,* 1935.

Oklahoma Historical Society: Indian and Pioneer Collection. Cooke County Library: Gainesville, Texas.

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TALL WAR GOD'S GOLD

(continued from page 13)

After that he twice more returned to the Navajo Mountain country, searching for the gold he had proof of being there.

To his dying day Billy was convinced that the Navajos knew where the purplish gold bearing quartz came from but would not reveal the location to him.

This is probably true. I knew the old men who talked to or were in some way associated with the Williams family on their Navjo Mountain expeditions. I saw many times the peculiar purple quartz in the canyon and had taken it for gold.

At that time (before 1900) during the gold hunting days, they did not want an invasion of their fabled country by white men, such as occurred at Tuba City in 1876. Therefore, whenever a prospector discovered something and erected claim markers, they were destroyed, including the papers found inside the stone pyramids.

Only the Piutes and Navajos not living in the region, like Hoskinni, guided white men to the Rainbow Plateau and into the many canyons of the Navajo Mountain country.

They kept white men out by peaceful means and discouragement if possible and then killed them if they persisted. Not until 1921 was the first white man allowed to establish himself in that wild and remote country.

My father, brother and an uncle built a road of sorts 74 miles from Redlake (present Tonalea) off the Kayenta road to Navajo Mountain and established a trading post at Willow Springs, where the Williams boys camped in 1885.

That same year my father picked up two small gold nuggets in the water running down from the springs. It may well be that the gold the Williams' never traced down is no less than in the whitish sandstone cliffs above the old site of the trading post once known as Rainbow Lodge. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The statements of all the people concerned in this account are in my files, and my own personal knowledge. I knew all except J.P. Williams who was killed in Mexico, 1896.

There are also published newspaper and magazine clips in my files on some incidents in this account.

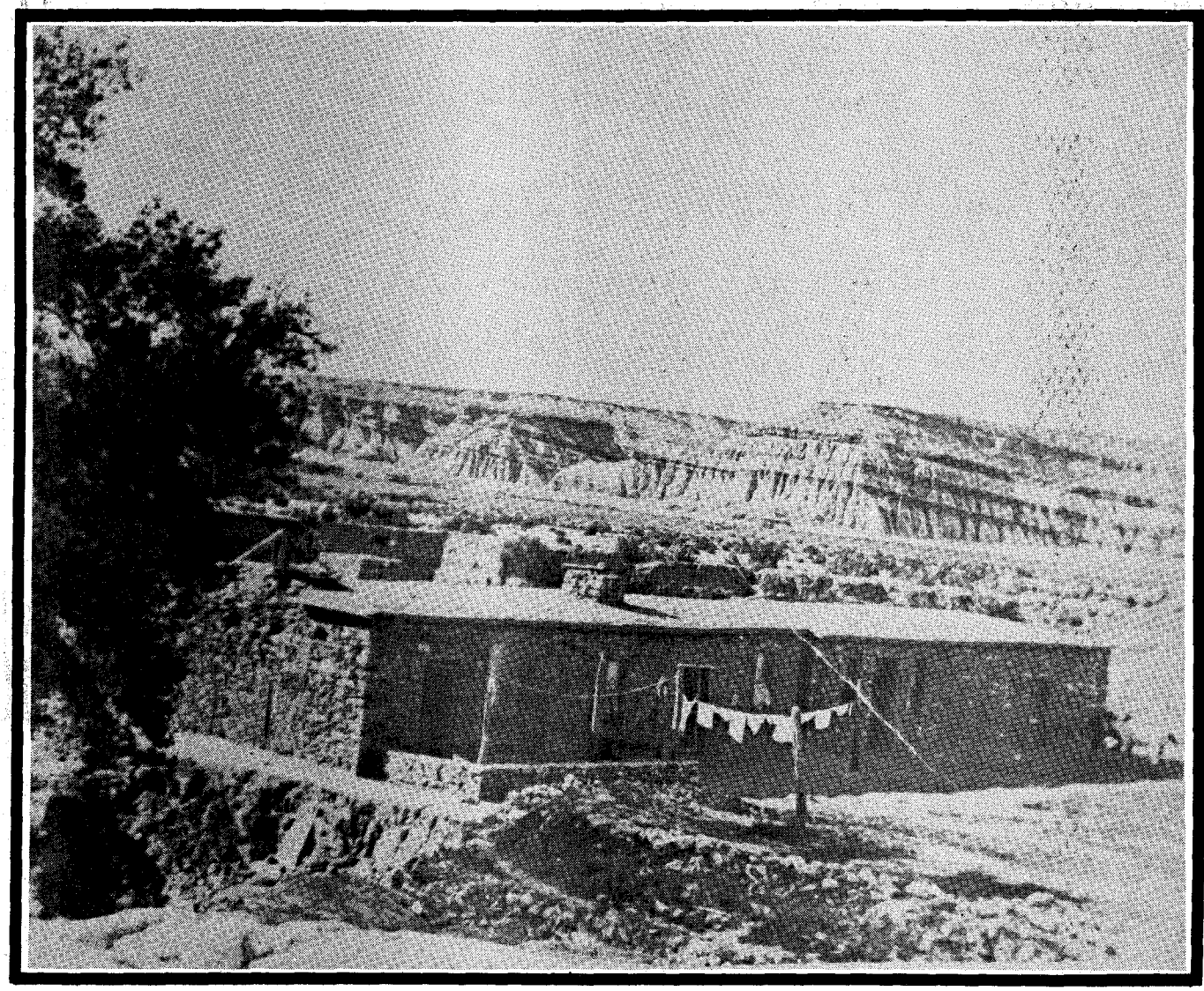

Photo furnished by the author

The trading post at Blue Canyon established by J. P. Williams in 1881.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

stories of the old west. I must admit I never heard of your magazine, but I cut out your address because I would be interested in finding out more about it. What are your subscription rates? I would appreciate any information you can give me about your magazine.

Thank you

Mrs. Barbara Applegate,
870 Bay Avenue
Toms River, N.J. 08753

We are sending you a sample copy. Subscription rates are $5.00 per year.

RETRACTS OPINION OF REAL WEST

Dear Sirs:

We live and learn! I wish to make a retraction. Some time ago I wrote **Real West** a letter giving my opinion of how SORRY I THOUGHT **REAL WEST'S** STORIES HAD GOTTEN, and did side with George Bliss who wrote you a critical letter. And you sent him a year's free subscription. I am sure by now Mr. Bliss is ready to make a retraction of his letter against **Real West's** stories.

For instance, I was against the series about famous movie cowboys. But after reading through the May issue from cover to cover, I must say I enjoyed it most wholeheartedly and now ask you to continue. However, I do enjoy reading about the bad men of the 1700's and 1800's, of lynching and hangings and fast guns.

In Ask Your Questions, L. Larkin asked, "At their peak which were the most numerous, buffaloes or passenger pigeons?". I read very little about passenger pigeons and thought the passenger pigeons were more or less a joke. Could you give us more information about the passenger pigeon?

Regards

H. A. Schwind
Route 1 Box 137
Rockford, Alabama 35136

The Passenger Pigeon once traveled in flocks of millions. In 1869 11 million picked, salted and dried Passenger Pigeons were shipped to market. Big nets were set and a captive pigeon was tied to a stool or perch nearby to call the wild birds down to be caught. From this we got the term "stool pigeon". The last wild Passenger Pigeon was seen in 1899. The last living one died in the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. ●RW

EARTH AND MOUNTAINS

(continued from page 50)

trail, Head Swift and Young Mule suddenly appeared on horseback. Both youths were decorated in full ceremonial regalia! vivid war paint, glittering metal ornaments on wrist and arm, beaded buckskin jackets and leggings, single eagle plumes in their hair denoting the one *coup* they had accomplished in the killing of Tim Boyle.

Slowly, horses at a walk, the two young braves ascended the steep trail to the top of the highest ridge. Their intention was obvious if incredible: to charge the troops from the top of the hill. The Indian scouts watched impassively, but a growing manner of awe and admiration rose from the troopers.

"Lieutenant Pitcher!" snapped Major Carroll. "Take your troop and block off the road below the trail. Don't let them escape through the southern end of the valley."

"Now *that* move is plumb unnecessary, Major," drawled Joe Moore, as Pitcher's troop clattered off. "These boys are fixin' to die, not run away."

"I didn't ask your opinion. Mr. Moore!" replied the Commanding Officer.

At the crest of the ridge, the two Cheyennes wheeled their ponies and sat motionless in their saddles, looking back down the trail. No sound broke the taut silence; even the keening squaws were still. Then, faint but clear through the chill autumn air, came the chanting cadences of the Cheyenne death-song. The eerie, high-pitched chant was unintelligible to the soldiers, but Joe Moore unconsciously repeated aloud and in English the opening words:

Man dies ... the mighty buffalo dies.
Only the earth and the mountains
live forever ...

Carbines cocked and ready, the troopers watched and waited. Suddenly the deep voice of Sergeant Bear's Head rang out: "Here they come!"

Yelling the fierce war cry of the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers of days long gone, Head Swift and Young Mule heeled their ponies into a dead run down the precipitous trail straight at Lieutenant Pitcher's troop blocking the exit.

"Oh the fools, the poor damned, magnificent fools!" groaned Lieutenant Robertson.

Halfway down the hillside the doomed braves opened fire, pumping slugs from their Winchesters as fast as they could work the levers. Not a shot scored. Firing downhill from racing horses, the inexperienced youngsters were shooting high.

Fifty carbines blazed at pointblank range as the wild riders bore down on Pitcher's troop. Young Mule' pony screamed and crashed down at the first burst of fire, throwing Young Mule twenty feet. The boy landed headfirst on the rocky trail, his neck twisted grotesquely beneath him.

Head Swift charged on alone, pumping the last three slugs in his rifle at Lieutenant Pitcher and missing with all three. He got within ten yards of the troopers before a final volley dropped both horse and rider.

Amazingly, back up the trail, Young Mule staggered upright and stumbled down the slope. Again the carbines blasted at him, yet he futilely emptied his rifle before he caught a slug. He fell and dragged himself painfully on hands and knees into a dry wash to seek cover in the scant brush.

"Let *me* get him, sir," requested Lieutenant Robertson of Major Carroll. The Commanding Officer nodded wordlessly.

"We crawled through the brush toward him," related Robertson in his official report, "not aware that he was yet dead, and suddenly stumbled upon his body. I was startled, awe-struck, by the weird beauty of the picture he made, as he lay in his vivid color of costume and painted face, his red blood crimsoning the yellow of the autumn leaves upon which he lay." **●RW**

SOURCE: FIGHTING INDIAN WARRIORS, E. A. Brininstool, Stackpole Co, Harrisburg, Pa. 1953.

JAMES MAHAN

(continued from page 63)

those who followed horizons that often hurt. **●RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Personal interviews - Grace Mahan Teague.

Seminole (Tex.) Sentinel - circa July, 1952.

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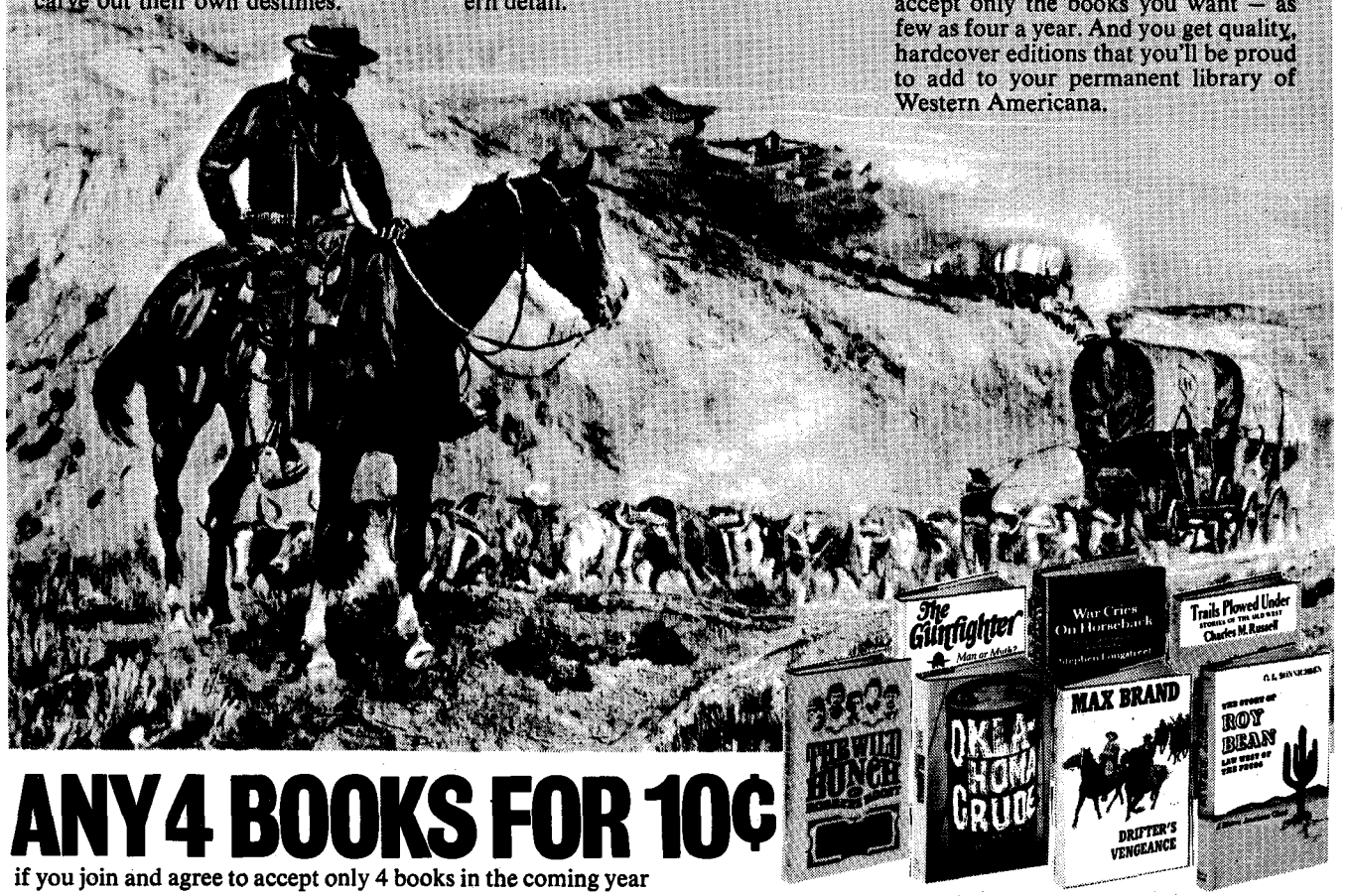

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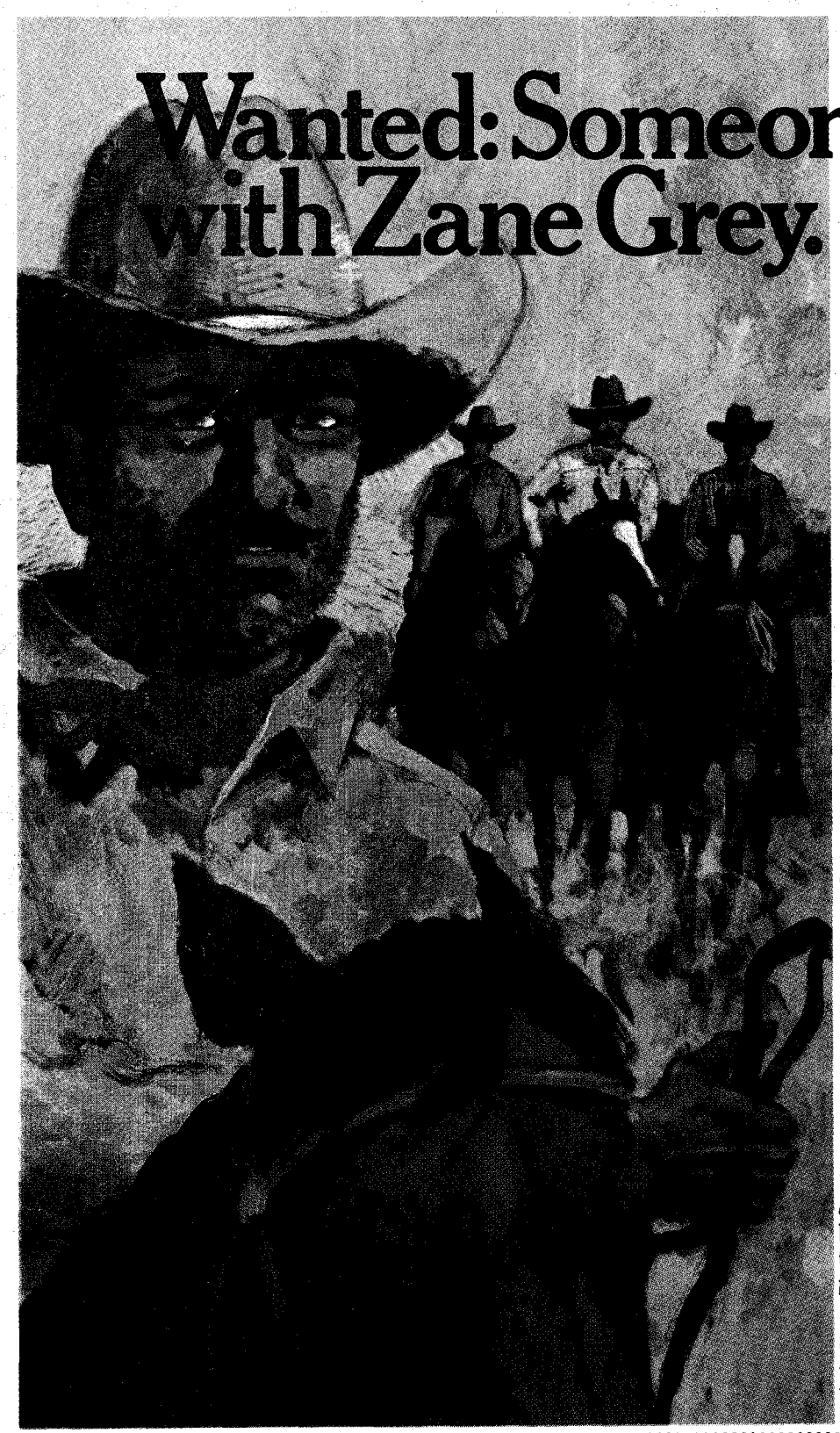

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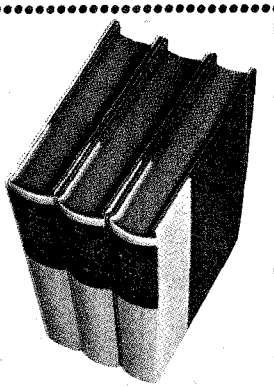

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